

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY

JANUARY

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by the Discoverer

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Reminiscences by "Toby, M. P."

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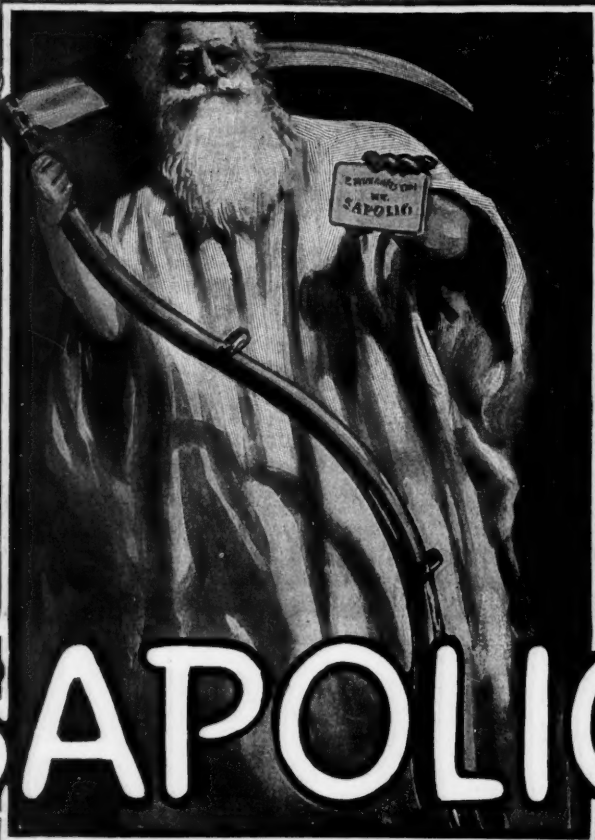
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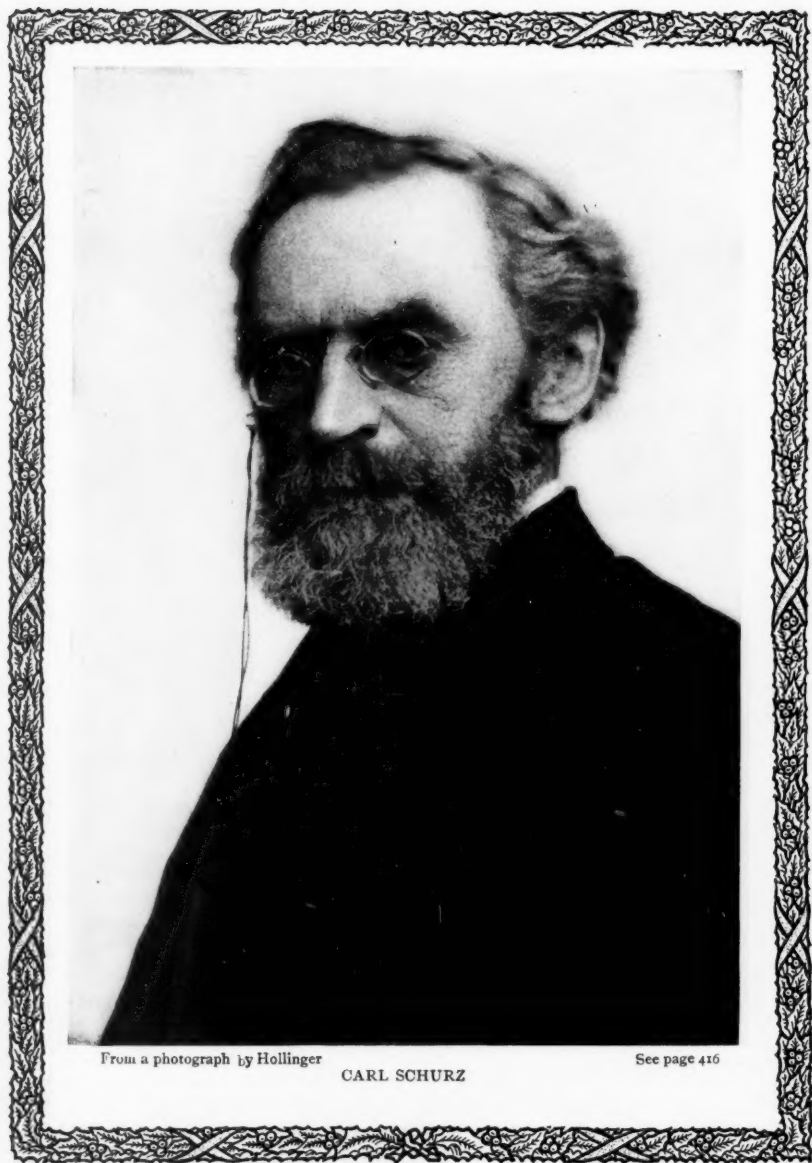
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PUTNAM'S MONTHLY

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VOL. I

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NO. 4

REMINISCENCES OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

By HENRY W. LUCY "Toby, M. P.," of *Punch*.

I



THIRTY-THREE years ago, when I took my seat in the press gallery of the House of Commons as Director of the staff of a great morning newspaper, Mr.

Gladstone was Prime Minister; Mr. Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. Bruce, afterwards Lord Aberdare, Home Secretary; Earl Granville, Foreign Secretary; Lord Kimberley, Colonial Secretary; Mr. Cardwell, War Minister; the Duke of Argyll, Secretary of State for India; Mr. Childers, First Lord of the Admiralty; Sir Robert Collier, Attorney-General; Sir John Coleridge, Solicitor-General; Lord Dufferin, Chancellor of the Duchy.

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Of the members of the First Gladstone administration still with us are Lord Lansdowne, who, commencing official life as Junior Lord of the Treasury in a Liberal administration, has lived to succeed Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office and to lead the majority in the House of Lords. The Duke of Devonshire, who, as Lord Hartington, was Chief Secretary for Ireland; Mr. Goschen, President of the Poor Law Board, who within a score of years bloomed into the fulness of a Unionist Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Mr. Arthur Peel, who

proved one of the best Speakers the House of Commons has known, and to-day lives in honored retirement as Viscount Peel.

Gladstone was in his sixty-fourth year, but, as far as mental and physical activity were concerned, in the very prime of life. Two years later, smitten at the poll by heavy hand, he suddenly convinced himself that he was advanced in years and had earned the guerdon of rest. "At sixty-five," he wrote to "my dear Granville," immediately after the rout of the Liberals at the general election of 1874, "after forty-two years of a laborious public life, I think myself entitled to retire on the first opportunity." Gladstone had in remarkable measure the comforting gift of convincing himself of the accuracy of any views of current events he might take at a particular moment. If they diametrically differed from others expressed at earlier epochs, what matter? He was dealing with to-day, not the day before yesterday. When he uttered this wail for rest he really meant he had done with political affairs and might now devote himself to the affairs of the Vatican, varied by more leisurely study of Homer.

Soon he discovered his mistake. His manner of rectifying it was a little bit of comedy delightful to watch. Through the opening session of the Disraelian Parliament he studiously absented himself, leaving the

conduct of the business of the Opposition in commission. Shortly after Lord Hartington accepted the thankless post of leader, Gladstone began furtively to reappear on the familiar scene. As the session lengthened, the old passion awakened in his breast. With increasing force he felt himself drawn back into the vortex of Parliamentary life. That, however, would never do. Had he not publicly announced his retirement? Was not his seat opposite the brass-bound Box filled by another? But the temptation was irresistible and he felt himself yielding to it. This he did with characteristic subtlety. When he looked in on debate he assumed a casual air unconsciously founded upon remote study of Paul Pry, indicating hope that he did not intrude. Also like Paul Pry, he went the length of carrying an umbrella under his arm when he emerged from behind the Speaker's chair—an incident unparalleled in the career of an ex-Minister. Its meaning was clear to the seeing eye. When he left home nothing was further from his thoughts than resumption of attendance on sittings of the House of Commons. Strolling down Parliament Street, meaning to take the air of the silver Thames as it swept the Embankment, his eye fell upon the lofty structure of the Houses of Parliament.

"Hallo!" said Mr. Wemmick, taking a morning walk with Miss Skiffins on his arm, "here's a church. Let's go in and get married."

Readers of "Great Expectations" will remember how the great strategy of Mr. Wemmick's life was an attitude of unpreparedness for ordered events, an air of surprise at the development of a deliberately arranged sequence. That, of course, was not Gladstone's mental habitude. But we can imagine him on this particular occasion saying to himself, "Hallo! There's the House of Commons. Let's go in and see what they are doing." Entering, he kept up appearances by sitting at the remote end of the Bench, the humble place of ex-Under Secretaries. In further evidence of the casualness

of his call he put on his hat when he sat down, crossed gloved hands over the handle of his umbrella, and looked round the House with that glow of pleased interest seen on the faces of strangers in the gallery making their first acquaintance with the historic scene.

Of course this did not last long. The glamour of the House of Commons reasserted its power over the man who in youth and manhood had splendidly added to it. The cry of hapless Bulgaria trampled on by the Turk acted as a trumpet call upon the veteran who had laboriously convinced himself that his helmet was now a hive for bees. When he came down to the House of Commons the umbrella, which added a touch of ludicrousness to the situation by its slightly gampish appearance, was left in the stand. His head was bared. He literally took off his gloves and went for a Government that looked on unconcerned at the massacres at Sofia, a Premier who characterized the narrative of the atrocities as "coffee-house babble."

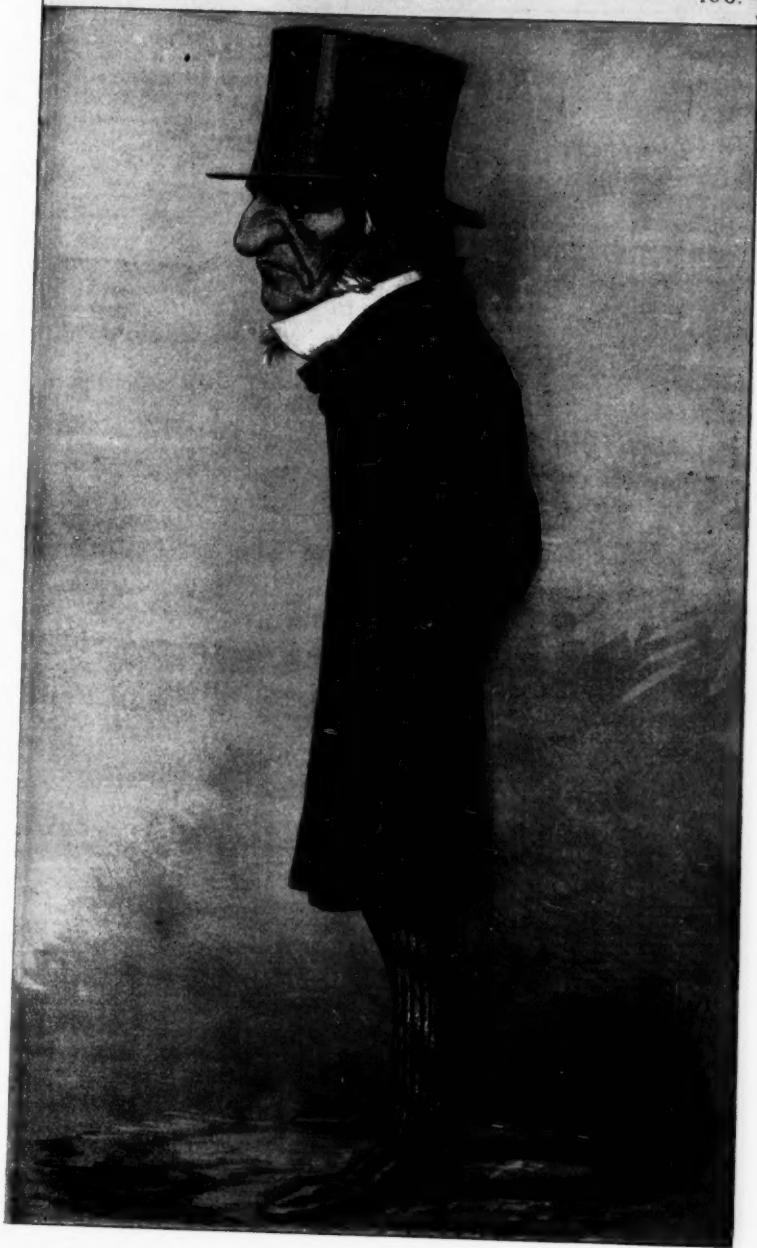
The House of Commons not being large enough or sufficiently crowded for the work he had in hand, he supplemented effort there by transferring the scene of battle to Midlothian. It chanced that, these historic campaigns taking place in the Parliamentary recess, I had the opportunity of accompanying him throughout the series ending in a victory that toppled over an apparently impregnable ministry. Wonderful in the House of Commons, he was marvellous in Midlothian. Four years had been added to the span of his life since he almost whimpered his cry for rest in the ear of Lord Granville. Again on the warpath, he fought with an energy that occasionally approached the confines of ferocity. The answering wave of popular enthusiasm rising in Midlothian whelmed the country, sweeping away the astonished Conservatives, and apparently establishing the Liberals in power for at least a generation.

How that appearance proved mis-

Feb. 6, 1869.

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MR. GLADSTONE

leading and what part Gladstone played in the *débauche* of 1886 is, as Rudyard Kipling used to say, another story.

Never in public life in either hemisphere were there confronted two men more diametrically opposed in manner and mode of thought than Disraeli and Gladstone. They had only one thing in common—genius. To each the other was an interesting, inexplicable puzzle. Here again there was difference in their method of contemplation. Gladstone with his untamable energy, his rich verbosity, his susceptibility to religious and moral influences, rather amused Dizzy. When his glowing eyes in fine frenzy rolling, whether championing the rights of nationalities or the privileges of minorities, Dizzy seated on the other side of the Table regarded him through his eyeglass with the air of one studying some strange animal recently imported. Gladstone was much more definite in his views about Disraeli. He rarely spoke or wrote of him in private relations. When he did there was only a futile attempt to disguise his conviction that Dizzy was sorely lacking in principle.

When I first saw Disraeli in the House of Commons he was seated on the front Opposition bench, silent, sphinx-like. He was in disgrace at the time with his own party, having disappointed their hopes by declining office when proffered him by the Queen after Gladstone's defeat on the Irish University bill (1873). His prescience was abundantly justified when, a few months later, a general election gave him a majority that for the first time in an already long career placed him in power as well as in office. It was after that epoch that the Disraeli known to the last generation—the statesman who will live in history among British Prime Ministers—came to birth. Hitherto, through a turbulent life, he had had a dual battle to fight. There were his political adversaries in the Liberal camp; his worst, most dangerous foes, were those of his own household. For more than thirty years he had

been *suspect*,—an undesirable alien among the Tory party, to which, after due consideration, he finally decided to attach himself. His supreme gift made him indispensable to them. None the less they distrusted and disliked him.

Even after he came into his own—Prime Minister and leader of a party he, as he boasted, had educated,—there was evidence in the House of Commons of the old, deeply rooted feeling. It was manifested by two typical Tories: George Bentinck, known as "Big Ben" to distinguish him from Cavendish Bentinck, a kinsman of lesser stature, and Beresford Hope, uncle of the then unknown Arthur James Balfour. Hope was founder of the *Saturday Review*, proprietor through its palmy days, which were chiefly devoted to attacking "Dizzy." To hail him as "that glorious Jew" in rhymed description of a ministerial dinner-party given by him on his accession to the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer was, by reason of the adjective, complimentary as compared with what readers of the *Saturday* were taught to expect. Dizzy retorted by reference to Beresford Hope's "Batavian grace." This perfect Disraelian phrase can be fully enjoyed only by those who had personal knowledge of Beresford Hope. Of Dutch descent, he preserved the somewhat ungainly stumpiness of figure common to his forebears. His manner of addressing the House was thoughtfully elaborate, his phrases drawn out in fashion suggestive of the finally successful operation of a corkscrew upon a stubborn cork.

Dizzy grew almost mellow in the sunshine of late, unexpected prosperity. Not comparable with Gladstone as a debater, he was infinitely his superior as leader of the House of Commons. Gladstone walked about lobby and corridor with his head in the clouds, not seeing on his way faithful followers whose loyalty would have been strengthened by a nod, a smile or a friendly word. He did not mean to be offensive. In this respect he offended in more than one

Jan. 30, 1869.]

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MR. DISRAELI (AFTERWARDS LORD BEACONSFIELD)

well-known instance, greatly to the detriment of his cause and his government. In social life the most courteous of men, when actually engaged in the service of the state he had no time or thought for small personal matters. Disraeli had, and greatly profited by their culture. Lord Rowton, longtime his private secretary, told me that his chief utilized what otherwise might have been wasted moments in the division lobby by soldering any little cracks apparent in the ministerial forces. If the whips notified to him sign of revolt in a particular quarter, the Premier, watching the throng passing through the division lobby, would nod recognition of the discontented member, engage him in conversation whilst the lobby emptied, and, if the case were at all threatening, link arms and lead him on to the wicket where the tellers stand.

"I never," said Lord Rowton, "knew of a brooding mutiny come to a head after the chief had walked out of the lobby arm in arm with the leading spirit."

Nor did Disraeli limit his blandishments to his own party. I have personal knowledge of two captures made from the enemy's camp. One was Joseph Cowen, a man of letters and one of the few natural orators heard at Westminster in modern times. A Radical of extreme type, whose sympathies went out to struggling nationalities wherever they were in revolt against tyranny, Cowen naturally ranged himself on the side of Gladstone when, in 1874, the Liberal leader asked for renewal of office. As a youth he had met the great statesman at the house of his father during the campaign of 1868. His newspaper, one of the most influential in the North of England, helped to keep Northumberland faithful to the Liberal flag when all around it fortresses were falling. Returned in 1874 to represent his native town, remembering former acquaintance with his father's guest, young Cowen on entering the House naturally expected some recog-

nition from his venerated leader. Gladstone, coming upon him in the lobby, passed him without a sign. It was a small event, but recollection of it rankled. Dizzy may or may not have heard of it. He certainly was at pains to make the acquaintance of the member for Newcastle and succeeded in turning what might have been a faithful follower of the Liberal leader into an exceedingly embarrassing adversary.

The other true story shows Dizzy in his serio-comic mood. In the Parliament of 1874-85 there was a pompous, preposterous little Irish member known as Dr. O'Leary. When the Premier was conducting through the House the Imperial Titles bill, which transformed his Queen into Empress, he strained every nerve to add extraneous votes to the assured ministerial majority. The Irish members were, in accordance with traditional habit, "agin' the ministry." But the question was not one that directly affected Ireland and, by taking thought, he might seduce one or two into the ministerial lobby. His eye falling on Dr. O'Leary, he with quick intuition saw his chance.

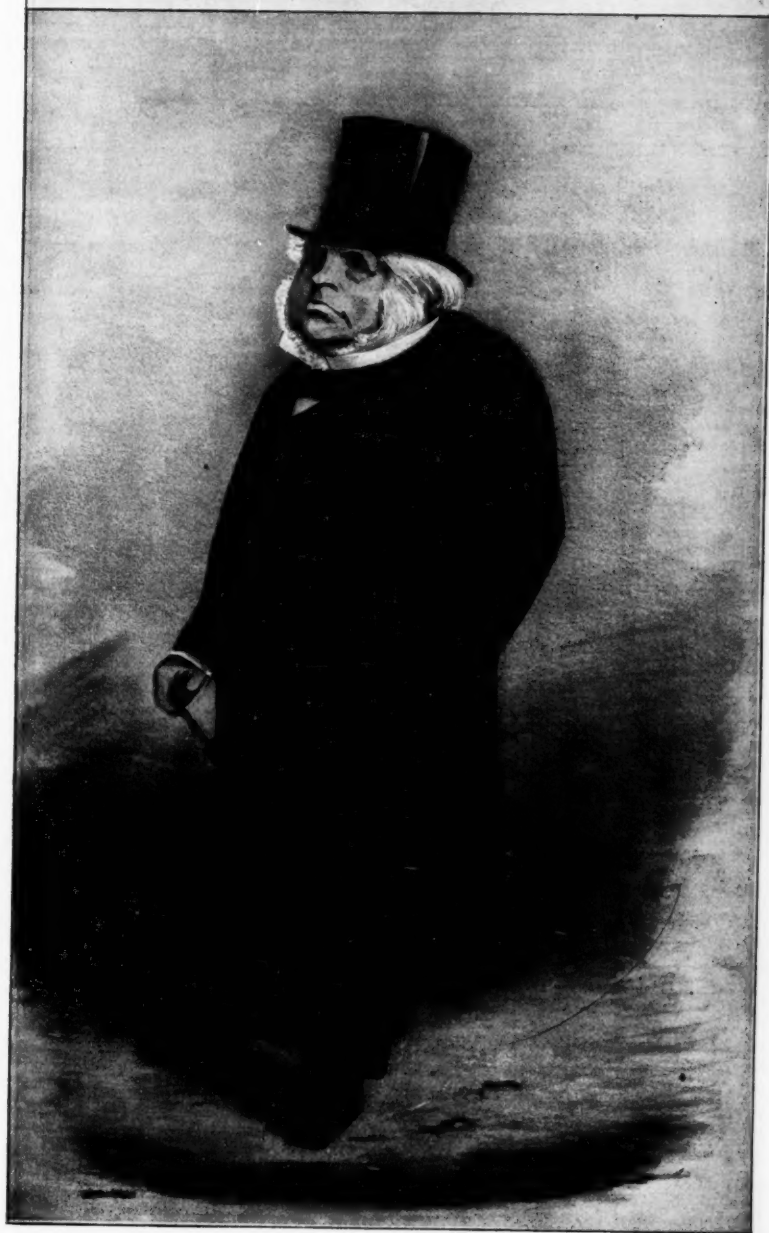
On the critical eve of the second reading of the bill, he came upon the doctor strolling down the corridor on his way to the tea room. Over-taking him, he laid a hand on his shoulder with friendly pressure and exclaimed, "My dear Doctor, how you remind me of my old friend Tom Moore. As I walked behind you just now the resemblance was startling." That won the trick. The member for Drogheda voted for the Government on the Royal Titles bill.

John Bright had temporarily retired from Parliamentary life when I entered upon it. He came back in 1874. But he was never more the man whose oratory charmed and convinced the House during the prolonged struggle round the standard of Parliamentary reform. He did not through the first session of the Disraelian Parliament break the

Feb. 13, 1869.

VANITY FAIR.

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MR. BRIGHT

silence of many years. He was content, on his fitful appearances, to sit at the lower end of the Bench in companionship with Gladstone. His interposition in Parliamentary affairs on coming back to the old scene was characteristic. Dr. Kenealey, returned as member for Stoke-on-Trent on the crest of the strange wave of public enthusiasm which lifted high the champion of the claimant to the Tichborne estates, presented himself to take the oath and his seat. In accordance with the Standing Orders, it is necessary for a member coming up after a bye-election to be introduced by two others. Whalley, the eccentric member for Peterborough, was ready with his services. But no other would associate himself with the advocate of Arthur Orton, the slanderer of his judges. Help came from an unexpected quarter. John Bright, rising from the Front Opposition Bench, said that out of deference to the will of the large constituency who had elected Kenealey he would himself, if the honorable member accepted his companionship, be glad to walk with him to the Table. So between the great tribune and the half-crazy member for Peterborough, Kenealey, a hat in one hand, a stout umbrella in the other, walked up to the Table and took the oath.

Among several fables to which in the wantonness of youth I have given birth, is one appearing at the time in a Parliamentary sketch that had wide vogue in *The World*, then recently founded by Edmund Yates, to the effect that whilst Kenealey took the oath he hung his umbrella by its generous crook on the neck of the Mace. The story became part of accepted Parliamentary history and lives to this day. The prosaic fact is that, when he reached forth his hand to take the form of oath handed him by the clerk, Kenealey leaned his gingham against the Table on which the Mace reposed. I excuse myself with reflection that it is not every flight of fancy that has even so much of subtratum of fact.

It was noticed by an old friend that when Bright unexpectedly interposed in the Kenealey affair, he was as confused as a young member making his maiden speech. He, the great master of phraseology, halted and stumbled among the words that forced themselves through his lips. For a moment there seemed danger of his utterly breaking down. He never quite got over this kind of paralysis through the remainder of his Parliamentary second life. On a night in June in the session of 1877 I observed Bright seated on the Front Opposition Bench hour after hour. The subject was a proposal to abolish capital punishment. He evidently intended to speak, and of course might have chosen his own time. He missed chance after chance, deferring his rising till after midnight when the debate was about to collapse. Happening to meet him at dinner the next night, I made some remark about his delayed interposition. He told me that in his old days, there had come back upon him the species of stage-fright that possesses all new members on first addressing the House. Even Mr. Gladstone was, in his time, subject to this influence. This would be incredible to observers of his later manner were it not affirmed by his own testimony. In the private diary of his second session he records how, preparatory to making a speech, he silently offered earnest prayer for divine assistance. After long absence imposed by broken health, Bright frequently, as in this debate on the abolition of capital punishment, came down prepared to take part in it. When a favorable moment arrived, the Speaker, turning a friendly eye upon him, paused a moment in expectation of his rising. The signal found him possessed by a shiver of apprehension. While he hesitated the chance passed. Once on his feet facing the familiar scene, cheered by welcoming voices, all trepidation vanished. He was as calm, apparently as strong, as of yore, equally self-possessed and commanding his audience.



MR. ROBERT LOWE (LORD SHERBROOKE)

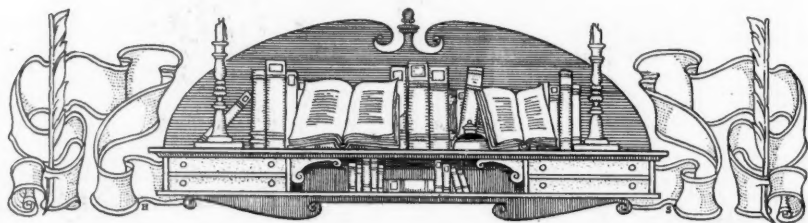
Another great Parliamentary star whose lustre was dimmed when I came under its influence was Robert Lowe. Like Bright, he reached his fullest height in the storm and stress of Reform bill debate. But there was for some years sufficient left to make him an intellectual delight. He had more than one physical shortcoming that would have barred the pathway of success to a man of less supreme capacity. He had a harsh voice, faulty enunciation, and eyesight so dimmed that when consulting his notes he had to hold them so close to his face as to obscure it. His speech sparkled with wit, the flashes being sometimes obscured by the shame-faced hurry with which they were produced.

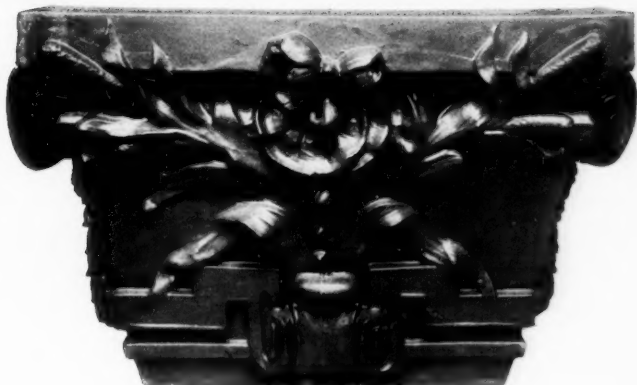
Across the waste of thirty-two years I recall one example of Lowe's ready wit. The House was discussing an Endowed Schools bill. Lord Sandon joining in the controversy delivered a bitter speech aimed at the Endowed Schools Commissioner. Before sitting down, it occurred to him that he might have gone too far in assault on constituted authority, and he remarked that he had "carefully fenced himself against being understood to pass unfriendly criticism upon the Commissioner." Lowe, following, quoted the remark with the commentary, "There has been in the noble lord's speech much more of railing than of fencing."

Lowe's last appearance on the Parliamentary stage was one of the most tragic episodes played upon it. In the spring of 1879 the Liberal Opposition in both Houses plucked up courage to move a vote of censure on the Government. On the third day of the debate Lowe interposed and the House filled in anticipation of an intellectual treat. For twenty minutes he spoke with his usual felicity, his accustomed command over his audience. Citation of extracts from the Blue Books at this stage becoming necessary to his argument, he took up a bundle of notes placed on the brass-bound Box at the opening of his speech. Sheet after sheet of the manuscript was held within an inch of his eyebrows. None was the one he wanted. Failing to find the quotation he lamely attempted to quote its substance.

A few minutes later reference to his notes again became necessary. Amid sympathetic cheers from both sides he nervously searched among the hopeless conglomeration. He could not find the note he sought and after a painful pause abruptly resumed his seat. He never again spoke in a chamber still filled with the echo of many brilliant triumphs. In the following year, the Liberals coming into office, he meekly sought sanctuary in the House of Lords, where, till death finally sealed his lips, he sat mute, disguised as Lord Sherbrooke.

(To be continued)





A ROOKWOOD CAPITAL

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS IN AMERICA

I

POTTERY AS A FINE ART

By CHARLES DE KAY



THE art of the potter started from the same root as the art of the cook. In many ways pottery and cooking have run side by side, with more honors and success won by the *cordon bleu* than by the potter. Let us consider how this came about.

Imagine a primitive people at the stage of the Californian Indians who make basketry but no pots, yet whose baskets will hold water. For centuries they may boil their meat and roots by filling baskets of this sort with water and dropping red-hot stones in them, with the articles to be cooked. Finding that clay smeared on the bottom of the basket keeps the coals from charring it, the next step is to encase a basket in clay, and bake the clay, basket and all, removing, so far as possible, the charred parts of the basket. The resultant bowl is easier to make and can be placed on the fire. Therefore it is that the

pottery of primitive peoples is ever reminiscent of osier and plaited grass. And even so late and faraway a ware as Dresden china will often reveal a trace of the primeval baskets out of which pottery and porcelain evolved.

Other sources of pottery bowls, jars, and dishes, or at any rate the forms used for them, are natural gourds and sea-shells employed by barbarous tribes as drinking-cups and food-holders. Primitive lamps found in Crete and other islands are shaped exactly after a well-known shell. Less often does one find pottery forms derived from carved woodenware, from hollow horns and receptacles for liquids made of skins. In this connection the classic example of the rhyton shaped like the head of a deer may be recalled, and the various Chinese designs that hark back to a cup or jar made originally from the joints of bamboo.

Pottery has always stuck close to the fire and the hearth. When the potter speaks of "firing" the contents of a kiln, he is simply indicating in the



JARS AND PLAQUES BY H. C. ROBERTSON, DEDHAM, MASS.

most direct way the thing that took place at the birth of pottery by the open fire of the savage, many thousand years ago.

And as cooking is the province of unsophisticated woman, so in most Indian tribes who make pottery at all the women are the potters. Whether woman or man was the first to discover the possibilities of baked clay we shall in all probability never know; but we can see how the sex that has to prepare the meal and is busy round the fire would naturally prepare the utensils in which the meal is cooked. The man might carve platter and bowl from wood during the winter when he could not hunt, but pot-making would scarcely attract him, connected as it is with the hearth. It was not until something higher than mere utility became an object that ceramics passed from the hands of women to those of men. The moment may be fairly placed at the time that pottery became an object of barter.

This close connection of the art with objects of utility has had its advantages in that it has kept pottery from losing all trace of its purpose and origin, while easel-painting often forgets its origin as an integral

portion of the decoration of a wall. Here and there potters have made ash-chests and incense-burners (as in old Mexico) or flower vases (as in Italy and Spain) which indulge the whims and fancies of men, presenting a labyrinth of forms neither beautiful nor practical. But, generally speaking, things in pottery, soft paste and porcelain, in earthenware and stoneware are for handling and direct use. This forces the modeller to restrain his hand. They are really tools, and as such are fitted for direct and tangible contact, like the corrugations on certain beakers, which prevent the cup from slipping through the fingers of exhilarated wine-bibbers, or the handles which we have added to little tea bowls of Chinese shape: certainly these allow us to drink our tea much hotter than Orientals care to have it.

In the simpler, more general forms of ceramics, the shapes of kiln-born objects are constantly subjected to the test of public use and public taste, so that while, on the one hand, these shapes are prevented from reaching fantastic and impracticable lines, on the other they are adapted to the people's needs. This we see best in the simpler dishes and pots that belong to the kitchen hearth.



GRUEBY FLOWER-POTS AND STANDS AND UMBRELLA REST

Fashion rules in faience when we come to artistic varieties prepared for the table, for flowers and other objects which are luxuries rather than necessities—objects that reflect the taste and knowledge of a refined stage of life in makers and owners. Such people value not beauty alone but rarity, and will patronize a potter who does not repeat himself, but tries to make each work unique. Connoisseurs recognize at once the shape stamped from a mould; it tells of many copies, and the idea of multiplication of the same object does not appeal to them. By incising, painting, glazing the same shape, a great variety of effects may be gained; but there is a satisfaction to which few collectors are indifferent in a work of ceramic art which has been built up by the hand alone (not even the potter's wheel being used), then modelled and painted and fired all by itself, as the ultimate expression of the keramist's art. This is the farthest remove from the commercial product of kilns, where pieces as nearly alike as it is possible for moulds to make them are turned out by the hundred, decorated with the aid of the stencil, and sold by the barrel, like any other manufacture. Such products are purely mechanical, the forms being cast in moulds and the decoration applied by cheap labor

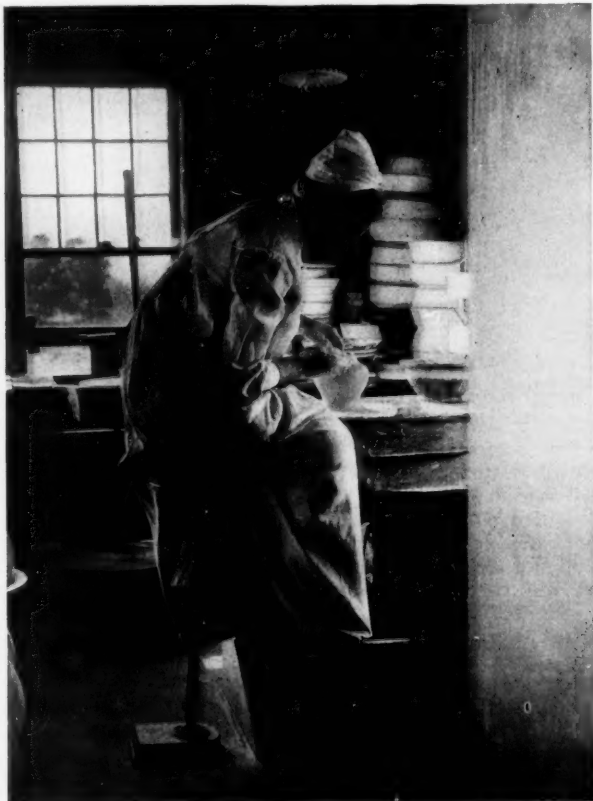
in order to bring the cost at the factory down to the lowest notch. Keramics that are truly works of art are comparatively dear, since the output is necessarily limited and the workman a skilled artist with an expensive training behind him.

Mastery in certain branches of art is recognized by the public. Architecture, sculpture, painting, etching, steel- and wood-engraving, and special lines such as illustration and designs for covers and placards, have their acknowledged masters; and so has caricature, a department of illustration. But the public is not prepared to appreciate a master in most of the minor forms of the arts, though he were a Cellini or a Léonard Limousin. Such masters in art glass as John La Farge and Louis C. Tiffany owe their recognition on the part of the general public more to their paintings than to their art glass.

Pottery in Europe and in America, though less so here, has received a fresh impulse from the extreme Orient during recent years. Persia and Italy had a revival of the art of China after the Crusades, while the fame of Faenza, Delft ware, and other pottery in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, followed by porcelain, may be traced to the trade with Persia, China, and Japan. Profound as the influence of Japanese drawing and painting in

water-colors has been on the modern painter's art in Europe and America, scarcely less have the branches of

Encouraged by municipal and other governments, granted laboratories and annual subventions, the potter's



MRS. ADELAIDE ALSOP-ROBINEAU AT THE WHEEL, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

fic tile art been stimulated by Oriental examples. These have set the fashion for looking up the work of potters in Europe and America which have been forgotten, have enhanced the market price of old Staffordshire and other British wares, and driven values for old Sèvres, Dresden, Rouen, Nevers, and Berlin upward with a bound.

In Germany especially, and also to a marked degree in Austria, this movement has led to the establishment of many kilns as a part of the industrial training of the people.

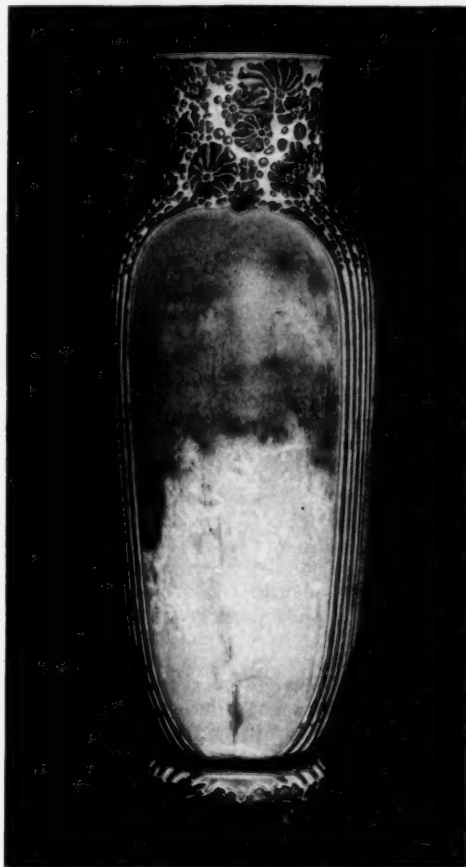
wheel has come to honors and consideration only second to those of the weaver's loom. Beside the wares of a simple kind occur ornamental and artistic objects of varying importance according to the taste and skill involved. Italy also has been trying to revive her keramic industries on a soil which more than once in the past has supplied the rest of Europe with fragile wares. Great Britain and Ireland, with less reliance on government aid than the nations of the European continent, have

seen a vigorous revival of ceramics.

This country has not failed to experience the same influence, but

mercantile potters to produce copies of European wares, of an inferior brand.

For these the people have to pay

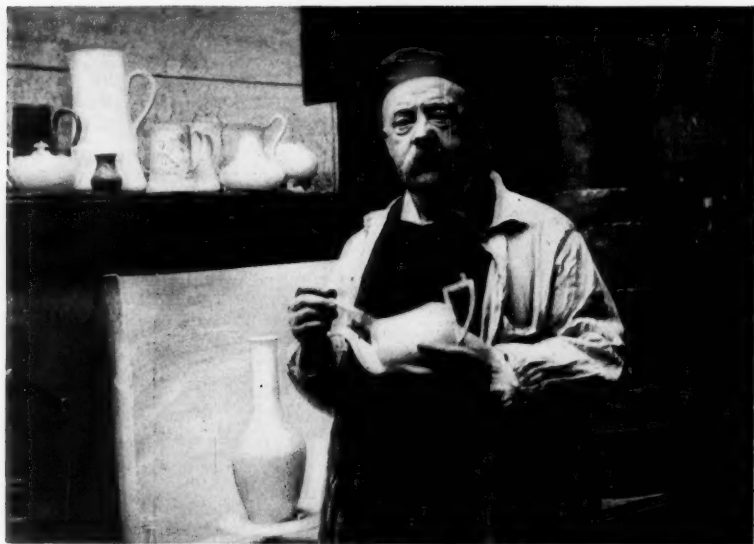


ROBINEAU VASE AND STAND IN HARD PORCELAIN

has lagged behind Europe for various reasons sufficiently obvious. One is the lack of municipal aid, but more important is the want of encouragement on the part of the public, which prefers a foreign-made article. Heavy taxes laid for the fostering of monopolies—or, to use the humorous old formula, for the protection of infant industries—have put the stigma of inferiority on native products of the kiln, and encouraged the com-

almost as much as they do for imported articles. The public recognizes the confession made by the protective tariff of the second-rate character of these products, and when they find that the commercial output of native kilns is less durable than European wares and almost as costly they are confirmed in the idea that American kilns cannot compete fairly with those of other lands.

Against these disadvantages the



MR. CHARLES VOLKMAR APPLYING COLOR WITH BRUSH

American kilns that produce artistic pottery and porcelain wage an uphill fight. Brutal and shortsighted though this governmental coddling of the industry may be, there are potters in many States of the Union who do what they can to hold their own and carry the art forward. Their objective is the production of things in demand at home which the foreign potter has not had time and occasion to recognize and study, especially those which fit the homes of well-to-do Americans who build city residences and cottages in the country to suit themselves, not to meet the doctrines of architects educated abroad.

Eminent among the better known potteries is the Rookwood of Cincinnati, which is established on a scale large enough to warrant continuous efforts to keep abreast of the demands of the day and bring out from time to time designs novel in shape and color. Another such establishment, managed with capital, is the Grueby, near Boston, which makes a specialty of dull and rough-surfaced faience in tones of green and pale yellow, handsome in form and excellent in quality. The jars, vases, bowls, jardinières, tiles, and other pieces having the

Grueby imprint are remarkable for their lines, and have a certain architectural value as decorations of drawing-rooms and libraries, corridors and terraces, porches and formal gardens. Like the Rookwood, these kilns make ornamental tiles for fireplaces and schoolrooms, for bathrooms and boudoirs, the floors and walls of vestibules, and the thousand and one demands of theatres and hotels. But they do so with a distinctive formula for surface and colors which stamp each ware as something individual and apart.

The kilns of Mr. Charles Volkmar at Metuchen, N. J., produce faience which is an expression of an individuality. Mr. Volkmar is the oldest potter of artistic ware still in active life. He was painting at Barbizon in Fontainebleau Forest before the Franco-German war, and worked in various French potteries after he decided to devote himself to ceramics. His painter-craft shows in friezes and tablets reproducing flights of wild-duck and heron, majestic peacocks posed in almost heraldic symmetry, hunting scenes with game dogs and mounted men and women—all reproduced in brown tiles, more

or less rich in color according to the subject and the interior for which the decoration was designed. But he also executes friezes and hearth-fronts without figures to suit the color scheme of a given room, being an adept in monochrome effects produced by a slightly mottled surface. These may seem all one hue from a distance, but really are full of color vibrations from the subtle variations of shade. Examples are the green and bluish chimney fronts and wall-decorations in the National Arts Club, Gramercy Park, New York City.

In his vases, bowls, platters, flower-jars, punch-bowls, tea-sets, one finds the same purpose—to use vibratory variations on one general theme of color to give the eye pleasure without losing the smooth, brilliant surface of ware fired at a high temperature. At the Macbeth Gallery in Fifth Avenue near Fortieth Street, one sees both kinds—namely, a “mat” surface, not quite so rough as the Grueby, and also the smooth-skinned vases depending on vibrations of the mottled color for light. But it is in the latter rather than the former that Mr. Volkmar takes most pride. He believes that there is more true ceramic quality in the smooth than the rough surface, although he would be the last to affirm that for certain purposes a “cucumber” skin is not more effective.

His son, Mr. Leon Volkmar, also a painter, is carrying on the pottery work at Metuchen by his father's side, so that here we have an instance of that continuity of art in the family which did so much for the crafts in mediæval Europe, and in Japan up to 1868. In China also the great pottery towns were inhabited by families of potters who handed down from father to son formulas and shapes and patterns for porcelains since unequalled, until the Taeping rebellion destroyed them root and branch.

A very individual potter who carries the expression of personality to a high degree is Mr. Robertson of Dedham, Mass., an Englishman by birth, who has produced some remarkable effects

in *sang-de-bœuf* and other members of the Red and the Rose families. Another is Mr. Theophilus Brouwer of West Hampton, L. I., whose lustre faience, called by him Flame ware, may be seen at the Powell Galleries in Sixth Avenue, New York. Mr. Brouwer models land and water animals for treatment by his peculiar process of firing, producing curious boxes and jars of singular shape. He, too, is a painter and revels in the sumptuous and brilliant hues of a ware that shows golden reflections and the nacreous lustre of sea-shells.

Mrs. Cornelius Poillon of New York, who has kilns at Woodbridge, N. J., devotes much attention to jardinières and wall-pockets in soft-bodied faience, tea-sets and small objects for the library in solid colors and well designed forms. At Newburyport are the Merrimac Potteries, famous for a heavy, richly colored ware, and at West Sterling, Mass., an individual quality is produced by Mr. William J. Walley. Archaic tilework in pleasing tones is made by Mr. Mercer at Doylestown, Penn.; and remarkable decorations on porcelain and pottery are to be credited to Mr. Marshall T. Fry of New York. But to mention the names of all the workmen and workwomen engaged in this fascinating pursuit would make a long catalogue. The “Art Annual” published by Miss Florence Levy contains the addresses of a long list of potters and decorators of china.

At Syracuse, N. Y., a very interesting variety of ware classed as porcelain is made by Mrs. Adelaide Alsop-Robineau in kilns especially designed for her by Miss Katherine C. Budd. Mrs. Robineau is a pupil of Charles Volkmar. The tones she gets in the small tea-sets and vases from the Robineau Pottery are very charming. This smaller ware was cast in moulds, a practice now discontinued; it has the precious quality so much desired in pottery and fine porcelains, and so difficult to obtain. It reminds one of russet woods and the varied reds and browns on autumnal pastures. Much care and taste have been given to the small forms,



FOUNTAIN FROM THE ROOKWOOD POTTERY

so that the results are delightful in both ways—color and shape.

At Tiffany's, in Fifth Avenue, some of the larger and more ornate hard pieces from the Robineau Pottery may be seen, such as a vase with mat ivory glaze running into semi-bright glaze at the base, and a chrysanthemum design on the neck, in relief on a white ground; a bowl and stand with conventionalized dragon-fly decoration in relief—green crystalline glaze within and brown and green glazes outside the bowl; or a vase with archaic viking ship

designs on shoulder and base, the body mat and semi-mat brown with green and blue glazes.

These pieces are hard porcelain composed of kaolin, feldspar, and quartz fired at a very high temperature, with glazes subjected to the same *grand feu*. The clay is thrown by hand on the potter's wheel, and each body is a separate creation as to form, and may be incised and modelled in relief before firing. The glazes are treated with colored oxides and fired at the same temperature as the body. This is supposed to be

the method used by the old Chinese potters for monochrome pieces, and is in use at the porcelain works of Sèvres and Berlin. Reds and pinks are obtained by the use of copper and tin oxides. In some of the Robineau specimens a delicate pink and a sea-green opalescent have been obtained with copper oxide. In others, a tone has been found containing flashes of pink, green, and turquoise blue which recall the flames emitted from driftwood and plank from ships once sheathed in copper.

An exception to the indifference displayed by most State and municipal authorities to the arts and crafts is the pottery established at Alfred by the State of New York. It is managed by Prof. Charles F. Binns, and provides a State school for the teaching of the potter's craft.

Faience undertaken by artists and amateurs as a pastime is apt to become an obsession and develop something more than a dilettante's intermittent fever. Having tried his hand at this apparently easy but really difficult game, a study of such collections of porcelain and pottery as one finds in the Metropolitan Museum brings enticing vistas of achievement and stimulates the creative faculties. If the beginner never reaches the point of mastery, at least he has learned to appreciate quality in pottery and porcelain and may become a patron if not a producer.

For many years the absence of a central organization in support of the arts and crafts has been deplored. Although for some years past Boston has supported an excellent Society of Arts and Crafts, and though special exhibitions in Chicago have shown the existence of numerous local societies of great promise throughout the middle western States; although New York has the State school mentioned and special societies devoted to ceramics, as well as others that cover a wider field; although in New York City the Architectural League with its fine annual show and the National Arts Club with its many particular exhibitions have done much for the cause of the craftsmen during the past

decade, there has been nothing to knit together the interests of the various societies and unattached workers in the realm of decorative art.

To meet this demand the National Society of Craftsmen has been founded in New York. It has several hundred members, and its quarters in the Studio Annex of the National Arts Club, East Nineteenth Street, where it opened its first exhibition last November. Here ceramics will naturally occupy a prominent place owing to the fact that many workers with clay and kiln can be reached, and because in ceramics there is apt to be a surplus of work not yet absorbed by the public, which can be drawn upon for exhibition purposes.

In the present state of the crafts in the United States, most of the objects produced by single workmen and workwomen are immediately distributed, so that it has always been difficult to obtain the best in sufficient quantity to impress the visitor. Too often the show has been filled up with duplicates and inferior pieces. This holds good to a certain degree of picture and sculpture exhibitions also, but these, having a past, are not so badly off, because the painter and sculptor are apt to so arrange matters that their commissioned work has a chance to be seen at an exhibition by the general public before it goes to the buyer. And so it will come about with objects of the industrial arts produced by masters. Already they find it advisable to exhibit, in fitting places provided in the principal cities of the land. Exhibitions are becoming fixed dates like those for painters, sculptors, and other workmen in the fine arts. What they need is a place where lovers of ceramics and other art-crafts can be sure of exhibits of a high quality.

The Society of Craftsmen offers to ambitious workers in the arts and crafts occasions to display objects made less for the immediate necessity of bread-winning than for the expression of personality and ideals. Its aim is to place the artisan where the painter and sculptor are, on a higher



POTTERY MADE BY STUDENTS AT NEWCOMB COLLEGE, NEW ORLEANS

plane than that of men who struggle merely to keep the pot boiling. Its purpose is not to ignore the need of selling work, but it thinks first of quality and purpose, leaving the question of sales as a secondary consideration. Visitors to its exhibitions are not made to feel that they are at a church fair where every one is expected to buy, but in an art atmosphere where the enjoyment of beautiful and novel things is paramount.

With regard to pottery and porcelain, the time is come when the

masters of kilns can hope to have their delightful occupation ranked among, or akin to, the fine arts. Men and women with a long training as painters and sculptors are succumbing to the fascination of the kiln. Yet no artist-artisans in the land have more urgent need of meeting from time to time, to compare notes and help one another by example and criticism, than the art-potters. As to the commercial potters who are after dividends, a paternal tariff and shameless cribbing of foreign ideas take care of them.

A PRIMITIVE HUMAN TYPE IN AMERICA

THE FINDING OF THE "NEBRASKA MAN"

By THE DISCOVERER, ROBERT F. GILDER



DOZEN miles above the mouth of the "Legendary Platte" river in Nebraska, the valley of the Missouri is bordered on

both sides by majestic bluffs, rising from two to five hundred feet above the level of the stream.

These bluffs have been for years a fertile field of archæologic research, showing evidences innumerable of having been the habitat of man through many succeeding ages. Upon the summits and crests of the hills are still found sepulchres of the aborigines. On both sides of the river are thousands of mounds, more or less elevated, according to their original size and age. Scattered through this immense mound tract, but particularly on the Nebraska side of the valley, are hundreds of circular depressions in the earth's surface, supposed by early settlers to be buffalo wallows, and called in some localities "hut rings." These saucer-like depressions are usually found upon the summits of the highest hills and in close proximity to the mounds, and vary in size according to the necessities or convenience of their architects. Some of these circles are twenty-five feet in diameter, while others are upwards of one hundred feet across and from two to five feet deep. The presumption has been that they are the depressions over which some of the earlier Siouan tribes erected their habitations of earth. Usually the floor of the house is found from two to four feet beneath the surface—the fireplace in the centre still containing ashes and sometimes charred particles of bone. It is apparent that ages must have passed since

some of the more deeply filled circles were first made.

Investigation into these hut rings discloses flint projectile points, scrapers innumerable, stone hammers, celts, and many articles of aboriginal domestic use, besides potsherds by the bushel, the latter showing many decorative designs.

After some years of research among the circles of Douglas County, Nebraska, I became persuaded that they were of very ancient origin, but that it might not be impossible to trace from whence came the people who occupied them as dwelling sites. It was with this object in view that I turned my attention to the mounds, in order to determine whether the builders of the one had connection with the other. Some forty mounds were opened on the Iowa side, but they contained nothing to connect their occupants with the circles. On the Nebraska side I found comparatively recent Indian graves showing contact with civilization, and many others of a far more ancient date.

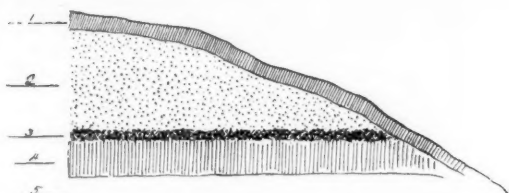
During the latter part of September of the present year, (1906) when passing through a wooded tract in the northern part of Douglas County, I found upon the summit of a very high hill a small excavation where boy hunters had dug out a rabbit. In the earth thrown out I noticed several small pieces of human bones. With a spade borrowed from a neighboring farmer I followed down the line the boys had opened, and at four feet beneath the surrounding level, came upon what appeared to be a compact clay bed, different from the loess covering in which I had been working. There were visible evidences of ancient fire,

What I took to be a clay bed burned into a semblance of brick, proved to be the original top of the loess hill.

Fire had been built upon it, and on the ashes an upper layer of bones was laid. It was so hard as to resist the spade. I managed, however, to make a considerable hole through the surface, and five inches down I found the upper portion of a human cranium. The spade was at once discarded for a sharp trowel, and I succeeded in taking out a frontal bone and a portion of the occipital. A hasty examination convinced me that I had made a find of more than ordinary interest. A few scattered sections of vertebræ and three broken pelvic bones were next brought to light.

The next operations at the mound consisted of drifting in a ditch from the south side. This ditch was a foot below the surface when begun, but at the mound's centre it was four feet deep. Five feet from the south end of the ditch I encountered the same stratum of baked earth. A few inches deeper I unearthed the lower leg or shin bones of a skeleton, but not those belonging with the first skull. Fifteen feet from the beginning of the ditch I cross-sectioned the mound from west to east and then cleared a circle eight feet in diameter north of the last or intersecting ditch. This gave me a much better opportunity to work from above the bones. Evidence of fire above the bones was very marked. The earth beneath the ash bed was very dry and extremely hard, and I was puzzled not a little as to how the burial had been made. Nor was I able to tell precisely how the skeletons had been laid, but appearances indicated that the heads lay toward the centre and that the feet radiated therefrom. Two seemed to have been placed in a squatting position—the femurs and spinal vertebræ being in a vertical position close together.

With the exception of the frontal bone, the cranium of each skeleton was more or less broken, but the in-



A CROSS-SECTION OF THE BURIAL MOUND

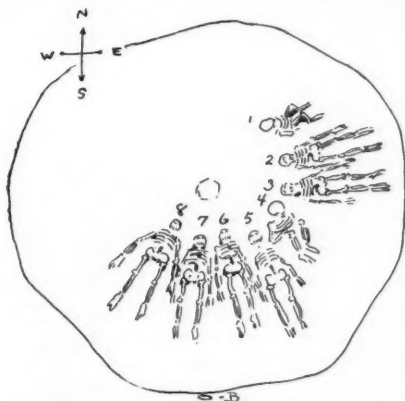
1. Vegetable mould, 6 inches. 2. Loess covering, 3 feet 6 inches in centre. 3. Earth and ashes, 4 to 5 inches. 4. Top of hill, loess formation.

terior of the skull by being filled with earth had been saved from total collapse. A noticeable feature in connection with the skulls was the fact that the left temporal bone had been smashed—probably intentionally, with a club or other weapon. Some of the bones went to powder when brought into the air.

It occurred to me, while working in the mound, that some of the skeletons had been interred as skeletons and not as bodies—the pelvic bones of two lying so close as to touch each other.

The manner of burial differed radically from that observed in other mounds I had opened in this vicinity and elsewhere. It seemed that a lower stratum of skeletons had been placed in the mound, and that earth had then been piled on top and burned to the consistency of a plaster wall. In another part of the mound, some five feet distant, lay the upper layer of skeletons; but with three exceptions, these skeletons had been disarticulated and more or less scattered about. Over the bones had been laid a covering of loess, scraped up and carried to the mound for the purpose. Through this covering were scattered small pieces of shells of a kind very different from the bivalves of the streams in this vicinity at the present day. Erosion had so reduced the mound that it seemed merely the crest of a hill, being recognizable as a mound proper to no one inexperienced in mound burials.

Throughout the mound covering were found a score of small quartzite



SUPPOSED POSITION OF REMAINS IN BURIAL MOUND

Skeletons 1 to 5 were found at lower depth of mound, Nos. 1 and 4 in squatting position. Nos. 6 to 8 lay on a higher level, having been buried at a later period.

spalls which had been fractured from drift pebbles. Two small pieces of three-cornered blades, a tiny pebble showing a drilled hole, and crude scrapers—such were the only implements found in the lower level.

My operations at the mound—which were concluded on November 16th last—have yielded portions of nine crania and bones indicating as many skeletons. While they were in progress I became persuaded that an intrusive burial had taken place. The entire upper mound covering was sown with tiny pieces of bone, indicating that it had been removed at an ancient date. Corroborative of my suspicion that others than the original builders of the sepulchre had used it as a burial place, was the finding in the

upper level, among the top layer of skeletons, of two well-formed flaked flint knives, similar to those I have frequently found in the circles of this vicinity. The lower level implements were of the crudest kind, while those of the higher level showed considerable skill in handiwork, and evidently belonged to a higher type as indicated by the crania.

The spot where the mound lies presents one of the grandest views of the broad Missouri valley. The river runs away into the perspective, twenty miles to the south, while its valley, five or six miles wide, is dotted with mirror-like lakelets. At the time of the mound's first occupancy it is supposed that the bluffs were bare of trees, and an uninterrupted view many miles to the north as well as to the east could be had. To-day forest trees grow even from the outer edges of the mound, while within the sepulchre were found mere shells of massive roots thoroughly gone to decay, their dust as dry as powder.

As the city of Omaha expands these higher river bluffs are being purchased for summer cottage sites by Omaha business and professional men. Excavations for cellars have revealed remarkably beautiful stone implements, many of which, for symmetry and neatness of workmanship, have no counterpart. The entire valley of the Missouri is replete with ancient monuments making it one of the greatest fields for anthropologic research in America.



PECULIARITIES OF THE "NEBRASKA MAN"

By HENRY B. WARD

PROFESSOR OF ZOOLOGY AND DEAN OF THE COLLEGE OF MEDICINE, THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA

THE skeletons collected by Mr. Robert F. Gilder all present such striking characteristics that even at first glance one is compelled to recognize their peculiar type. The individual bones are well preserved, but heavy, brittle, and without the spongy character of such as have been exposed to the leaching of water in the soil. The location of the remains as given by their discoverer is a sufficient explanation of this feature. Most of the specimens are unharmed, but the absence from the material examined of certain portions of the skeleton is noteworthy. The bones of the foot and hand are very scarce, and those of the base of the skull are entirely lacking.

All the long bones of the skeleton are massive, of more than average length, and distinguished by the very unusual prominence of the rough areas for muscle attachment and also of the protuberances which subserve the same function. In these particulars the leg bones are most striking. Their development indicates clearly the platynecemic condition usually regarded as characteristic of primitive people. The femur has a strong curve forward, which is not lacking in modern skeletons but has been noted by many as peculiarly characteristic of ancient femora. The development of a ridge along the *linea aspera* gives to the femur a triangular cross-section in which the face of the bone measures less than its depth. The tibia is also triangular in section and much deeper than broad.

Unfortunately, it has not yet been possible to reconstruct the facial skeleton from the fragments at hand, and one cannot say whether there was any tendency to prognathism. Judging from the location of the glenoid cavity and the length of the

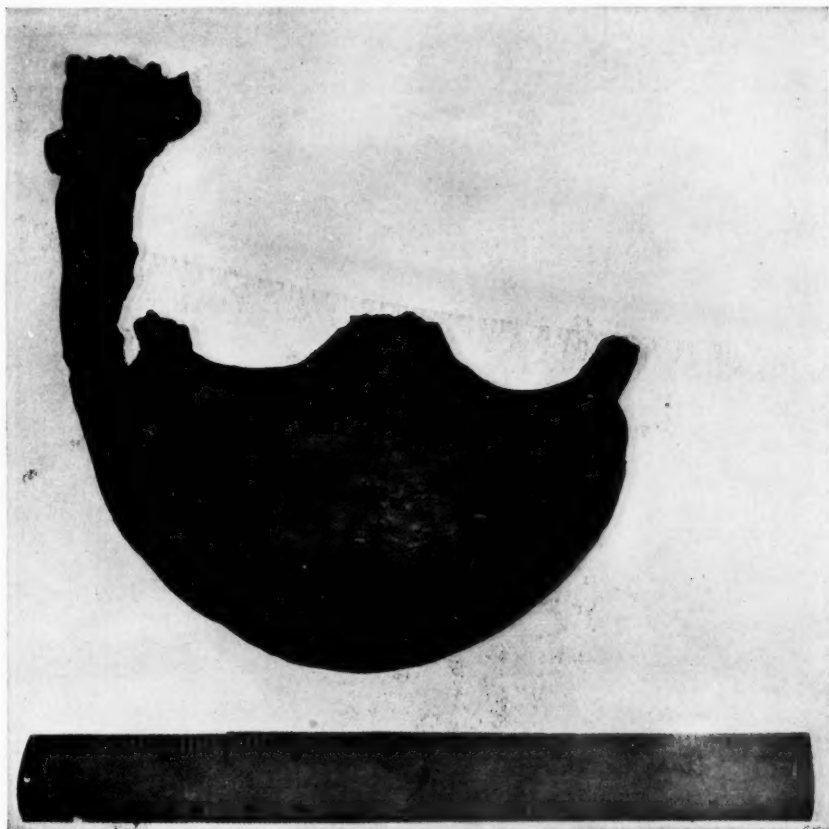
lower jaw, the latter probably did not project very conspicuously. This lower jaw is one of the most remarkable parts of the skeleton. It is relatively short, very massive, and double the thickness of a modern mandible. The mental protuberance is marked in possessing a strongly developed roll on the basal margin which emphasizes the effect of its massive body.

The teeth in the jaw are ground down to about the level of the gums, and even the third molars, or wisdom teeth, ordinarily not much employed in mastication, show the effects of hard usage. The broad flat crowns of the teeth slope a little towards the outer margin of the jaw, yet a narrow elevated ridge is often found at this edge of the tooth. Not only the molars, but also the canines and incisors, so far as present, manifest this same appearance of extreme wear, and show only the dentine on their upper surface, with but a marginal line of enamel seen in profile. This feature appears in all the jaws in the collection, and indicates unmistakably reliance upon a diet of roots, grains, or other hard food materials. I have never seen a skull which suggested the condition found in the teeth of this series. In this connection should be noted the fact that the molars are separated from the coronoid process by a space the width of one's finger, a marked exaggeration of the condition in the ordinary mandible.

The most interesting element of the skeleton is naturally the brain case, and in its contracted form this portion distinctly indicates the meagre development of the organ it enclosed. Of the parts preserved the bone is on the whole massive beyond the usual limits in modern skulls. The sutures are usually distinct, some-

times simple, sometimes complicated, marked by numerous Wormian ossicles, and in one case with a large tri-

conspicuous, not by virtue of its scanty elevation, but because its curve rises evenly from behind the



Gilder Collection, State Museum, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb. Morrill Collection of Geological Photographs

NEBRASKA SKULL NO. 3

angular interparietal between the occipital and parietal bones. This is said to be a feature of the skulls of the Mound-Builders, and is known often as the *os inca*.

In the calvaria, the two most conspicuous elements are the enormously developed superciliary ridges and the low arch of the crown. Unfortunately the base of the skull is not sufficiently preserved to give the exact location of the *foramen magnum*, and from that the height of the skull. But the arch is most

superciliary ridges. There is no forehead, and the frontal eminences are hardly distinguishable. Only one skull is nearly enough perfect to give a measure of the circumference, and in this it measures 500 mm. The length of the skull could be closely approximated in two cases, and was taken as 180 and 181 mm.

In frontal aspect the calvarium appears unusually narrow just behind the superciliary ridges, but the great development of the latter really heightens the effect, as the actual

measurements do not show extreme conditions. The minimum frontal diameter varied from 89 to 99

calvaria. In the skulls of the upper layer, moreover, the bone is very much thinner and has an entirely



Gilder Collection, State Museum, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb. Morrill Collection of Geological Photographs

NEBRASKA SKULL NO. 3

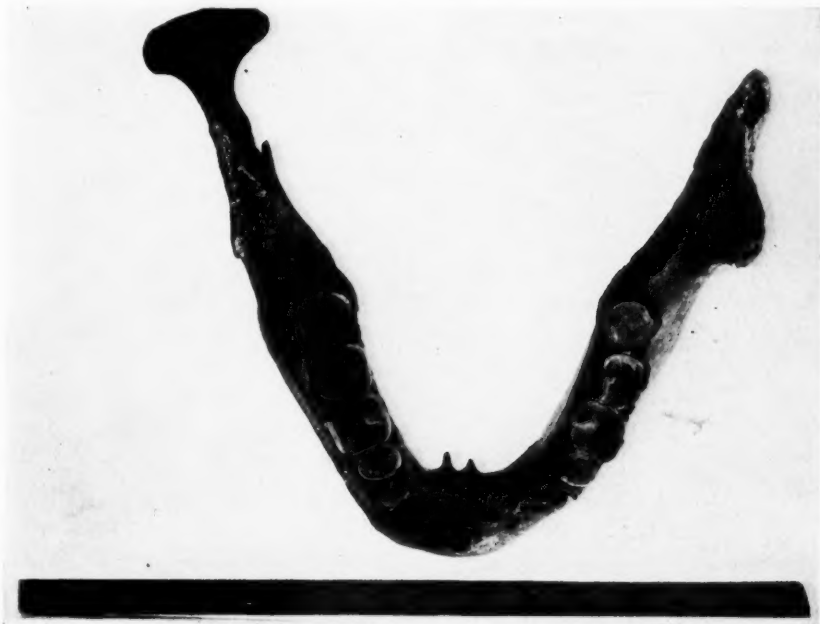
mm., the maximum frontal diameter measured from 111 to 120 mm., and the parietal diameter or maximum breadth of the skull reached 140 to 150 mm. The cephalic index could not be calculated with full accuracy on account of the imperfections of the specimens, but in one case was estimated as 79 and in a second was somewhat less. In two of the skulls from the higher level of the mound, the cephalic index was 71 and 78, while their maximum breadth was 133 and 141 mm., which serves to indicate the prominent differences in form between the two groups of

different appearance and texture. Finally the skulls are much more complete, being better preserved in spite of their greater delicacy.

All in all the skeletons of the lower layer show many points in common with primitive types of the human race. In some particulars these primitive characters agree with those of the Mound-Builders, and yet points of difference are also observable. Compared with the tribes of Indians which inhabited this region immediately before the coming of the Caucasian, these remains show radical differences. The skulls of the upper

layer are very likely from Indian tribes, although they may prove to be somewhat inferior; but they cannot,

without undue violence, be thrown into the same group with those of the lower layer.



Gilder Collection, State Museum, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb. Morrill Collection of Geological Photographs
LOWER JAW OF NEBRASKA SKULL NO. 6

PREHISTORIC MAN IN NEBRASKA *

By ERWIN HINCKLEY BARBOUR

PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA, CURATOR OF THE STATE MUSEUM, STATE GEOLOGIST.

THE recent discovery in Nebraska of a rather primitive type of Mound-Builder, for such we take him to be, promises to add fundamentally to the knowledge of prehistoric man. Possibly it may prove to be the most primitive type of man found as yet in America. The discovery was made by Mr. Robert F. Gilder of Omaha while excavating a mound three miles north of Florence, Douglas County.

Pithecanthropus erectus, a speechless fossil man of Java, which occupies a position just half way between man and the apes, may be considered the lowest representative of the human

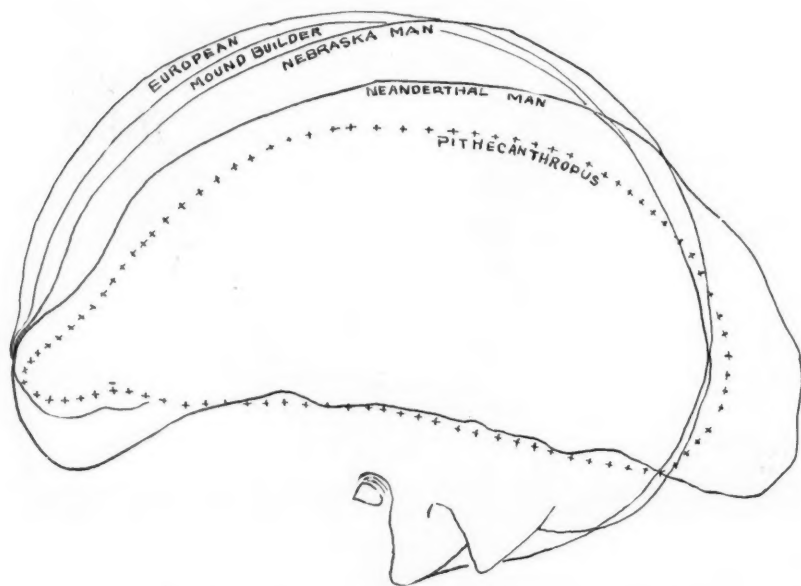
kind. Next above this ape-man in development and intellectuality comes the Neanderthal man of Germany. And in about an equal degree does the "Nebraska Loess Man," for such we shall call him, show advancement over the Neanderthal.

The geology of the region is simple, the one formation consisting of loess, or bluff deposit, which is washed into hills only in proximity to water-courses; elsewhere, is the level or rolling prairie. This formation is of such depth that all the older rocks are covered, save at the water's edge along the Missouri and its tributaries. The

* See postscript on page 507.

sepulchral mound was found on the summit of the most prominent loess hill of the region. It revealed one layer of skeletons buried on a level about four and one half feet below the surface, and a second layer of

normal, and represent the cranial development of an extinct tribe. They are characterized by narrowness through the temples, by thick, protruding superciliary ridges or brows, by a low, retreating forehead, virtually



PROFILE VIEW OF FOUR PRIMITIVE SKULLS AND A NORMAL EUROPEAN SKULL

bones, of a later period, about three feet below the surface. It is apparent that burial was not immediate, as no skeleton is complete, and the bones are scattered, weathered, and gnawed.

The excellent preservation of the bones is readily accounted for: the precipitation of moisture in this locality is slight, not exceeding thirty inches per annum; and the loess soil is sandy, so that the small amount of storm water which would soak into the hilltop had had little effect in dissolving the lime salts in the bones. The bones of the upper layer, buried intrusively, and being of a later date do not concern us at this juncture.

The low-browed crania of the bottom layer are not the result of head-binding; neither are they the crania of imbeciles. Instead, they are

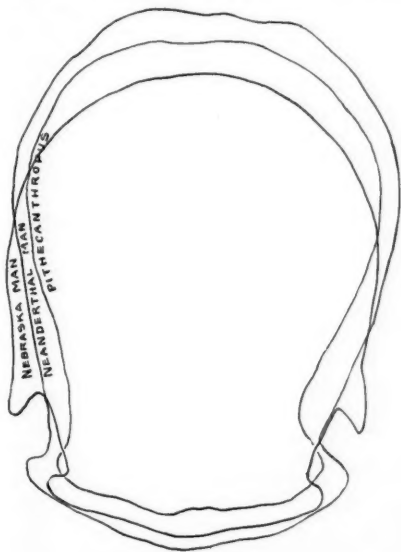
without frontal eminences, and by a well expanded but flattened occipital region. The wall is a trifle thicker than in the modern skull.

Unfortunately, the base of the skull in each case is wanting, which makes it difficult to get at exact measurements and angles, and impossible perhaps to compute accurately the cranial cubic contents. The teeth, the maxillæ or upper jaws, and the base or occiput, are also missing.

The mandible or lower jaw, compares well with that of a modern European in size and in form, but it is noticeably thicker and heavier. The mental process is bold and well pronounced, like that of civilized man. From all this it will appear that the chin is well formed and not receding, as in lowest man and the

apes. The canines, instead of being strong, as one expects to find them in more primitive man, are weak, scarcely exceeding the incisors in size and strength. The molars are of normal size, but the manner in which they are work-worn, as evi-

points of interest and variation in the individual bones, but consideration of anatomical details falls rather within the province of a technical paper. The arm bones observed give the impression of being rather light, while the leg bones



TOP VIEW OF THREE PRIMITIVE
HUMAN SKULLS

denced by several jaws, is the reverse of ordinary, the first molar being worn but little, the second considerably, and the third worn down to the gum, indicating the customary mastication of coarse, hard food.

The ribs, vertebræ, bones of the hand, limb bones, sesamoids, show no differences sufficiently marked to warrant description here. There are



FOUR NEBRASKA SKULLS IN PROFILE

seem to be rather heavy, rough, and angular.

Associated with the skeletons were certain flint implements, or chips, of crude design. A few of these implements are made of flint filled with the shells of *Fusulina secalica*, characteristic of the Carboniferous flints to be found in the limestones of eastern Nebraska.

Though low and savage, this tribe had nevertheless progressed to the point of veneration, and had learned to pay respect to their dead by erecting over their remains certain crude sepulchral mounds. Their blades of flint, their bones—broken, bleached, and gnawed,—and their crude sepulchres suggest the unrecorded tragedies of a prehistoric people.

(See Postscript on page 502)



CARL SCHURZ

IN youth he braved a monarch's ire
To set the people's poet free;
Then gave his life, his fame, his fire
To the long praise of liberty.

His life, his fame, his all he gave
That not on earth should live one slave;
True freedom of the soul he sought
And in that battle well he fought.

He fought, and yet he loved not war,
But looked and labored for the day
When the loud cannon silent are
And holy peace alone hath sway.

Ah, what a life! From youth to age
Keeping the faith, in noble rage.
Ah, what a life! From knightly youth
Servant and champion of the truth.

Not once, in all his length of days,
That falchion flashed for paltry ends;
So wise, so pure, his words and ways,
Even those he conquered rose his friends.

For went no rancor with the blow;
The wrong, and not the man, his foe.
He smote not meanly, not in wrath;
That truth might speed he cleaved a path.

The lure of place he well could scorn
Who knew a mightier joy and fate,—
The passion of the hope forlorn,
The luxury of being great,—

The deep content of souls serene
Who gain or lose with equal mien;
Defeat his spirit not subdued
Nor victory marred his noble mood.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

CARL SCHURZ

By HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

It is not often we find a foreign-born citizen among the leaders of the makers of American history. Alexander Hamilton possibly might be counted one of these exceptional persons; but so far as the builders of our Government were concerned, he was no more an Englishman than many another who was eligible to the presidency, as he was not. Albert Gallatin was certainly a foreigner by birth, and few men have rendered the country more distinguished services than that admirable public financier. Carl Schurz was a third, and when these three are named we have concluded the list of our statesmen of the first rank whom the Constitution has excluded from our highest executive office. Yet each of the three became the head of a department which made him by tradition a Cabinet officer. Each went as near to the top as a born alien may go, and each rendered to the country services of which few men, native or foreign, are capable.

Carl Schurz had always the modesty of greatness, and always with him there was the free intercourse of a believer in the dignity and worth of human nature, and, as he and his German friends used to put it, in the "rights of man,"—meaning those political rights which our own country had gained and for which there was a momentary struggle on the continent of Europe in Schurz's very early manhood.

In the little Prussian village of Lieblar, where he was born in 1829, Carl Schurz was one of the strong, wholesome-minded, independent, and loyal German people. It was near to the soil, near to the heart of the German farmer, the German peasant, and the German tradesman that he passed his youth. The simple life of his grandparents and his parents, humble, free, and independent, the life of villagers, is set forth in as simple frankness in his charming

"Reminiscences of a Long Life" which would have gone far enough to reveal a true man, even if death had come to the writer at the end of the first number.

The Lieblar life, pleasant to the people, and to the boy to whom the people were always dear, has been pictured to us in all its homeliness as few men who have reached high distinction would think of presenting it—or, in truth, as few men would present it, as Mr. Schurz did, without thinking at all of its homeliness, being regardful only of the truth. We have the strong, generous, pleasure-loving grandfather; the father who taught the village school; the mother, the daughter of a tenant farmer, whose learning was unequal to her mind, and whose character was strong and beautiful. It was a stimulating as well as a pleasant life that the boy took part in, joyous and earnest. The rural German read the newspapers and was alive to the questions of the day. The boy was very young when the thought came to him that "we in our little village were part of a great world, the affairs of which concerned us too, and demanded our attention and sympathy."

It would be little to the purpose to follow with anything like minuteness the daily life of the schoolboy and the student. He was a village boy of his time, but his father was a schoolmaster and his curious mind was bent towards learning. Soon after his entrance into the University of Bonn, he had determined to be a professor of history. Before he came under the instruction and influence of Gottfried Kinkel, he had enjoyed his day of play. His youthful whimsies were of the past. Hearty as his joy had been in winning the prize at the schützenfest of the Saint Sebastianes Society, tempered by his parade through the village with the old washerwoman on his arm, proud as

he had been in arousing the ire of the sacristan by his inspired improvisations on the church organ, he was to find a joy no less hearty and a pride more admirable in the more serious work of a revolutionist. As he participated in the sports of the village, or dwelt like one of those among whom he was born, and whom he always unaffectedly respected and sought in his more distinguished days; or as he keenly shared in the interest of his father in the literature of Germany,—so he sympathetically assumed the thoughts and shared the aspirations of the friends of liberty and of a united Germany. He met Kinkel at the beginning of the winter semester of 1847-48, and very soon after that fateful acquaintance was made he put off the garb of the student and renounced—although perhaps unconsciously—the career of a lecturer in history; he became an earnest, active, aggressive patriot; an idealist; a stern and independent and courageous statesman, and so he remained until the end of a long and useful life, a life not crowned with great material success, but rich in spiritual achievement, leaving behind a memory that will bless and inspire in discouraging days the often weary workers for righteousness.

His mind and heart were open to all men who thought and felt as he did. He was the comrade of his fellows of the Burschenschaft whose common watchword was "God, Liberty, Fatherland." He was not an enemy of the King of Prussia, nor of royalty, nor of any institution of settled order: he was never a radical nor an overturner of law unless the law had become an agent of despotism, like our own fugitive slave law. He was alive, however, to the injustice of the King; he was indignant because of the broken promise of William III., a promise made in seeming gratitude to the German people who had rid the land of Napoleonic rule, and had restored the Prussian family to their throne; he was stirred by the attempts of William IV to delude the deceived people by an apparent grant of the

promised constitution. The German legend that appealed most strongly to him was that "telling how the old Kaiser Friederich Barbarossa was sitting in the cave of the Kyffhäuser Mountain in Thuringia, in a sleep centuries old, his elbows resting on a stone table and his head in his hands, while a pair of ravens were circling round the mountain top; and how one day the ravens would fly away and the old Kaiser would awaken and issue from the mountain, sword in hand, to restore the German empire to its ancient glory." It was the dream of the generous German youth of the day, and especially of those who, like Schurz, listened to the lectures and enjoyed the hospitality of the home of the poetic patriot Kinkel.

The impulse was given to these liberty-loving Germans when the French drove Louis Philippe from the throne of France. And yet this German rising was of steadier heads than was the outbreak of those who struck at the French King: the latter did not know precisely what they wanted, but the Germans, eager and enthusiastic as their Gothic neighbors, rose for the establishment of Teutonic institutions. They were hostile to autocracy, but not to monarchy. They opposed the will of the governed to the whims and wishes of him who claimed to rule by divine right. They were not deceived when the King gave them a diet of promises instead of giving them the promised representatives of the people. The fundamental principles of government of this student of Bonn remained his when, grown old in the service of a new country, he contended with his rare eloquence against the denial of the rights of self-government by a republic established for the protection of those rights.

The students entered upon their military duties at Bonn with the merriment of youth as well as with the serious purpose of patriots, and Schurz partook of the abundant life with zest, helped the guard to "disperse" any belated citizen who was met upon the streets, and to march

him to the "rathhaus" in order that he might pledge the new Germany in a glass of Rhenish.

The uprising for German liberty in 1848, as the world knows, was soon ended; and when Schurz escaped to Switzerland his hope of aiding in establishing a constitutional representative government in Germany seemed ended, too; but he had not long resumed his historical studies before he was called upon by Mrs. Kinkel to aid her husband, who was imprisoned in the penitentiary at Spandau. To one reading Schurz's own account of the rescue of his professor, the task seems to have been so easy as to lead to the suspicion that the authorities were willing to lose Kinkel, but it was real enough to the young student who, for his participation in the revolution, and for his share in Kinkel's escape, was now definitely an exile from his native land. The fame of the episode at Spandau spread throughout Europe and the name of Carl Schurz became a household word. He was one of the lions of 1848, and, what was of more importance to the world, he had entered the ranks of the liberators, and his acquaintances, increasing in numbers, especially in London, now included Mazzini, Kossuth, and others like them. He was a suspect, and Louis Napoleon's government, the *coup d'état* being contemplated, found his presence in Paris inconvenient. He was complimented by being invited to take his departure, although a search of his apartment (his desk having been broken open and his private papers read) revealed nothing to the astute Parisian police.

Driven into English-speaking countries, it was here, and in our West, that Mr. Schurz found his opportunity. From now on he was the man of action as well as the man of thought. Germany was to wait a long time for the unity and the representative institutions which the young student attempted to procure for her. But the Germans who had come to the new land were glad to make him their leader in the much larger way in which the friends of

freedom in America were treading. There was no change of opinion wrought by crossing the sea, but there was a larger growth, a wider horizon, and a brighter promise. There was not only hope for the young lover of freedom; there were the forces which made the realization of hope seem near.

As editor of a Wisconsin newspaper and as one of the founders of the Republican party, Schurz continued to be a soldier of human liberty. His was the most potent voice of all the Germans of our Northwest, and they gave to him a following which made him powerful throughout the country. He soon developed a large capacity for leadership, and when the war broke out he was not only sought by Lincoln because the great mass of our German citizens were behind him, but because he was a wise and unselfish adviser. The story of Lincoln's letter to him has often been told by his enemies to prove that Lincoln was impatient with him because of his criticisms of the administration's management of the war, as if they were the criticisms of a meddlesome person who was himself incompetent for the task which had been imposed upon him. It is a gross mind that does not see in that often quoted letter, however, the impatience of a friend conscious of the justice of the criticisms but stung because his friend, the critic, did not seem to realize the conditions that were hampering him. Lincoln was always the friend of Schurz, always understood his idealism and his honesty, always trusted him, almost always tolerated his refusal to resort to the arts of the politician. There was no quality of time-serving in the German student when he followed Kinkel, nor was there any of that politic and affective vice when he contended for the freedom of the slave, against rebellion, or, in his later years, for pure government. He was for saving the Union and for abolishing slavery; he was earnestly hostile to trimming in order to please the politicians. Perhaps Lincoln was more politic, but when

the weightier concerns of the Union were on his mind, there was no one with whom he preferred to talk rather than with Schurz.

Soon after his sharp letter, complaining that Schurz judged him harshly, and judging Schurz harshly in return, he sent for him to come to Washington, and, when Schurz presented himself early in the morning before breakfast, the President poured out his heart to him concerning the hard conditions of the war and the awful troubles that disturbed him; and the two, sitting by the fireplace in the old Cabinet room, conversed together as only friends converse when the subject is that of a common grief or a common anxiety. There was the wide opening of the heart and mind of the President, like to that, early in the war, when the guns of the rebels could be heard at the White House, and he walked with Schurz to the old arsenal from which the stores of weapons had been taken and pointed to its emptiness as illustrative of the unpreparedness of the nation. There was this difference between the two—a difference like that which always divided Schurz from the man skilful in political arts,—Schurz believed, as he said at the beginning of the war, that it was “a question of life or death, the death of the nation, or the death of slavery,” while, at first, Lincoln sought to preserve the life of the nation whether slavery died or not.

No one ever lived, native or alien, who loved this republic more than Schurz loved it. Not many men had the capacity for loving it that Schurz possessed. But he loved the ideal republic, his ideal, the land that was devoted to the largest human liberty; the land, therefore, whose government should be generous, all-embracing, tolerant of others, hospitable to all who fled from oppression or ancient wrong, or who were seeking to establish self-government for themselves. He could but feel a bitter regret when the republic was twisted out of its way, and he was always ready to give tongue to his indignation when policy

or greed gained the day against principle or hospitality. In the Republican convention of 1868, of which he was the temporary chairman, he was the author of two resolutions of the platform, one declaring it to be for the welfare of the republic to foster and encourage, by a liberal and just policy, foreign immigration to the country which was the asylum of the oppressed of all nations; the other expressing the sympathy of the convention with “all oppressed people struggling for their rights.” It was one of Schurz’s characteristics which incited the wrath of most party politicians, that his contributions to political discussion or to political platforms expressed his convictions. They were not calculated for what is known as “vote-catching,” and, therefore, he believed in them when the party politicians, for prudential reasons, had abandoned them. He was always a consistent statesman, but he was never a consistent party slave. He believed this of himself. He deliberately based his public conduct on the consistency which he had made his own, while he despised the consistency of which party politicians boast.

Perhaps no public man was more keenly disappointed than he by Andrew Johnson’s surrender to the Southerners. It was not because he had abounding faith in Johnson; but at first he believed in his hostility to the classes which had dominated in the Southern States when Johnson was a poor white. When Schurz had resigned his commission in the army (as he did as soon as the war was ended) he retired with his family to Bethlehem in Pennsylvania. He was suddenly and unexpectedly called thence to Washington by a telegram from Johnson, who asked him, “of all men,” as he used to say, to make a journey through the Southern States in order to inform the President of the social and political conditions prevailing there. He went with hesitation. His own mind was made up. He would not have thought to admit those lately in rebellion to a share in

the Government which they had endeavored to overthrow. However, he undertook the mission, and while he was on the journey, which was rendered the more painful by a severe illness, in search of evidence on which Johnson was to have based a policy, he discovered that the President had determined upon a policy without waiting for the evidence. He learned from General Slocum, a Union soldier and a Democrat, in command of one of the military districts of the South, that Johnson had consented to the re-formation and reorganization of the Southern militia. Both he and Slocum were disheartened, the latter saying that, in view of the order, he might as well resign his command and return to the North to prepare for the war which he was sure would be renewed by the revived military forces of the Southern States. When Schurz returned to Washington he found great difficulty in obtaining an interview with Johnson. More than once, the President was "engaged." Finally Schurz felt obliged to send word to Johnson that he thought that he understood the situation, but he desired to know whether the President intended to see him or not. Then, when Schurz told him that he intended to write a full report of his observations in the South, Johnson hastened to say to him that he need not take that trouble. "Upon this," Schurz used to say, "I made up my mind that I would make the report at once," and upon the report, so made, the reconstruction policy of Congress was founded, although Johnson had undertaken to break its force by sending General Grant over part of the way which Schurz had travelled. Although the Senate, on motion of Sumner, compelled the President to send to it Schurz's report, and although his statement that disloyal sentiments continued to prevail in the Southern States were made the basis of drastic reconstruction laws, those laws never received the full acquiescence of Mr. Schurz. A few months before his death, he said that, however long

the nation might have been compelled to wait for the re-entry of the Southern States into their old relations with the Union, they should not have been brought in with constitutions forced upon them by an outside power; like all the other States, they should have constitutions made and adopted by themselves.

Schurz was a senator from Missouri when he was forty years old. He was chosen by the Republican party. He believed in it as the party of the Union and the party of good government. It was in 1869 that he entered the Senate, and from the first was the nearest friend of the body to Charles Sumner. General Grant had been elected President in 1868, and Schurz had faith in him, in the righteousness of his intentions, and in his courage to carry out his purposes against any opposition. The federal service was filled with the enemies of the new administration, and one of the first acts of Congress was to relieve the President of the restrictions of the tenure of office act in order that he might have a free hand in removing from office the enemies of the administration and, therefore, of Congress and the whole Government. No one was more ready than Schurz to give this power to General Grant, and no one was more disappointed than he in the conduct of his hero in civil office.

It is necessary to explain the reasons for his change towards General Grant, perhaps, for Mr. Blaine in his "Twenty Years of Congress" has ascribed it to an erratic and unstable character. On the contrary, the change was due to the stability of Schurz's character and to his adherence to his principles and his ideals. In his conversations of a year ago, Mr. Schurz spoke frequently of the Grant administration, and he used to recount the difficulties of the situation of those to whom just and law-abiding government was dear. They strove to befriend the President, who was a novice in public life, and who, with rare exceptions, due to the sound advice of Mr. Fish and a few others,

remained a novice to the end. The manners, the habits, and the methods of the military commander, and the military virtue of steadfastness to those who stood by him in good and in evil report, were carried into the White House. The law was often an order, as was illustrated in the appointment of A. T. Stewart to be Secretary of the Treasury, and the request of the President that the law be suspended by the Senate to enable him to appoint his friend a member of his political family. The President was then saved from his mistake mainly by the good offices of Schurz, who was on amicable terms with him until the Motley incident and the attempt to purchase San Domingo. Then, when General Grant asked for the removal of Sumner from the chairmanship of the Foreign Affairs Committee, he also asked for the removal of Schurz from that Committee.

It was very soon that Schurz found himself in antagonism to the Grant administration and to the Republican senators who were the supporters of the President. He was now entering upon a new conflict, the conflict for good government, and there is little doubt that in 1872 he had the sympathy and support of the best citizens, and of the generous and ingenuous youth of the country. It was Schurz's conviction to the end of his days that the folly of a party of self-seeking politicians more than thirty years ago prevented the building up of an opposition party which, in standing for honest government and for republican ideals, would have been of enormous advantage to the country by giving to it the services of statesmen and politicians of two virtuous and patriotic parties. His opinion on this subject can be best given in his own words.

The government of this republic [he wrote in 1904 to the Parker Independent Clubs] must be a government of law, not a government of adventure.

It must be a government for the general benefit, not a government for the promotion of special interests.

It must be a government not permanently controlled by one political party, but by different parties alternating in the possession of power.

He was a Republican so long as he believed that the party best served the republic, which, to his mind, must be the object of all patriotic endeavor. "I remained its enthusiastic adherent," he said, "so long as it was the party of liberty and human rights—as it proudly called itself, 'the party of moral ideas.'" Having concluded that it had departed from the old path, and that it had become the party of greedy politicians and adventurers, he thought it to be his duty to the country to which he was always "profoundly and gratefully devoted" to seek to put another party in the possession of power.

He believed in the early years of his senatorship, and throughout his service, that General Grant was not keen enough, or not sufficiently experienced in the wiles of the politicians of the day, to encounter them successfully or to carry out his own purposes. He never thought, for instance, that the President would be permitted to carry out his worthy plan to reform the civil service. He used frequently to meet George William Curtis at the much frequented dinner table of Charles Sumner, and the three were agreed on the necessity of the reform and of supporting the President. But Schurz never believed that the politicians would permit the plan to succeed, and he was right. Curtis optimistically disagreed with him, and he was disappointed.

No American-born orator has spoken more scholastic or purer English than Mr. Schurz. Very few English or American publicists have written such strong and clear English as this German whom love of popular liberty drove from his native land, and who at first in England was so perplexed by the difficulties of the tongue in the use of which he became so expert, that he feared that he would never be able to master it. In his years in the Senate there were many men

whom the country still regards as among its first public speakers; but Schurz was one of the keenest and most expert debaters among them all. Roscoe Conkling was proudest of his talent in debate, and he once said that there was no one in the Senate except Mr. Schurz who was a match for him. He rose to the front rank of American statesmen in the Senate, and it was there and in its contests that he found his greatest pleasure in public life. He was once asked what public place had given him the most pleasure and the greatest opportunity, and he replied that a career in the Senate was immeasurably superior to any other in public life. Tempting and satisfying as it was, however, he willingly abandoned it when he believed that the party which elected him was no longer serving the best interests of the country.

He went back willingly to his editorial chair and, with his pen and his voice, continued to serve the country. He had taken a leading part in the Liberal Republican movement to drive the corruptionists out of power, and to put an end to sectional bitterness. Malign influences wrecked the effort. From this time on to the end of his career, he was without a party. Mr. Hoar said that herein Mr. Schurz was guilty of the mistake of his career; but Schurz differed from him, and his opinion is worthy of respect. He held that in the condition of the parties, when each was seeking an advantage over the other mainly for the sake of the offices, the patriot who put the country not only above party, but far above his own ambitions, should be an independent. The political welfare of the country, he used to say, depended on its independents. Once when these were called "Scratchers," in New York, and when they had manifested their power, he said: "The time, I hope, has come when the parties must reckon with us 'Scratchers,' when we shall continue to hold the balance of power, when we shall compel them to be decent in their

nominations and their conduct." At another time he said: "In the end we independents are the best politicians, for we are unselfish; we have no axes to grind; we seek only the public good, the welfare of the nation, or of the State, and the people trust us, and will grow to trust us more." Again he said to a younger friend who thought that he might serve the country best by remaining a partisan: "You are a Democrat: it is better to be an independent. If you are a partisan you must often compromise, and sometimes you must compromise with your conscience; we independents may never fill the offices, but we can make you partisans deserve to fill them."

He was guided by his sense of what was good for the country in all that he did, in his inspiring teaching, in his splendid example of unselfish devotion, in the votes that he cast, and in the reasons that he gave for them. He voted for Hayes in 1876, partly because he could not accept Tilden as a leader of reform and partly because he recognized in Hayes the man who stood for sound currency. As a member of his Cabinet, he was able to do what he hoped to accomplish through the Liberal Republican party, to put an end to the misrule resulting from sectional jealousies. In 1880 he voted for Garfield, for Hancock was not to his mind a serious candidate. In 1884 he voted against Blaine because he did not think him worthy, and he voted for Grover Cleveland because he believed in the purity of his intentions, in his courage, and in his intelligence. He voted against him in 1884 because he thought that he had been untrue to the cause of civil service reform. He voted for McKinley in 1896 and in 1900, because he believed in "sound money," as the gold standard was called. But he was an anti-imperialist and he opposed the Spanish and the Philippine wars, because he believed that expansion was hostile to the interests and the institutions of the republic which he loved and for which he

deliberately sacrificed his political hopes and ambitions that he might serve it better in private life, and as an independent teacher. He was an enemy of war, a devout lover of peace, and he opposed Roosevelt when he was a candidate for Governor of New York because, as he said, an election to the governorship would mean election to the presidency, and he did not want Roosevelt to be President. He thus greatly offended Mr. Roosevelt, who had long been his admirer and his disciple; but the last months of his life were gladdened by a correspondence with the President in which the aged servant of good government found a hope that Roosevelt himself would some day urge disarmament.

His services to the cause of civil service reform were but part of the great services which he rendered to the republic. He was the ardent teacher of high thinking and pure purposes in public affairs. His eloquent voice and his persuasive pen have given to right thinking an army of thousands. There was never a moment in his life when he did not put country above himself as he put it above party; and whether it was on the platform, or in the columns of the press, or sitting among his books in his study, he uttered the noble sentiments of a patriot who longed for a purer state, or expressed the splendid indignation of a citizen against corruption that was assailing a country freighted, in his mind, with the hopes of men.

VERIFIED

By W. L. ALDEN

WHEN George Neale's cousin, who was a person of influence in the City, procured for him an appointment in the service of the Niger Company, it was not without a hope that the climate would put an end to an unlucky career. For Neale had been especially unlucky, and his was a temperament ill-adapted to bear ill luck with credit to himself and comfort to his friends.

He had lost his small patrimony by trying to increase it on the Stock Exchange. The young lady to whom he had been engaged had gently thrown him over when she found he was penniless, explaining with the utmost kindness that her sense of duty would not permit her to marry a man who could not support her in a way that would be satisfactory to her parents. He was without a relative nearer than an uncle who disliked him, and the cousin in the City,—a man for whom he had always had an instinctive dislike.

It is only fair to say that Neale tried hard to earn a living, but no-

body seemed to require the services of a man whose only qualifications were skill at bridge, a fluent acquaintance with French, and a colloquial knowledge of Arabic, picked up during a winter in Egypt. His creditors were unwilling to extend his credit. His friends grew gradually shy of him. He dropped out of his club when his clothes became obtrusively shabby. There were days when he was extremely hungry, and others when he breakfasted at a coffee stall, and dined on a sandwich and a glass of beer. Later on, he found that whiskey could, to some extent, take the place of food—or at least he imagined that it could. He was rapidly going down-hill, morally as well as socially, when his cousin told him that after infinite effort he had secured for him the post of manager of a trading station on the upper part of the Niger. Neale accepted it with the feeling that all was over for him in England, and that he might as well die in Africa as in an English work-house.

The station to which he had been appointed was a small one, of trifling importance. It consisted of a store for the company's goods, a house for the manager, and a collection of native huts inhabited by negroes who, in intervals of sobriety, made a pretence of collecting ivory and India-rubber, and clamored for more rum. The trade of the place was little more than nominal. Once a month a steamer stopped at the station on its way up the river, and on those occasions Neale was able to exchange words with his fellow white men, and to borrow the purser's copy of a six weeks' old *Morning Chronicle*. Certainly the station was a most depressing place. In front of Neale's house flowed the Niger, that river once so full of mystery and fascination;—the river that had lured so many European explorers to their death. Neale hated the river, for he had a fancy, bred of whiskey and loneliness, that its swift current was incessantly carrying farther and farther away from him all that could make life worth living. There was a thick fringe of bush behind the little settlement and on the other bank of the river; and still farther away, but not so far that its sickly smell could not reach the station, was a vast swamp, in which the African fever had its home. Neale had few books with him, for even in his prosperous days he had never cared for books. He had no companion and he had no hope. It is not strange that he took to drink in good earnest. He no longer made a pretence that alcohol was a help to a starving man. He drank because he had nothing else to do; nothing to look forward to, except an early death from fever; not a soul to cheer and encourage him. He kept sober during the day, but in the evening he shut himself up with his pipe and the whiskey bottle, and rarely went sober to bed.

About two months after Neale's arrival at the station he noticed for the first time a tall handsome Arab girl carrying water from the river to a hut on the edge of the bush. Her

superb figure, and the warm chocolate color of her skin, separated her from the coal-black prognathous negro girls, as sharply as if she had been a white woman. Neale roused himself sufficiently to make inquiries about her. She was a half-caste, whose mother was a black woman, and whose father was an Arab. She and her mother had come to the station from a long distance in the interior, footsore and starving, and had taken possession of an empty hut. That was all that he could learn and he soon ceased to think about the newcomers. He saw daily the young girl bringing water, and he admired in a listless way her lithe figure, and the superb manner in which she carried herself; but he had long since ceased to admire anything with enthusiasm. The blight of failure, of drink, and of the African climate was on him. He was, as he thought, incapable of any strong emotion.

But one day he heard shrieks from the hut where the Arab girl lived. Walking rapidly in that direction he found the old negress beating the girl savagely with a whip. He took the whip from her, and with a voice hoarse with anger told her that if ever again she laid a hand on the girl he would have her flogged with a *kurbash*. He patted the weeping girl on her bare shoulder, and told her to come to him for help if her mother used any further violence towards her. He went back to his house trembling with excitement and naturally sought to calm himself with whiskey.

There still survived in him a sense of shame sufficient to make him careful to conceal his drinking habit from the natives. No one had admittance to his house after nightfall, and although the more intelligent of the negroes knew from his appearance in the morning that he had spent the dark hours in the company of the bottle no one had actually seen him drunk. But that day, after his rescue of the Arab girl, Neale forgot his caution. Late in the afternoon he fancied that he heard a noise out-

side of his house, and staggered out to ascertain what was the matter. He was too far gone to keep his balance when once in the open air, and falling from his verandah, lay partly stunned, and in a drunken slumber, at the foot of the verandah steps.

When he returned to consciousness he found that some one was trying to raise him to his feet. He pulled himself together and sat up. The Arab girl was beside him, and it was she who was trying to help him. Standing a few yards from them were half a dozen negroes, grinning to see the white man in such a shameful plight. Neale was now quite sober. He got to his feet and walked slowly towards the negroes, ordering them at once to go to their quarters. They laughed impudently and stood their ground. Suddenly the girl threw herself in front of him and, telling him to go into the house, let loose a cataract of abuse on the negroes. Her fierce words and fiercer manner cowed them. If they had intended to lay hands on either the white man or the girl they abandoned that intention, and slunk away pursued by the sharp voice and derisive gestures of the girl.

Neale had not followed her counsel to go at once into the house. He had remained with the idea of protecting the girl if necessity should arise. But he was feeling terribly ill. His head swam and he could no longer keep his feet. He would have fallen if the girl had not caught him in her strong arms. She carried him into the house and laid him on the bed. Then he lost consciousness again. This time it was not the oblivion of whiskey. The fever had claimed him for its own, and the merciful unconsciousness with which it softened its surgery was to last for many days.

Neale ought to have died of the fever, for he had neither the physical nor the spiritual force with which to combat it. But he did not die. He awoke to find himself in bed, much thinner than he had ever been before, weaker than he had thought it possi-

ble to be. The Arab girl was sitting by his side with a fan, keeping off the persistent flies. She greeted him with a smile through which flashed her white teeth like the gleaming of sunshine on the river.

"My lord has been very ill," she said. "But he will soon be well. He must lie still and be as a little child, and I will be his mother."

"What's been the matter with me?" asked Neale.

"The fever," she replied. "And the rum that my lord had drunk made the fever angry. Thou wilt never again drink it? Is it not so?"

"Hast thou taken care of me all the time?" asked Neale.

"Only for two weeks," answered the girl. "My lord will soon be well, and then his slave will go to her own hut."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, my girl," said Neale in English. "You're the first human being that has cared whether I lived or died. You're not going to leave me to myself again."

"What desirest thou?" asked the girl timidly. "Thou are not angry?"

"Angry?" replied Neale. "I never could be angry with thee. Listen! I swear by Allah the Compassionate, the Merciful, never again to touch the rum. And thou shalt never leave me unless thou wilt."

"Thyspeech is the speech of a man," said the girl. "Thy words are good. I will be thy slave forever."

A week later Neale was able to leave his room supported by Zannuba's arm, and the two were married. There was no ceremony. Neale paid the girl's mother twenty dollars, and took his bride to his house. It was the only sort of marriage known in the settlement. The girl was happy. It is true that when he first asked her to marry him she refused, saying that it was not fit that an Englishman should marry a half-caste, and bidding him go back to his own country and marry one of his countrywomen. But at the same time she said, with the frank ingenuousness of a child, that she should die the very day

when he left her. And so, Neale, believing that he should never see Europe again, and that he could not do better than to marry a woman who loved him, and would make him a home even if it was in Africa, would not listen to her refusal, but took her as his wife, and felt that for once in his life he had acted wisely.

The event proved that he was right in so thinking; Zannuba was the most devoted of wives, the most intense of lovers. She worshipped the white man who had taken her from the squalor and misery of life with her mother. She was at once his companion, his slave, his plaything, his support. She set herself resolutely to help him to keep his promise to give up the drink. She brightened his life until hope came once more, timid and trembling, to his threshold. He found himself becoming interested in things which had previously been non-existent for him. He made a small garden in front of the verandah, and soon it flamed and glowed with the glory of tropical flowers. He worked in his little counting-room and amazed his superiors at home by his reports as to existent and possible trade in Nigeria. He even began to write a book concerning the region of the upper Niger, saying to himself that he would make journeys up and down the river, and thoroughly explore the country. Neale had become a new man, and a happiness, cooler, fresher, better than the happiness that he had known in England was slowly gathering about his soul. Sometimes when he was sitting at his window with his after-dinner pipe, he would hear Zannuba singing in her kitchen. It was a weird sort of music. The average European would have denied that it was music at all. But the voice sank into Neale's heart, filling and warming it as with a tropical rain. The tears came into his eyes as he listened, and love for the girl and pity for himself mingled in a sad contentment.

As for Zannuba, only one thing ever dimmed her perfect happiness. She had told Neale that she had fled

from a village two months away to escape from an Arab slave-trader who had demanded her in marriage. Her mother would have accepted him as a son-in-law, for he was rich and would have paid handsomely for his bride, but Zannuba hated and feared him as she feared nothing else. She had witnessed scenes of cruelty of which the slave-trader had been guilty, and she would have died sooner than place herself in his power. So she fled, dragging her unwilling mother with her. She had heard nothing from her people since her flight, but she was haunted by the fear that the slave-trader would track her down, and either kill her, or carry her away. Sitting at Neale's feet, with her head resting on his knee she would tell him her fears, but when he laughed and told her that he was a match for any Arab scoundrel in Africa, she was for the time consoled. Was he not a white man, and were not all white men powerful beyond all other men? But her fears always came back to her, and often Neale would see her gazing steadily at the dark outline of the bush, as if she expected to see Achmet, the slave-trader, spring out like a leopard and seize her.

Neale had been married nearly two years. His wife had made him a man of whom no woman need have been ashamed. With the revival of hope and energy within him had come a renewed conscience, and a sense of duty which, if it had existed in his younger days, he had managed to keep out of his sight. He had no longer any desire to return to civilization. He had found his place, and the place suited him. He asked for nothing better than to live and die with Zannuba on the banks of the hurrying river that in his new mood seemed to have carried away on its turbid bosom the weaknesses and vices that he had brought with him to Africa.

One spring morning the whistle of the steamer was heard far down the river, and Neale dressed himself with care, and made ready to meet her. Rarely did the steamer bring him a

letter, and never once had it landed a white man at the station. But this time the steamer brought him a letter, and with it also came a white man,—an American missionary, from a mission station two hundred miles down the river. Neale put the letter in his pocket unopened, while he welcomed the new arrival. The missionary had been sent to see if it would be desirable to start a mission at Neale's station and was to return when the steamer should stop for him, three days later, on her return trip. Neale was sincerely glad to meet a fellow white man once more. He brought the missionary to his house, and gave him of his best, which, to speak plainly, consisted of tinned salmon, and mild Sumatra tobacco. When the missionary had had his dinner, and was comfortably seated with a pipe and a fan, Neale remembered his unopened letter, and asked his guest's permission to read it.

"Why not?" demanded the missionary. "Guess we don't need to put on much style here in Africa. Read your letter and welcome, and I only hope it will have good news for you."

Neale read it. The letter came from a firm of London solicitors, whose name he very well remembered. It told him that by the death of three persons, who had stood between him and a baronetcy, he was now Sir George Neale, and entitled to an income more than sufficient to enable him to live in luxury. He had never dreamed of the possibility of such a windfall. His uncle, the late baronet,—a hard miserly man, with whom Neale had not been on speaking terms,—was a hale man of sixty when Neale left England, and he had two sons in perfect health. A railway accident had killed the eldest son. The second son had accidentally shot himself, and the baronet had died of a sudden attack of pneumonia. And now Neale, the penniless exile, the husband of an illiterate Arab woman, was an English baronet, and a rich man.

For a few moments after reading the letter Neale stood motionless,

holding the bit of paper in his numbed hand; looking out from his window on palm, and hut, and bush, but seeing nothing. Then he came to himself again, and saying quietly to the missionary that he must go to his counting-room for a short time, he went out, and walking swiftly down to the river, threw himself on the ground under a big tree, and tried to think. The river was flowing as steadily and invincibly as ever, but to Neale its swiftness seemed to call on him to follow it to the sea, and thence to journey back to England, and what awaited him there. Once more he would see that dear land. Once more he would be an English gentleman, honoured and sought after. His old friends would crowd around him when he returned to take up his heritage. The club, which he had deserted when poverty overtook him, would gladly open its doors to him again. He would dine at the Carlton. He would drink the best wines—for his promise to Zannuba only barred spirits. He would go to the theatres, and to Ascot, and the Oaks. His long African nightmare was over. At last he was awake and watching the dawn of a splendid day.

"My lord is blessed with the letter that has come to him?"

He looked up. There at his side stood his wife; the barefooted, uncivilized Lady Neale. A sudden chill flowed through his veins, where the hot current of hope and ambition had just been flowing so rapidly. Was he to take Zannuba to England with him? How could he possibly present her at Court as his wife? How could he introduce her into English society? Would an Englishwoman recognize this wild creature from the heart of Africa as an English lady? Would the poor thing be able to fill in any possible way the place to which she would be legally entitled? What could he do with her in England except to keep her shut up in his house, companionless, seeing no one but servants, and himself? What had she done that he should inflict such a bitter punishment upon her?

To take away her freedom; to condemn her to listless loneliness, and to the derision of English servants! To show the world that he was ashamed of his wife!

But was she his wife? Certainly she was, in accordance with the customs of a barbarous country; but there had been no marriage ceremony that English law would regard as binding. In reality he would be free to marry again after he should have returned home.

He grew hot as he thought of the possibility that he should discard Zannuba. But for her he would not now be living. But for her he would have died a wretched drunkard. She had saved him, and made him a decent English gentleman. What an unspeakable hound he would be to desert her! "Never that," he thought. "Let the consequences be what they may, I can never leave her."

"The letter was nothing, dear one," he said presently. "Go back to the house and wait for me. I will come very soon."

The deep note of a native war drum came down the breeze. It was faint and far away, but persistent, menacing, inexorable. He saw that it made Zannuba catch her breath, while a frightened look came into her eyes. "It is Achmet!" she cried. "I have heard the drum when my people feared that he was coming to kill them."

"Achmet is far away," replied Neale. "He does not know that thou art here. Have no fears. Neither Achmet nor anything else can ever part us."

The woman went slowly back to the house. Neale still lay on the ground. The breeze rustled in the palm trees. The notes of the drum had ceased, and the only sounds below the tree tops were the gurgling of the river, the plunging of a fish, the slight crackling of a dry twig in the bush, under the tread of some wild thing. The sunshine rained down heavily, fiercely, through the branches. Where it fell on the bare feet of the Englishman it seemed to have the

weight of rain-drops. There was a scent of wild flowers, and from time to time the sickening smell of the swamp penetrated through the pure air, like the stealthy advance of a tiger through a jungle of flowers. By and by Neale rose up suddenly, as if a bugle had summoned him. "I can't take her with me, and I can't leave her!" he said aloud. "Well! That settles it." He returned to his house with a quick, light step, and a smile on his face. The light came back to Zannuba's heavy eyes as she met him at the door. He took her hand in his and interlaced his fingers with hers. "Zannuba," he said, "if I were to leave you and go back to England, what would you do?"

She looked at him with wild fear. "If thou goest to the English towns I shall drown myself," she replied. "I never lived until I knew thee. I will not live if my lord leaves me. I know that I have brought him no son. If he leaves me I cannot complain."

"Fret not thyself, dear one," said Neale putting his arm around her waist. "Were it not for thee, I should be worse than dead. I would not leave thee, not even to be king in my own land. Now get me paper and pen, for I must write an answer to the letter that came this morning."

Neale wrote rapidly, as a man writes who knows precisely what he needs to say. The letter purported to come from another man, and this is what it contained.

"Messrs. Smith & Brown, Solicitors.
"Gentlemen,

"In reply to yours of the 28th ult., opened by me in accordance with the request of the late Mr. Neale, I beg to say that Mr. Neale died on the 3d instant. He was shot by an Arab, who disappeared immediately after the perpetration of the crime and has not since been seen. It is thought that jealousy was the cause of the crime. Mr. Neale survived the shot only half an hour. A small box containing his effects is in my charge unopened, and I await instructions in regard to it. Mr. Neale was greatly

regretted by all who knew him. Any further information in regard to the matter I shall be glad to give if requested, and in my power.

"Very truly yours,

"Henri Chabral.

"(Agent in Charge.)"

"That cousin of mine is the next heir," thought Neale, as he sealed the letter. "He will be too glad to take possession of the title and estate to waste time in making inquiries about me. Besides, he will think that some Frenchman has been put in charge of the station, and he hates Frenchmen too much to care to correspond with one. I'm as good as dead when that letter gets to England, and there won't be a soul to mourn over my sudden end."

Having finished his letter, Neale sought the missionary. "Mr. Thayer," he said, "I want you to do me a favor. I'm married to this woman according to the customs of this place, but it is n't an English marriage, you know. Will you kindly marry us in the regulation way that will be a legal marriage in England, and anywhere else?"

"Of course I will," responded the missionary. "Your wish to be regularly married, Mr. Neale, does you credit. I presume the lady is a Mohammedan, for I see she wears a veil."

"She thinks she's a Mohammedan,"

said Neale, "but there is n't a better Christian in all Africa."

"I do not doubt it," said the missionary. "She is not of our fold, but it was our Lord Himself who said, 'Other sheep have I which are not of this fold.' Shall we be wiser than He?"

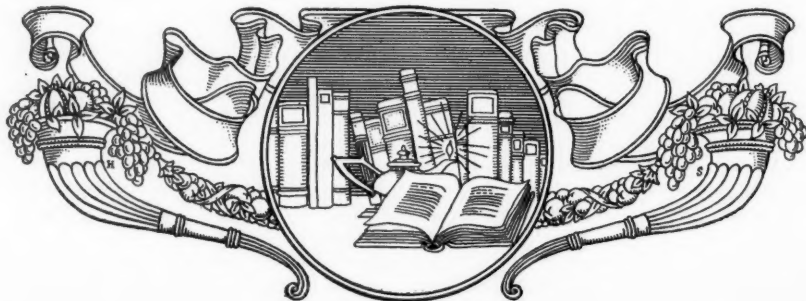
When the brief marriage ceremony was over, Neale lifted Zannuba's veil and kissed her in the presence of the missionary, greatly to her confusion. Then he led her out on the verandah. The moon was up, and filled the space in front of the house with cool liquid light, and intense barbarous shadows. The hum of tropical insects was in the air. The murmur of the river was low and soft.

"Zannuba, *habeebi*," he whispered, leaning his cheek against her. "This is the happiest moment of my life. Thou art the best and sweetest woman in the world."

A slight rustling sound was heard near the end of the verandah where the shadows were deepest. Neale turned quickly. "What was that?" he demanded.

A gun, fired within ten paces of him, split the night with its report. Neale dropped in a loose wet heap on the floor. The gleam of a white robe vanished behind the house where the thick brush was close at hand.

Achmet had had his revenge, and Neale's letter its verification.



FRANKLIN'S SOCIAL LIFE IN FRANCE

WITH HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

By ALBERT H. SMYTH

IV



N his will Franklin bequeathed to George Washington a fine crab-tree walking-stick, with a gold head curiously wrought in the form of the cap of Liberty. He had received it from Madame de Forbach, the dowager Duchess of Deux-Ponts. Another present from the same gracious source was a pair of scissors, in acknowledgment of which Franklin wrote the following letter:

"I received my dear Friend's kind present of the Scissors, which are exactly what I wanted, and besides their usefulness to me have a great additional value by the Hand from which they came. It is true that I can now neither walk abroad nor write at home without having something that may remind me of your goodness towards me; you might have added, that I can neither play at Chess nor drink Tea without the same Sensation: but these had slipped your memory. There are People who forget the Benefits they receive: Mad^e de Forbach only those she bestows. But the Impression you have made on my Mind, as one of the best, wisest and most amiable Women I ever met with, renders every other means to make me think of you unnecessary.

"My best wishes attend you to Germany and wherever else you may happen to be, being with the sincerest Esteem and Respect (will you permit me to add Affection?),

"Your most obliged and obedient and humble servant,

"B. FRANKLIN."

John Adams records another of Franklin's admirations. He says:

"Mr. Franklin, who at the age of seventy odd had neither lost his love of beauty nor his taste for it, called Mademoiselle de Passy his favorite, and his flame, and his love, which flattered the family and did not displease the young lady." This girl, one of the most beautiful in France, was betrothed to the Marquis de Tonnerre (Thunder). When the engagement was announced, Madame de Chaumont said to Franklin, "Alas, all the lightning-conductors of M. Franklin could not prevent the thunder bolt from falling upon Mlle. de Passy." In a like spirit of pleasantry, Franklin wrote to the bride's mother, Madame de Boulainvilliers, the following letter, which until now has remained without an address, among the unidentified and unknown letters in the Franklin collection.

"It gives me great Pleasure, Madam my respected Neighbour, to learn that our lovely Child is soon to be married with your Approbation, and that we are not, however, to be immediately depriv'd of her Company. I assure you I shall make no Use of my Paratonnerre to prevent this Match. I pray God to favour it with his choicest Blessings, and that it may afford many occasions of Felicity to all concerned. I wish you and yours a thousand happy Returns of this Season, and am, with affectionate Respect, etc.,

"B. FRANKLIN."

Many futile conjectures have been made concerning the identity of an anonymous correspondent who was called by Franklin his "petite femme de poche." Many letters of an "intimate" character written by her and without signature, usually in the third person, were preserved by Franklin and are still in existence. In one of these, written to Philadelphia in 1787, she complains of the unkindness and infidelity of her husband, and gives her name as Mme. LeRoy, née Baronne de Messey, from which it would appear that she was the wife of Franklin's friend, M. LeRoy, of the Academy of Sciences. The letter in question is in reply to the following from Franklin:

"J'ai reçu la charmante petite Billet de ma très bonne petite femme de poche. Je ne l'ai pas oublié, comme elle suppose, quoique ma long silence donne quelque semblance à cette Idée; mais j'ai été trop embarrassé des Affaires de toute espee, qui ne m'ont pas permis d'écrire Lettres à mes Amis. Néanmoins j'ai pensé souvent de vous, et de votre ancienne Amitié pour moi, avec les Sentiments le plus vive d'estime et d'Affection. Vous etiez bien Courageuse de monter si haut en l'air par le Ballon. Et vous etiez bien bonne, qu'étant si près des Cieux, vous n'avez pas pensé de vous quitter et rester chez les Anges. Je vous embrasse bien tendrement, et je vous souhaite toute sorte de Felicite. Adieu."

(Translation of the preceding letter)

"I have received the charming little letter from my very good little 'femme de poche.' I have not forgotten it, as she supposes, though my long silence gives some semblance to that idea; but I have been much embarrassed by many affairs which have not permitted me to write letters to my friends. Nevertheless, I have often thought of you and of your old-time friendship for me, with sentiments of the greatest

esteem and affection. You were very brave to ascend so high in the air in a balloon. And you were very good, being so near Heaven, that you did not think of leaving us and remaining with the angels. I embrace you very tenderly, and wish you every happiness. Adieu."

To this Madame LeRoy replied in a letter of which a translation is appended.

MME. LEROY TO DR. FRANKLIN

"You compliment me, my dear good Papa, on my courage in having gone up in a balloon. Alas! it only served to make me regret that I could not go very far away in it, for if that vehicle could have transported me towards you, I would have been delighted, and I would have remained near you and would have given you proofs of the consideration and esteem which you have ineffaceably engraved upon my heart. I am glad that you are well, and sincerely hope that you may live long with perfect health. Great men should be immortal for the good of humanity, and the advancement of science, of which you have brought about the triumph. I am thankful to you for all the happiness you wish me. Alas! I have no more happiness, I have lost it all, I have no longer a husband, he does not live for me, he has given himself over to persons and things which should not possess him. He has abandoned everything good; honor and true sentiments, are nothing more to him. He only loves what has brought about my misfortune; I assure you that as long as I have a breath of life I shall love you. I embrace you with all my heart.

"June 23rd, 1787. RUE DENFER NEAR THE LUXEMBOURG, No. 122.

"If you do me the favor to write to me again the above is my address—to 'Mme. LeRoy, née Baronne de Messey,' and the rest as above.

"I saw last Saturday your friend, Mme. Helvetius, and we talked a good

deal about you, I assure you of her friendship; she is indignant at the conduct of my husband towards me; she knows better than any one that I do not deserve such treatment. He avoids her and all those who love me, and only loves those whose interest it is to make me hated by him, and who do not like virtuous women."

I am tempted to add one more gallant fragment of this correspondence. It is Franklin's reply to an invitation to dine with his "*petite femme de poche*." He answers:

"Assurement je ne manquerai pas de me rendre chez vous mercredi prochaine. J'ai trop de plaisir en vous voyant, en vous entendant parler, et trop de Felicité quand je vous ai entre mes bras pour oublier une Invitation si précieuse." ("Assuredly I shall not fail to be with you Wednesday next. I have too much pleasure in seeing you, in listening to your talk, and too much happiness when I hold you in my arms, to forget so precious an invitation.")

But it is time now to return from other loves, denying ourselves merry afternoons at Auteuil with Madam Helvetius (whom her enemies compared to the ruins of Palmyra) and sumptuous entertainments at Sanois with Rousseau's friend Mme. d'Houdetot, to the faithful Madame Brillon. I have reserved to the last a budget of letters to her from Dr. Franklin, all of which have until this hour lain *perdu* in the vast collection of the American Philosophical Society, for the most part undated, unaddressed, and unidentified.

MME. BRILLON TO DR. FRANKLIN

"Accept still another token of your daughter's remembrance, my kind Papa; accept it at the hands of our good friend Le Veillard, who is delighted at having been able to accompany you as far as Havre, and how I envy him his lot! Oh, my

worthy and respected friend, my heart wings its way in your footsteps, it takes its flight over the vast element which divides you from us. For many a long day the thought of your approaching departure afflicted, saddened me; the reality tortures my soul. Forgive me, I beseech of you, if I augment your own regrets. You are bound to find consolation in the embrace of your daughter; you will have the society of your grandchildren; everything will distract you; everywhere you will find women far worthier than myself. But where shall we find a friend like you! never, never! My husband, my two daughters bid me tell you that they shall love you, respect you, cherish you always; as for me, my good Papa, your kindnesses to me will be prized by me even in the tomb. I shall recall them unceasingly, and if in another life we are destined to recover all that was dearest to us in this one, I shall fall in the arms of my good Papa, never to part again. Accept my best wishes for a pleasant voyage, never cease loving her who will always love you with all the strength of her affections; think of her once in a while, and remember most of all that she will never cease thinking of you, of your happiness, of all that concerns you; yes, my worthy friend, all the days of my life you will fill my thoughts and my heart; it is and ever shall be devotedly yours."

MME. BRILLON TO DR. FRANKLIN

"PASSY, July the 10th.

"I could not bring myself to bid you a final farewell, my good friend. My heart was so overflowing on leaving you that I feared that for you and for me another such grievous experience would but add to the deep sorrow which this separation causes me, without adding further proof of the tender and unalterable friendship I have pledged to you for all time. Every day of my existence, memory reminds me that a great man, a sage, once deigned to be my

friend. My thoughts accompany him whithersoever he goes, my heart mourns him unceasingly; unceasingly I shall say, always. 'Eight years I spent in the company of Dr. Franklin, they are passed and I shall never see him more!' Nothing in the world can ever console me for that loss, unless it be the conviction of that peace and happiness you must experience in the bosom of your family, and that fame which you surely enjoy in the land that owes you its liberty. O, my friend, my good friend! I pray you may be happy; tell me that you are; let me hear from you occasionally, and, if it be sweet for you to recall the woman who loved you most dearly, think of me, think of all those members of my family who were and always must be your best friends. Goodby, my heart fails me, it cannot bear being torn asunder from you; but that it shall never be, my loving Papa; you will often realize its presence near you; question it, and it will answer you."

MME. BRILLON TO DR. FRANKLIN

"Aug. 9, 1785.

"Our good friend Monsieur Le Veillard has just told me that your fellow countryman, Monsieur Bancroft, leaves tomorrow for Philadelphia. I avail myself of this early opportunity, my dear Papa, to forward you a token of your friend so soon after your homecoming. I thank you for the touching note you were kind enough to send me just before sailing. I have put it in the same treasury with all your other letters; you are the saint whose relics I preserve; your image, which we cherish, will likewise remind us unceasingly of that sage who was once our friend; and if in his spare moments his thoughts sometimes revert to a family which will never cease to love him dearly, he will render them doubly happy by assuring them of his happiness and unfad-

ing affection. Adieu, my good and worthy friend; accept my best wishes and those of my household, nor do we forget the grandson."

MME. BRILLON TO DR. FRANKLIN

"PARIS, NOV. 5, 1785.

"At last we are assured, my dear Papa, that you have arrived in your native land, in good health; that you have received all the honors which are your due; that you are in the good care of Madame your daughter, surrounded by your grandchildren and your friends—in a word, that you are happy! My heart has accompanied you on your voyage with deep concern, and its tender cares for you yearned to be assured of your safety; that lightens somewhat the unbearable burthen of being separated from you. My friend is contented, I keep saying to myself, over and over! so I too ought to be also; but, my worthy friend, I am so far from possessing your philosophy, I am so far from having attained wisdom in matters of friendship, that always this distance which divides us must sensibly wound my heart. At least recall occasionally the one among your friends who loved you best, and write to her a few lines in what you call your wretched French. For my part, I shall keep you informed concerning a family you once held dear! We have but recently married our younger daughter to a young man, twenty-seven years old, an estimable fellow, gentle and loving (he will take charge of Monsieur Brillon), and we have every reason to hope that she will be as happy as her elder sister; both of them wish to be remembered to you; my eldest is expecting the birth of a second child, and her little girl whom you have seen is growing every day prettier and more interesting; the health of good papa Brillon is excellent, as is mine also.

"We are all living together, our home becoming gradually more like that of a patriarchal tribe; peace

and happiness encircle us; we know both where to find them at our own fireside and how to concentrate them about our dear ones; recollections of you often add to these charms; we rehearse with pleasure and feeling all that we once said to you and what you replied; we dwell gratefully on our past privileges; those moments spent with you shall be ever dear to us, they have left a profound impress in our souls; the present moment and the future prospect, though bringing regrets in their train, have still some sweetness, because we can keep repeating, 'He is happy!' We too are happy in having been—in being evermore—the friends of that kindly sage who could bear his greatness without outward show, so unostentatiously a philosopher, devoid of austerity, sensitive though without weakness—yes, my good Papa, your name shall be graven on the temple of Memory, but each one of our hearts is a temple of Friendship for you.

"All our friends wish to be remembered to you. Don't fail to remember us to Monsieur your grandson as well, whom we are so fond of, and to Benjamin; if I dared I should ask you to bear some pleasant message to Madame your daughter. I appreciate her great worth, and surely she should love me a little in return for the affection I feel for you."

MME. BRILLON TO DR. FRANKLIN

"PARIS, October 29, 1787.

"You have been informed of all my sorrows through my neighbor Le Veillard, my good Papa; the loss of Monsieur Brillon and that of my granddaughter, who at the age of three was a model of beauty, charming ways, and sweetness, have together so overwhelmed my soul and my faculties that there is no room left for aught save grief; time and again I have seized my pen to seek in your precious friendship, in your philosophy, that support which I have

needed so greatly, but my tears stopped me; I was forced to lay it aside and defer to some calmer moment my longing to commune with you. Oftentimes I gaze at your portrait with deep emotion; the distance which separates me from you still further increases my woes. I keep recalling Passy, and the short way I had to go when I wanted to find the best of friends and the wisest of mankind; ah, my friend! the further one proceeds along life's journey, the harder 't is to bear, and the less one relishes it, when one has the misfortune to be of a sensitive temperament; there are so few moments of happiness and so many occasions of grief, that anyone who dies young would seem to me the least to be pitied: my poor darling doubtless has been spared many a trial! Alas, she had already grown very sensitive! Never did my poor heart dream that she was not destined to solace my declining days. Forgive me, my kind Papa; I am distressing you: the thought of my being so grievously afflicted will deeply touch your kind and tender soul; but it is such a consolation to pour my troubles into the breast of my friend. Time will doubtless soften them; but the more he sounds the depths of my feelings, the better will he judge of that most constant friendship which I have sworn to him during this life, if nothing awaits us beyond, and for eternity, if we be destined to exist forevermore in the great hereafter.

"I shall not speak either of politics or passing events, my dear Papa; I have little understanding of the former subject and the latter lacks interest to anyone absent from the surroundings: I will tell you rather about my daughters, who cherish a deep feeling of respect and attachment to you. The elder is nursing her baby, now three months old, the sole remnant left her of a most charming family; in her husband she is, as always, perfectly happy: they worship each other, and as he is endowed with both energy and feeling,

he has helped her bear the fearful sorrows which have pierced her maternal heart. My younger daughter has as yet no children; she too is happy, though her husband be not of such exceptional merit as is her sister's; he is, however, an upright man and sufficiently agreeable in daily intercourse. We are keeping house together; they live with me until they shall decide that a separate establishment would be more acceptable: a moment which I foresee is destined to arrive soon for my second son-in-law, who is much fonder of society than I am, and who will eventually come into a great fortune; but in the same city, when people are united in feeling, that does not prevent their seeing one another almost daily. In all likelihood Paris and his wife will always live with me: they have an estate in a region at once fertile and wild, on the seashore, where we shall spend part of the year together; they are fond of study and care but little for the whirlwind of society. My son-in-law has come to be my best friend; he shows me those heartfelt attentions which nothing can replace and are so necessary when one has lived and suffered. My health is fairly good despite the soul's afflictions; my income without being remarkable is still very fair and far exceeds my needs; it permits of my bestowing pleasures on my children, and helping some few unfortunates. I have sold my pretty home at Passy, finding it an expensive and useless possession for me, as I have one in Paris and am planning to pass the summers in the country with my son-in-law. Here, my dear Papa, here you have, somewhat at length, all that concerns me; it will bring us closer to one another at least in thought. If you love me always, as my changeless friendship warrants my hoping, write me just a little note. I hear of you through our good friends Grand and Le Veillard, but it would be such a delight to get my news straight from the source: it would be an addition to my treasures, for you

know I have always kept your letters.

"I have hung your portrait in a pleasant room which I have arranged as a repository for my books and instruments. I have had it framed excellently; it is an admirably faithful likeness; at times it delights me, again, sometimes distresses me, when I think of how far away you are; but I never look at it with any but the keenest feeling.

"Do not forget to convey my regards to Madame your daughter, whom I esteem without knowing her, or to your amiable grandson and to Benjamin. Adieu, my good Papa."

MME. BRILLON TO DR. FRANKLIN

"PARIS, March 6, 1789.

"My neighbor Monsieur Le Veillard assures me, my dear Papa, that he has found very reliable means of communicating tidings of us to you and has given us your news up to December last; you may well fancy what intense pleasure it excited to hear of your well-being at that time, wherefore I have given thanks to Providence, which, if it be really endowed with that justice one is accustomed to attribute to it, ought to leave you here on earth as an example to mankind and as a model of wisdom, at least to as ripe an old age as that of the patriarch Matusalem [*sic*], who surely was not worth as much as you, and who, tradition asserts, lived 900 years. You would then behold your country, whereof you have been both restorer and law-giver, waxed great in population, in wealth; you would behold, perhaps, our own likewise regenerated. We are at a critical stage, wherein evil at its height ought to (or at least it behooves us to hope so) usher in at last the good: if the new order of things, which is proposed, become a reality, your unsullied prayers (since those of the just alone are pleasing to the Supreme Being) will be most needful to us; pray for us, my

good Papa. You love France, the French people: be our Saint, and if these gentlemen did but resemble you I would become their devout follower! I am yours, my dear Papa; I revere you, honor you, love you; not a day passes that my heart does not draw nigh you at least in thought; not one wherein I fail to recall your friendship, so precious to me that nothing can ever rob me of it, and the memory of the days during which I enjoyed it more closely, more intimately, makes one of the bright spots of happiness in my life.

"My neighbor informs me that, desiring to withdraw from the cares of office (perchance weary of a too prolonged glory), and longing for a little rest at last, you mean to retire to the country in the company of your worthy grandson. Oh, how I congratulate him on the happiness he will experience so keenly! Do give him, my kind Papa, some feeling message from me and from my daughters; we often speak of him when together, of his wit, his high spirits, his attachment to you, which is his highest praise. Tell him that, should business or pleasure bring him back some day to our country, he may rest assured of finding friends who have never forgotten him, and who shall always feel the same real attachment to him; say also some sweet words for us to that kind Benjamin, whom everyone must love who sees him, because of his resemblance to his grandpapa. I dare not add any message for Madame your daughter, who does not know me. Deeply do I sympathize with her on account of the resolution you have taken! Perhaps this conformity of sentiments may win for me some benevolent feeling from her.

"You will learn, not without interest I am sure, that my elder daughter in the month of October gave birth to a son whom she is nursing; that he is hearty and handsome, and that the cares she lavishes on him as well as on a little girl of twenty months who is very charming, if they do not quite console her for the loss

of her two first-born children, do daily mitigate her regrets; my younger daughter has not been brought to bed since her unfortunate confinement. I dare not tell her that I am far from being sorry; she is so delicate that I should prefer her having no children to having many: her health would not bear up under it. She is established now in her own house: her husband, after having lived three years in my household, wanted to have a place of his own. In itself the matter was quite what one expected: we see one another every day and our reciprocal union is very strong; but it is no ordinary affection I feel toward my daughters, and our hearts have suffered because of this separation. My elder daughter and her husband will never leave me: it is much to have been able to retain one of them and to possess in one of my sons-in-law an intimate friend; and yet when one's heart is too tender, is it ever completely contented?

"I too expect, not like you, my good Papa, to retire entirely into the country, but to spend at least half of the year there. The region where I shall reside is lonely; there Nature is both grand and beautiful. You know that there has been ever a bit of the savage about me: age has but increased this trait in me; my children, my old friends—there you have all I ask for. By combining the sweets of affection with the devotion to various occupations which I have always cherished, were it not for the calls of one's affairs and the necessity of revisiting from time to time those of my friends who cannot travel fifty leagues to see me, I would willingly imitate you and linger the rest of my days amid the fields, where pleasures are less varied but pure, one's sphere of reflections less extended but sweet, where one can do much good with a little money, where, in fine, man is what he is, what he ought to be. Adieu, my good Papa. If in your reveries you encounter memories of me once in a while, remember at the same

time that of all your friends I am the one who loves you most tenderly. My children beg you to accept their respect and affection; my granddaughter, to comfort me, were that possible, for the loss of her sister, knows your portrait already and throws kisses to you.

"Messieurs Sanson, Pagin, my brother, Madame des Deux-Ponts (whom I see quite often when she is in Paris, because her daughter has married an intimate friend of my elder son-in-law), all bid me remember them to you.

"Tell me more in detail of all that concerns you: such news is so precious to me.

"My neighbor has shown me your musical compositions printed in America. I was much pleased with the typography, which is clear, but the paper is too flimsy; there are one or two airs which I would have played for my good Papa, who is fond of them from what Monsieur Le Veillard tells me. That occasions both regrets and very sweet recollections."

It was a gallant life and a brilliant society that are mirrored in the correspondence of Paris, Passy, and Auteuil. A faint perfume lingers yet about the letters which once throbbed with passion, or smiled with joy, in the days when amid the statues and fountains of Versailles fair women had crowned with flowers an Ambassador who seemed to embody all the promise of the alluring future. A few years passed by, and the last picture that dwells with us is that of an old and crippled man seated in his garden in Franklin Court, waited upon by a fat and rather vulgar daughter, surrounded by a group of young and boisterous grandchildren, and visited by strangers attracted by curiosity or prompted by reverence. A few steps away is the State House where liberty was proclaimed. His thoughts wander across the sea. His mind is busy with the recollection of friends a thousand leagues away across whose lives the shadow of impending doom even then was falling.

CUBA IN AMERICAN POLITICS

By CHARLES M. HARVEY

THE first article in the first series of PUTNAM'S MONTHLY was entitled "Cuba." Cuba was a very interesting subject to the people of the United States at the time when that article appeared, in January, 1853. It is a far more interesting subject to them in January, 1907. From Pierce to Roosevelt is the time which is covered by this span. Where is the American issue that is older than this? But the Cuban question dates much farther back than Pierce's days.

A century ago, Cuba began to have an especial concern for the United States. Its location at the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico gave Americans particularly strong reasons for wishing it to remain in Spain's feeble hands,

rather than fall into the grasp of such a powerful and warlike nation as England or France. And, in the Napoleonic wars of 1803-15, in which Spain appeared successively as an ally and as an enemy of France, there was danger that one or other of those aggressive countries would seize the island. Jefferson was aroused early to this peril. To William C. C. Claiborne, Governor of Mississippi Territory, whose post brought him into close contact with the people of Spain's American dominions, he said that we "shall be well satisfied to see Cuba and Mexico remain in their present dependence; but very unwilling to see them in that of either France or England, politically or commercially. We consider their in-

terests and ours as the same, and that the object of both must be to exclude all European influence from this continent." This was in 1808, in the last year of Jefferson's service as President.

Jefferson's words have a double significance. They are the first semi-official expression of our hostility to any transfer of Cuba, by conquest or purchase, from Spain to any other European nation. They also contain the germ—although not its earliest formulation—of that hands-off-the-American-continent warning which Monroe sent out to the world a decade and a half later.

In 1809, just after he retired from the presidency, Jefferson declared he would like to see Cuba annexed to the United States. To the objection that no limit could then be drawn to the country's future acquisitions he said: "Cuba can be defended by us without a navy," and added: "Nothing should ever be accepted which would require a navy to defend it." All of this Jefferson said to President Madison. At that early day, through the words of this most prescient of American statesmen of that age, Cuba's acquisition by the United States began to be thought of as an eventuality.

After the annexation of Florida in 1821, which gave us a coast line along the Gulf of Mexico from the Atlantic to the mouth of the Sabine, at the State of Louisiana's western border, Jefferson's interest in Cuba, as a possible possession of the United States, increased. "I candidly confess," said he to President Monroe in 1823, "that I have ever looked on Cuba as the most interesting addition which could ever be made to our system of States. The control which, with Florida Point, this island would give us over the Gulf of Mexico, and the countries and the isthmus bordering upon it, as well as all those whose waters flow into it, would fill up the measure of our political well-being."

In Jefferson's mind the Cuba of the future figured not as a dependency of the United States, such as the Philippines are now, but as an equal partner

in the Union, with the power to make her own local laws and to assist in governing the country. In his political scheme there would be no difference, in authority or prerogative, between the State of Cuba and the State of Massachusetts or New York.

Jefferson's dream of a Cuba under the stars and stripes was shared by Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, and many other of their contemporaries, North and South. But shortly after Jefferson's death the annexation idea encountered the slavery issue, with its supplementary phase of a balance between the slave and the free States. This weakened annexation sentiment in the North and strengthened it in the South. The South saw that in the making of States out of the existing territory it would soon be passed by the North, and thus lose its veto in the Senate on legislation hostile to its peculiar interests. It had lost its hold on the House long before, through representation in that chamber by population. Hence the South was anxious to gain additional territory in the slavery latitude, in which to extend that institution, and maintain the balance in the Senate. The same consideration incited opposition in the North. This is one reason why the North opposed and the South favored Texas annexation, for the Texas republic had slavery, and would retain it as a State of the Union. Another reason, of course, why the North was against Texas's admission was that Texas's boundary dispute with Mexico would precipitate war between the United States and that country.

The sentiment which impelled the South to insist on yoking a slave State with a free State in the creation of new members of the Union began to be shown early, as will be noticed by these lines, which were printed in many papers during John Adams's presidency:

Kentucky to the Union given,
Vermont will make the balance even;
Still Pennsylvania holds the scales,
And neither South nor North prevails.

But the astute statesmen of the South of Tyler's and Polk's days saw that even with Texas, which was annexed in 1845, and admitted as a slave State, that section would soon be left behind by the rapid extension of free commonwealths throughout the Northwest. This made Cuba, which had slavery under Spanish sway, particularly attractive to the South as a possible slaveholding State and incited attempts by the Democrats to obtain the island—by purchase if possible, by force if necessary. Before the Civil War the dominant Democracy was the expansionist and imperialist party, as the Republican party has been in our day.

Now enters "manifest destiny" as an expansionist force. By the annexation of Texas (1845), of Oregon (1846), and the conquest of New Mexico and California (1846-48), and the Gadsden purchase (1853), the present national area west of the Sabine River, the Red River, and the Rocky Mountains was obtained, and the country's boundary pushed to the Pacific. "Manifest destiny" sang for us a siren song. It told us that we were to spread all over the Western Hemisphere and the islands adjacent thereto, including Hawaii, and said that we must get Cuba at once.

President Polk, in whose administration all these accessions of territory had been made, promptly set out to obey the call for further expansion. Through our minister at Madrid, Mr. Romulus M. Saunders of North Carolina, Polk, in 1848, offered \$100,000,000 for Cuba, but Spain indignantly said she would rather see the island sunk in the ocean than to sell it. This aroused the South's wrath, and incited several piratical expeditions to capture the island, beginning with those of Lopez and Crittenden in 1849 and 1850.

It is interesting to note that the command of one of these filibustering raids on Cuba was successively offered to two men—Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee—who afterward figured prominently in American history. Davis at this time was a United

States senator, but he had commanded a regiment of Mississippi volunteers in the Mexican war, and he was a West Point graduate. He refused it, and suggested Lee, who was then a colonel in the army, and had made a good reputation in the war against Mexico. Lee also refused, and on nearly the same ground as Davis, that his duty to the United States forbade him to make war on a friendly nation.

Thinking that our Government intended to seize Cuba, the Governments of England and France proposed to us in 1852 that we should join them in promising not to attempt its conquest. Edward Everett, Fillmore's Whig Secretary of State, responded by disclaiming any designs against the island, but said that under the Monroe doctrine this was an American issue, in which foreign interference would be resented by the United States. Fillmore, voicing the conservative Whig sentiment, which pervaded a majority of the people of the free States, said in his message to Congress in 1852 that not only did the United States intend no conquest of Cuba, but that he would "regard its incorporation into the Union at the present time as fraught with serious peril."

This was the situation at the time the article on Cuba appeared in PUTNAM'S MONTHLY for January, 1853. The Cuban issue was in a very interesting phase for Americans at that date. But it was destined immediately afterward to become, for two or three years, much more engrossing.

On February 28, 1854, an American vessel, the *Black Warrior*, on one of her regular trips from New Orleans to New York, by way of Havana, was seized and confiscated, with her cargo of cotton, by Spain's customs officers at that port, because her manifest said she had no cargo. A blaze of resentment against Spain was aroused in the South, loud calls were made by Southern politicians and newspapers for drastic action, and President Pierce sent a special message to

Congress, saying he had demanded of Madrid immediate redress, with an indemnity of \$300,000 to the owners of the vessel.

In the slow steam communication of those days, and in the absence of an ocean telegraph, Spain was a little more leisurely even than usual in acting in any way. Moreover, her anger at the recent forays of the freebooters from the United States on Cuba made her averse to any sort of action which would be calculated to satisfy the Pierce administration and the South.

Meanwhile several expeditions for the invasion of Cuba were fitted out in the United States, the most formidable of which was to be commanded by Gen. John A. Quitman, an ex-officer of the Mexican war and an ex-governor of Mississippi. Pierce issued a proclamation which headed off Quitman and the other filibusters.

Pierce also directed the American ministers to Spain, France, and England (Pierre Soulé, John Y. Mason, and James Buchanan) to meet at some convenient spot and discuss the Cuban situation. This was just before Spain granted the redress. They met at Ostend, Belgium, on October 9, 1854, adjourned to Aix-la-Chapelle, Prussia, and from there sent the confidential communication to Pierce which figured, in the expansive terminology of the day, as the Ostend manifesto. This recommended the purchase of Cuba, and urged its seizure by force if Spain refused to sell. For Pierce and his New York Secretary of State, William L. Marcy, this counsel was a little too belligerent, and they rejected it. Spain, however, ultimately made reparation to the owners of the Black Warrior.

A very interesting "what-might-have-been" here steps forward. Had Polk, the instigator of the Mexican war, been President in 1854 instead of Pierce, the Black Warrior incident would undoubtedly have been seized as a pretext for an invasion of Cuba and a war on Spain, which would, after many sacrifices of life and property, have placed the island forever

in American hands. This is what the South called on Pierce to do.

Congress was against war in the Cuban affair, and the North was opposed to it, as they had been in the Mexican case. But a Polk could have baited Spain in 1854, as he did Mexico in 1846, into striking a blow which would have made a war fever sweep over Congress, and the North would have been compelled to vote supplies and furnish volunteers for the army and navy, as it did in the earlier aggression.

Now a few words as to the political situation in the United States at that time. On February 28, 1854, when Havana confiscated the Black Warrior, Stephen A. Douglas, backed by the South, was pushing his Kansas-Nebraska territorial organization bill in Congress. It had not yet passed the Senate, and three months were to elapse before it would pass the House. That measure, with its fatal removal of the barrier of 1820 (the repeal of the Missouri Compromise) which had shut slavery out of the Territories north of Missouri's southerly line, was destined to kill the Whig party, and to put in its place the party of freedom—the party of Fremont, Lincoln, and Roosevelt,—which had for the cardinal principle of its creed the preservation of the Territories for free labor.

The Charleston *Mercury*, voicing the dominant sentiment of its section, said, approvingly, that the Ostend manifesto's "sole object was to acquire Cuba, out of which two or three slave States could be formed." It added that Cuban annexation was a "Democratic aspiration that would not be given up." In many of his acts Pierce showed himself to be what John Randolph would have called a Northern man with Southern principles, but he failed in that crisis to meet the demands of that definition. If Pierce had dropped what Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia called his "fatal timidity," obeyed the South's mandate in the Black Warrior case, and pushed Spain into war, this "Democratic aspiration" would have been realized, Cuba would have been

obtained, and the South would have gained its additional "two or three slave States."

This would have allowed Douglas to cut out the calamitous slavery admission feature from his territorial organization bill, and that Kansas rock on which the Democratic party was destined to split, and on which Douglas's, the South's, and slavery's fortunes were fated to be wrecked in 1860, would have been escaped.

Even if the slavery admission clause, which enraged the North and created the Republican party, were left in Douglas's bill, the Democrats would, in seizing the Black Warrior pretext, still have been masters of the situation. The Whig party—which had carried only four States for Scott for President two years earlier, as compared with twenty-seven which declared for Pierce and the Democrats—was dead; and the Republican party was not yet born.

In Europe, too, the situation was favorable for the carrying out of a Cuban plot. England, France, and Russia had their hands tied in the war which the two former were waging against the latter. Austria and Prussia, armed and in waiting for possibilities of menace to their interests in Eastern Europe, had no concern in Cuban affairs. Victor Emmanuel's Sardinia was engaged with England and France in fighting Russia, while the Italy of our day was still, as in Metternich's time, only a geographical expression. On the other side of the Atlantic, as on this, there was nothing to molest the Democratic party or make it afraid. Cuba could have been obtained, slavery's life could have been prolonged another decade or two, and much of the current of subsequent history in the United States might have been altered.

This would have been piracy, but an assault on Spain in 1854 would have been no worse in morals than was the assault on Mexico in 1846. It is fortunate for the United States' reputation as a civilized nation that the "timid" Pierce instead of the audacious Polk was in the White

House during the Black Warrior episode.

Many of the prominent journals of London, Paris, and other European capitals denounced the object of the Ostend manifesto, when they learned its import. The New York *Tribune*, which was to become the leading Republican journal of the country, as it had been the most prominent Whig paper during the lifetime of that party, dubbed the Buchanan-Mason-Soulé proposition the "manifesto of the brigands." The first Republican national convention, that of 1856, which nominated Fremont for President, styled it "the highwayman's plea that might makes right," and declared that "it was in every respect unworthy of American diplomacy, and would bring shame and dishonor upon any government or people that gave it their sanction." This sentiment was applauded throughout the free North.

Nevertheless, had the Pierce administration in 1854 obeyed the command of its Southern supporters the Cuban steal could have been perpetrated, regardless of the thunderings of the conscience of Europe and of the free portion of the United States. And if the flag had been put up in Cuba it would have stayed up. Neither Europe nor America quarrels with facts.

It must be borne in mind that the Democratic party in 1854 had as much prestige as the Republican party of to-day. It had governed the country from the accession of Jefferson in 1801 onward, except during the eight years of the Harrison-Tyler and the Taylor-Fillmore presidencies, and it controlled Congress during half of the life of these Whig administrations. Moreover, the outlook for the maintenance of Democratic sway for many years to come was as bright then as is that of the Republican party now.

In their convention of 1856 the Democrats did not openly declare for Cuban annexation, but they nominated for President one of the signers (Buchanan) of the Ostend circular.

Europe and America received this as an indirect sanction of the Cuban idea. Attempts, moreover, were made by Buchanan, while President, to buy Cuba. In 1860 the Democratic party, in the Charleston convention, split into two sections. But in practically identical language the Northern, or Douglas, end of the party and the Southern, or Breckinridge, section of it declared for the annexation of Cuba.

Shortly before the Charleston convention Toombs of Georgia exclaimed in a speech in the Senate: "Give us Cuba, give us the West Indies, and we shall command all the other wants of the human race." By getting this foothold in what Maury already had admiringly styled the "American Mediterranean," the United States could, said Toombs, "make first the Gulf of Mexico and then the Caribbean a *mare clausum*."

But Lincoln's election in 1860, Southern secession in 1861, and Appomattox and the thirteenth amendment in 1865, made a sweeping change in the situation in the United States. With slavery abolished the original incentive for the acquisition of Cuba was dead. With the Democracy out of power the sceptre of imperialism was passed over to the Republican party. For several years after the Republicans entered power in 1861, however, they had larger things than Cuba to concern themselves with.

But after the passage of the reconstruction act over Johnson's veto on March 2, 1867, under which the Confederate States were, within the next few years, restored to their old relations to the rest of the Union, the Republican party's thoughts began to turn lightly to national expansion. Four weeks after the passage of that act, Seward, the Secretary of State under Johnson, signed the treaty through which Russia ceded Alaska to us for \$7,200,000.

Seward was one of the few old-time Republicans who had imperialist ideas. In 1867 he also attempted to annex Denmark's West India islands of St. Thomas and St. John, the treaty

agreeing to pay \$7,500,000 for them, and though Denmark and the islands themselves ratified the treaty the Senate in Washington refused its assent. This, however, was largely due to the war which the Republican Congress was waging on Johnson, which resulted in the impeachment of Johnson, and which came near accomplishing his deposition. Seward favored the annexation of Cuba, but he said he would prefer to postpone it until after slavery was abolished in the island. Abolition in Cuba did not come until 1886, seventeen years after Johnson's and Seward's retirement from office, and fourteen years after Seward's death.

During the years immediately following our Civil War not much was heard in the United States about Cuban acquisition, but the subject came up when Grant, in 1869, wanted to give belligerent rights to the Cuban rebels. Sumner, who was personally hostile to Grant, opposed recognition, and defeated it.

But the annexationist talk was revived in a far more conspicuous way by the *Virginian* incident. In the Cuban rebellion of 1868-78 the filibustering spirit in the United States became as active as it had been in slavery days. The steamer *Virginian* sailing under an American flag, but suspected of carrying men and arms to aid the Cuban insurgents, was captured by the Spanish gunboat *Tornado* on the high seas, near Jamaica, in 1873, and conveyed to Cuba, and Captain Fry and thirty-five of his crew and four Cuban passengers were executed by the Spaniards.

A wave of war feeling swept across the United States which was more menacing than that which was aroused by the Black Warrior seizure, for it extended through the North as well as the South. Only eight years had elapsed since Appomattox. The victor at Appomattox was in the White House. More trained soldiers were in civil life in the United States than were in the armies of any two European nations at that date. From South as well as from North volun-

teers by the tens of thousands offered their services for war against Spain. While proceeding at Madrid in a dignified way, through the regular diplomatic channels, Grant prepared for possible eventualities. He planned that in case of war not only would Cuba be seized, but a column of American troops, under Sheridan, was to be sent to invade Spain. But Spain surrendered the Virginius, granted reparation, liberated the remaining prisoners, and the episode closed peacefully.

Annexation talk subsided after the Virginius settlement, but did not wholly die out till the end of the rebellion on the island in 1878. It was revived in 1895, at the beginning of the insurrection which led to American intervention three years later. In the declaration of war against Spain in 1898 the Teller resolution committed the United States to withdraw after the expulsion of Spain and the pacification of the island. That promise was carried out, in spirit and in letter, by President Roosevelt when, on May 20, 1902, General Wood hauled down the American flag at Havana, and, with his troops, sailed for the United States. The Republican government which the Cubans, under American protection, had framed went into operation on that day.

The collapse of the Cuban Government in the latter part of 1906, whether temporary or permanent, is regretted by nobody, in or out of the island, more ardently than it is by President Roosevelt. Probably some of the "inspiration," financial as well as political, for the rebellion which incited President Palma to resign, and which thus necessitated our intervention, under the obligations imposed on us by the Platt stipulations, came from the United States, from persons who would be benefited by annexation. As Palma, however, asked for intervention several weeks before President Roosevelt sent Secretary Taft to the island in his vain attempt to head off a collapse of the

Havana Government, the world sees that the Washington administration lived up to the promise which we had made to assist in founding and maintaining a government of, by, and for the Cuban people.

What will be the end? Europe says annexation. And, unlike the situation in the Lopez, the Black Warrior and the Virginius days, a large part of Europe seems to be rather favorable to annexation. Apparently, too, this is wanted by most of the foreigners on the island—Spaniards, Germans, British and Americans—and likewise by many of the native Cubans who are in business life. Ex-President Palma also urges it.

In the United States most of the people of the East are undoubtedly against annexation. So are the cane sugar interests of Louisiana, the beet sugar men of the West, the fruit-growers of Florida and California, and the tobacco-raisers of the various parts of the country. On the other hand, a majority of the people of the West and the South probably favor annexation.

President Roosevelt is using his influence to set the Cuban republic on its feet again. The elections for President, Vice-President, and members of Congress will take place a few months hence, under the direction of the American Government, but by the machinery provided by Cuban law. Word has gone out from Washington, however, that until a fair election is held American control of the island will continue. When annexation comes, if it does eventually come, it will have to be through the request of a majority of the Cuban people expressed through the legally provided forms.

Meanwhile this oldest issue in American politics (or oldest except the tariff, which began to be dealt with when President Washington signed Madison's tariff and revenue bill on July 4, 1789) will, for us and for the world, be in a decidedly interesting stage.

THE TYRANNY OF CLOTHES

By MRS. JOHN LANE

CLOTHES and their little accessories are without doubt the invention of the devil. After that historic interview in the Garden of Eden, in which Adam, though the first man on earth, emphatically proved that he was not the first gentleman, it was the serpent who in one last frantic effort to annihilate the human race reached the climax of wickedness by introducing the fashions into this peaceful world. And as he was on exceedingly bad terms with the lady of the Garden it is natural enough that he made the new fashions dreadfully trying to her, and so they have remained ever since. Along with the fashions the serpent at the same time bestowed on us our profound reverence for the Unimportant, and inculcated in us that supreme article of faith, "Judge every one by his clothes." And, to be honest, so most of us do!

But clothes, like everything else, have succumbed to the democracy of the age. Once people dressed according to their trade or their rank, but in these days that has all disappeared except in legends and the Earl's Court Exhibition. Instead, the world has one universal costume, which for men consists of a top hat, made tie, ready-made garments, and giraffe collar, and these form the crown and summit of poetic fancy, and they have made their triumphant way to the uttermost parts of the earth. They have astonished the polar bear gambolling in the icy north, while in the south we know they have found their way to those blameless savages who, in their efforts to compete with civilization, we are told, simply and unostentatiously array themselves, if in nothing else, at least in the top hat of a bygone fashion, contributed by the righteous.

The top hat represents the universal language of attire. It wails and weeps against the walls of Jerusalem, and it turns up in the solitudes of the desert; even the loneliest mountain peaks are not safe from its democratic simplicity. Once I met a silk hat, probably rescued from some benevolent dust-bin, milking a cow in a London park. The hat nearly caused a riot; each and every passer-by turned and stared indignantly. The eccentric cowboy in the top hat finished his allotted task, and in company of his cow and the milk-pail he ambled placidly out of sight. Still, one can't help asking in the interest of personal liberty, why should n't a silk hat be permitted to milk a cow? The cow does n't mind, so why should we? After all, it's only a convention!

The other day I was at a garden-party, and there I realized as perhaps never before the appalling nature of the top hat. It is only custom that has reconciled us to its ponderous monstrosity. In towns one accepts it as one does motor-buses and traction engines, but when it meanders among trees, and does the polite with sloppy ices, and tea that spills its way to its destination, one's soul cries out against it.

Then, too, there is the bowler hat! I shall never forget two bowler hats tilted back against an ancient yew tree, so old that it is mentioned in the Doomsday Book, while the well-meaning gentlemen under the hats smoked huge cigars, and were quite unconscious of what a blight they were on the quiet English scene. Really one owes a duty to the landscape!

There are things, it is a comfort to know, which even a man cannot do,

and a man is supposed to be able to do almost anything. Now a novelist may put his heroine's hat on her head at any angle he chooses—it is one of the few privileges of womanhood—and leave her not a bit less charming or dignified, but I defy him to put his hero's hat at a rowdy angle over his ear at a crucial point in his career, and leave him still heroic! The Achilles heel of a man is his hat. He must guard that as he does his reputation, for it is at once his strength and his weakness. It would hurt an archbishop—and an archbishop necessarily stands for all that is good and great—less in the eyes of the public to commit a crime than to wear his hat on the back of his sacred head—real back!—and so exhibit himself to his distressed diocese. He may have all the known virtues, and many that are not known, but even an archbishop cannot with impunity defy convention. Still, if he is so inclined, why should not a good and great man wear his hat over his nose without creating unfavorable comment? The fact is he cannot. He is ruled by convention, and convention is the red-tape of society. The cast-iron laws of fashion, which is only another name for convention, are such that if the greatest man in England were to walk with all his accustomed dignity from the Marble Arch to the Bank with a trailing peacock's feather attached to the band of his immaculate silk hat, he would be followed by a mob in two seconds, and by the time he reached Vere Street the outraged majesty of the law would take him into custody as a suspicious character.

Every policeman is an arbiter of fashion. To him any originality in clothes means either crime or insanity. You may be a very great man indeed, but you are not great enough to defy convention. It is the aim of all human creatures to look alike. If it were not so, each would dress as he pleased. As it is, we spend half our life trying to look like everybody else. How monotonous the world would be if it were only full of human

beings! The sameness of their clothes is only equalled by the sameness of their expression or, rather, want of expression. To have no expression is the aim of the highest civilization, and it is our proud boast that we represent the highest civilization. There is, also, nothing so vulgar as to show one's feelings. In fact, to be conspicuous is nearly a crime, and for this reason we so frantically pursue the fashions.

It is humiliating to think how the world wastes its limited and precious hours in considering its clothes rather than its immortal soul. How short even is the time we devote to our intellects compared to the time we devote to our wardrobes! Now is it not absurd to expect us poor women, who madly pursue the fashions,—and whose trials are like the rock of Sisyphus which never got to the summit,—to reach even the intellectual plane of that other descendant of Adam whom fashion requires to look like nothing more poetic than an animated stove-pipe? Think of the years he has saved! In those cycles of time, when he was not required to match colors, and choose fabrics and fashions, with a conscientious eye to economy, he was usefully employed in cultivating his mind. Now how can we poor martyrs to clothes compete with him? It is n't that we have n't the intellect, it is simply that we have n't the time! Abolish the tyranny of clothes and see how great we women will become! But here observe what we are pained to be obliged to call the duplicity of men. They do not wish us to be on an intellectual level with themselves, and it is for this reason that they create the fashions on which our intellects wreck! For it is not women but men who four times a year so cruelly tell us what to wear and how to wear it, and just when we think we can take breath, man decrees a new fashion, and the awful chase begins again. Eve is probably the only woman on record who could dress just as she pleased, and for that reason she is the only woman we know of since the world began

who had leisure to cultivate her mind.

To think of the amount of time a woman wastes on her clothes! Why, if men were to spend as much time at their tailors or buying their neckties the world's work would never be done. So one would modestly suggest to those female pioneers who clamor for the advancement of women that they should first abolish the wicked tyranny of clothes. After that, women will occupy any positions they may choose.

One must acknowledge that nature sets us a rather bad and frivolous example in the matter of one sex putting on pretty things for the edification of the other. In his "Descent of Man" Darwin alludes to the fine feathers of the rooster who takes this legitimate but questionable way to make himself irresistible to the susceptible hens. Once during a periodical cleaning of our library I came in unexpectedly and found that the housemaid had paused in her dusting, and was reading this particular passage aloud to our old cook, who had come up from the kitchen to lend a helping hand, and who shook a reproachful feather-duster at her.

"You just shut that book up," cook cried in outraged propriety to the blushing housemaid. "He'd oughter to be ashamed of himself, saying such things." By which she meant the great Darwin.

Since then, by an odd association of ideas, I always connect virtue with a feather-duster.

In the case alluded to by Darwin, it is undoubtedly the rooster who is decorated by alluring feathers, while among human beings it is usually the feminine creature who is arrayed in all the colors of the rainbow for the same purpose for which nature gives the rooster his magnificent tail-feathers and his flamboyant comb. Not that the human rooster is above making himself attractive by a judicious application of outward decoration—far from it, on the contrary; but his choice of personal adornment is mercifully restricted by sober modern fashion,

with the result that he has time to govern, to fight battles, to earn his bread and butter, and to devote some attention to science, art, and literature. Even in the past, when he was more decorative, he was spared the trial of constructing his own decorations.

When one looks back on one's life—one's feminine life—it is melancholy to realize how much of one's troubles are owing to one's clothes. I remember the despairing cry of a woman, looking hopelessly through her wardrobe: "I should have been a better woman if I had been born with feathers!"

How well I knew just what she meant! She was examining disconsolately a shabby white satin dress—the kind of satin that betrays its plebeian cotton origin. "I wish I were a guinea-hen, with respectable speckled feathers," she cried, as she gave a discouraged slam to the wardrobe door; "then I would n't use up three quarters of my intellect getting the wrong things cheap!"

The horrible tyranny of clothes, no matter how solemn the occasion! We are not permitted to mourn except in black cloth and crape. It would be most indecent in us to break our hearts in our ordinary clothes. Are we not obliged to pause in our anguish to have our mourning tried on? If we should clothe our breaking hearts in red we should become a byword and a reproach, and yet how much unaffected joy has been covered by the most expensive kind of crape. I never could understand why bugles, the dull kind, should be so popular among the afflicted, nor why it is considered right and proper to be garlanded—under such distressing circumstances—by all the flowers that grow, only they must be black!

There is one day a week sacred to clothes. On that day one can't escape their baleful tyranny. That is, of course, Sunday. Who has not been kept from attending divine service, when it rained, by a hat that refused to get wet? Who has not suffered under the tyranny of an out of

date dress that simply revolted against being seen in church? Yes, Sunday clothes are the most tyrannical in the world! Sometimes, of course, a garment gets self-righteous and clamors to be seen in the sanctuary, and who, my weak sisters, can refuse the coaxing of one's prettiest dress, when it implores to be taken to church? On the other hand, it takes a heroic woman to go to church in anything but her best. It is, apparently, impossible to get one's mind in a fitting religious condition unless one's clothes can triumphantly sustain the scrutiny of the righteous. Who ever heard of a right-minded woman going to church in her old clothes? And who has not heard that familiar reproach, "My dear, you really can't go to church; you have n't anything fit to wear!" On the other hand, who has not owned some self-righteous, perfectly fitting dress which has given its wearer on a Sunday that sense of peace and holy contentment which it is not in the power of the sermon to bestow? Of course, there are some heroic souls who don't mind going to church in the rain, but on inquiry it will be found that it is always in their "second best." Now the tyranny of the "second best" is a mellowed despotism.

It is very interesting to follow the religious feminine mind when dealing with articles of attire. I remember a very pious lady of our acquaintance who had a terrible weakness for hats. She could not see a new hat without its being engraved on her memory, clamoring to be reproduced. On Sunday she went devoutly to church surrounded, so to speak, by a kind of St. Anthony's temptation of hats. Did she succumb? Not a bit of it. Indeed, she once severely rebuked a young unregenerate who had allowed her attention to wander from the sermon to the hat of a very stylish sinner. We so felt the reproof bestowed on us in rather acid tones that we chewed our Sabbath roast-beef in contrite silence. However, the next day being Monday and sacred to nothing in particular, then were the

flood-gates of memory opened, and the righteous one favored us with a detailed account of every hat within range of her pew, with an estimate of its possible cost and its probable age.

"Where," the unregenerate one cried, awe-struck, as we finally met under the hat-rack,—"where was her mind during the sermon?"

Where, indeed?

Now this is what the learned mean when they try to describe subconsciousness. Subconsciousness is the precious faculty bestowed on a privileged few of hearing the sermon and at the same time studying the hats.

Who of us has not suffered under the awful tyranny of a ball-dress—a tyrant that simply won't give you any peace until you've taken it to a dance when you really ought to have been in bed with a mustard plaster on your chest? I have known a tulle dress—the sweetest and most innocent-looking thing in the world—go out on an icy-cold winter night—would go, you know!—and kill the girl inside. The cruelty of clothes! And it is the frail ethereal kind that are the most dangerous. I daresay if we had statistics we should find them mainly responsible for the prosperity of the medical profession.

To refer to another part of one's wardrobe: Probably nothing in our human attire can contain such an amount of concentrated suffering as a pair of tight boots. It is a part of their refinement of cruelty that these tyrants, when moving in society, require one to suffer with a smiling face. Cinderella's sisters, who in turn chopped off a heel and a toe in their efforts to capture the prince, are common enough everywhere. Slippers, too, have a great deal to answer for! The other day a pair with very high heels, and in the immoral company of openworked stockings, got themselves preached against. But of course we know who would get the best of that!

It is a great comfort to feel that, though in a lesser degree, man also suffers from the tyranny of clothes. Even more than a woman, he is the

victim of clothes that won't go together. Show me that great and independent man who would dare to go down Piccadilly in a frock-coat and straw-hat, or who will venture to disturb the severe propriety of the scene by wearing a top hat and a Norfolk jacket! What heroic soul, not a waiter, dares to venture forth in the early morning in his dress clothes and a white tie? There is, however, one thing in which man is supremely blessed, in whatever else his clothes may be deficient, and that is pockets. Again I assure those feminine pioneers who clamor for their rights that above everything else they should demand an equality of pockets. Instead of asking for the right to vote, demand pockets. If granted, it would probably have such an amazing effect on women's intellects that they would get suffrage the very next thing.

Just consider! The most ordinary kind of man has at least sixteen pockets, while a woman of transcendent intellect generally has none, or if she has one it is where she can't get at it. Now try to imagine a man doing his errands with a purse, handkerchief, and shopping list in one hand, the tail of his skirt in the other, his umbrella under one arm, making an effort meanwhile to keep his head clear for business problems, and at the same time keeping a wary eye out for motors. He could n't do it! There really is no doubt that man owes his superiority to women entirely to his pockets. If the worthy ladies who have so much enthusiasm and such very bad manners, and who *will* interrupt our great orators while they are busy being eloquent, would only demand a law requiring every woman to have sixteen pockets, what a splendid service they would do their bothered sex!

Though a man does not suffer under the tyranny of clothes so much as a woman, yet it is only the exceptional man who has the courage of his clothes and who would venture on any independence in dress. The laws that govern him are so simple and yet so

rigid. There are certain conventions he would not defy—not even for a V. C. A woman will, if she has a great and cheeky soul, rejoice to come out in something awfully daring—that is, if she is perfectly sure of herself—but what man would have the heroism to do that? There have been certain great historic characters who have set the fashions and who have immortalized themselves by help of a necktie, the roll of a silk hat, or the cut of a waistcoat, but these are lonely instances, and the exceptions that prove the rule. No, no man is ever heroic about his clothes, but such instances of liberty as he does enjoy are, to be quite just, entirely due to the bold Americans. Columbus discovered America, but the Americans discovered the straw-hat. It is a question which discovery has been of the most vital importance.

There is nothing an Englishman so much dreads as to be conspicuous; to be noticeable above his fellow-men is his horror. For this reason he loves convention. For this reason, too, no man in the world is so well dressed as the Englishman: it helps him to pass unnoticed, and so his correct soul is at peace. Even the artists of the divine arts in Great Britain have so succumbed to the prevailing tyranny that nowadays a poet cannot be distinguished from a prosperous stockbroker. However, there seems to be no real reason why a man must approach the Muses in a velvet coat, long hair, and a flowing necktie. How reluctantly the Englishman resigned himself to the picturesque inelegance of the slouch hat! Nor is it so very long since no self-respecting silk hat would permit itself to climb to the top of a 'bus.

And yet, oddly enough, though the Englishman is the most conventional of men, he is the most unconventional. It is dangerous to judge him by his clothes, even if one is so inclined. There is a class punctilious to tears about their coats and hats, but it is far from being the most distinguished. The Englishman is not only the apotheosis of the perfectly dressed, but

he can reach a degree of shabbiness which is phenomenal. Not the poor and obscure, but the rich and usually the great. Who has not seen the great shabby and spotty to a degree? Still, it is one of the privileges of being great that one can afford to have samples of bygone repasts on one's waistcoat. Before I had learnt by experience, I remember being introduced to the shabbiest, spottiest kind of old gentleman, in Regent Street, who was shuffling along in company of an aged greeny-brown umbrella. He looked as if a shilling charitably bestowed would have been a godsend. I took a hasty inventory of his spots, his draggled necktie, his frayed wristbands, his down-trodden boots, and felt rather superior. It was therefore with a start that I heard a very famous name indeed, and found myself shaking the limp hand of a very great man. He saw that I was deeply impressed, but great though he was he could not guess the real reason. I watched him shuffle down Regent Street, the threadbare seams of his coat boastfully outlining his bent back, and it struck me that he looked modestly triumphant as he climbed the 'bus that passes the palace in which he lives. If ever a man was tyrannized over by a mean umbrella, a threadbare coat, and frayed trousers—the kind that hitch up behind—that was the man.

Did you ever come across a martyr spending a "week end" who has lost his dress-suit case, and who has to appear at a dinner-party in blue serge and a red tie? It takes a great and independent mind to rise superior to such a tragedy. Mostly it does n't. The blue serge martyr's jokes all fall flat, he becomes self-conscious, confused, and apologetic; he resents being the object of universal sympathy, and well he realizes that he is a blight on the occasion, and that he quite spoils the color scheme of the table decorations.

Once I met a man who was lured from the joys of Piccadilly, just as he stood in frock-coat and top hat, to a rural retreat, five miles from a railway

station. I never saw anything so unbecoming to a landscape as that wretched top hat and that superlatively rigid coat. It was in vain that we took him for walks and showed him the hills. He persisted in sitting disconsolately on a stile, and I shall never forget the abysmal gloom with which he watched the innocent gambols of a litter of young pigs. A man not without a sense of humor, and if his distinguished head had been covered by a straw-hat he would have been the first to love the little pigs. As it was, he wandered tragically through the village street entirely out of drawing, and a terror and perplexity even to the chickens. He rather rudely refused the loan of a straw-hat as being humanly impossible with a frock-coat, and he only cheered up the next day when he climbed into the train.

"Good-bye," he said in an impolite burst of rapture; "I fear my soul has not been in harmony with nature."

"Don't blame your soul," I said cheerfully, as he shook hands; "your soul was all right, but you had on the wrong hat."

Yes, when one comes to think about it, men too are the victims of clothes. To be sure their wardrobe is simpler and they have n't so many things to be uncertain about, but within their limited range it is instructive to observe how they also can become the victims of doubt. Question the taste of a man's necktie or his gloves, and you see him writhe. Say you don't like the color of his new suit, and you rouse the slumbering lion. Have you ever, in the pursuit of your social studies, fastened your eyes on a man's boots? As an experiment, like putting a pin through a beetle, it is very interesting to the student. It causes a man unexplained suffering. Look at his feet in gentle meditation, and the greatest philosopher will find neither comfort nor support in his own philosophy. He becomes at once a monument of self-consciousness. Look into his eyes, and the chances are that he can stand that as long as you can, but if you wish to reduce him to an

abject state of doubt and wretchedness stare at his boots. It is curious how shy men's feet are!

Such is the tyranny of clothes that though we may be obliged to starve, we dare not be out of fashion. We had a poor old charwoman to whom a good Samaritan gave a nice warm coat. It was in that year of grace when fashion decreed tight sleeves, and the coat rejoiced in the roomy, overflowing kind of a previous season. Now what heroic soul dares to wear big, floppy sleeves when fashion decrees they must be tight? Our charwoman had n't that kind of a soul and so she devoted a whole weary day, when she should have been scrubbing our basement, to reducing her sleeves to the size demanded by fashion.

"Cook said I could n't wear 'em so," she explained to me later on. "Cook is rather dressy," she admitted, "and I know I ain't. But they said downstairs that I looked just as if I'd come out of the ark. Now that," she concluded defiantly, as she climbed down into the area, "that I really could n't stand."

It was with clothes undoubtedly that Tragedy first came into the world, but of course we owe them to Satan, and he has had his grip on them ever since. What dramas lurk behind an unpaid dressmaker's bill! What awful temptations—when one stops to think of it—lie in the paths of a woman! Men have other temptations, but they are not lured to destruction by diamonds and sable, —unless, of course, indirectly. The French in the presence of a mystery say, in their subtle way, *Cherchez la femme*; yet it is not only the woman one must go in search of, but also her wardrobe: her clothes, in most cases, will solve the mystery. Is not every woman in the clutches of a little private serpent who urges her to want the things she ought n't to have? It is all that is left to her of the Gar-

den of Eden except Adam, and, really, the less said about Adam the better.

Talk of your kings and queens and socialists and the gentlemen who long to blow you up with dynamite! Why, is there one of them whose merciless tyranny equals the last thing in Paris hats which persists in being bought, or that dress from Paquin's before whose cruel fascinations one succumbs? Then there's Adam who declares he has n't had new dress clothes since the days of his trousseau, but, goodness knows, one has but very little sympathy with Adam—he deserves the oldest and shabbiest kind of clothes. I am glad whenever they make him uncomfortable! I rejoice when he wears brown boots with his frock coat, and all the rest of those awful anachronisms, for Eve, the ill-treated, is strong within me! In his ungentlemanly way, did he not say it was my fault that day in the Garden of Eden? The only solace I have in the tyranny under which I languish is that Adam languishes too. I love to see him when his necktie has slipped under his ear. I rejoice to watch his struggles into a pair of tight new gloves. It is a real comfort to study him when far away from a tailor and the one he loves best, to observe his anguish when a nail plays havoc with his only pair, and he is reduced to a spectacle! I was so pleased the other day at a dinner-party, when Adam came bashfully down in a dress coat and shepherd's plaid trousers—the guardian angel who had packed his kit-bag having been a little absent-minded.

And yet, after all 's said and done, Eve is to blame. There is no getting over that. But how she has suffered ever since! Consider the tragedy of every milliner's bill, and the awful moment when she has to confess to Adam!

If she had only left that apple alone!



MME. RISTORI'S HOME IN ROME

MADAME ADELAIDE RISTORI

By J. RANKEN TOWSE

WITH the exception of Sarah Siddons, who in her prime must have been one of the noblest female figures that ever adorned the stage, nature was perhaps more prodigal in her gifts to Adelaide Ristori than to any of the great actresses known to modern theatrical history. Her face was remarkable not only for the beauty of its outlines but for its infinite eloquence in expression; her form was a model of dignity and grace, her carriage distinguished, and her voice powerful, rich, flexible, and melodious. She was therefore fully equipped with the necessary means to give the fullest interpretation to the ideals suggested by her indisputable histrionic genius. Moreover, she had the inestimable advantage, in her formative period, of that arduous training in the school of labor and poverty which has so often proved itself most favorable to the development of art.

On the boards almost from infancy, the whole of her girlhood was devoted to acting in every variety of character from which she was not absolutely debarred by her youth and sex, and it was in this way that she acquired the technical dexterity which gave so perfect a finish to her imaginative creations in her most brilliant period. When she was only fourteen she won her first great success as Francesca da Rimini; at sixteen she had established a reputation in many leading parts in high and low comedy and

classic tragedy; at twenty-three she played an emotional scene with such pathos that she drew tears from Salvini, as he himself has testified. By 1850, when she was twenty-nine, her performance of Myrrha, in Alfieri's tragedy, had made her famous throughout Italy and laid the foundation of a renown that was soon to be world-wide. Five years later she carried Paris by storm, with her Myrrha, Francesca and Mary Stuart, shaking even Rachel on her pedestal, and winning the rapturous plaudits of such exacting critics as Théophile Gautier, Jules Janin and Legouv  .—not to speak of Scribe and the elder Dumas. Legouv   wrote for her the "Medea," in which she made some of her most superb tragic effects. Many good judges put her impersonation on a level with Rachel's masterpiece, Ph  dre. Napoleon III. begged of her to join the company of the Th   tre Fran  ais, than which no greater tribute could have been paid to an artist. Thenceforward for many years her career was one continuous blaze of glory. She travelled all over the European continent, provoked an almost Latin fervor in the phlegmatic English, crossed the Atlantic to conquer New York and other North American cities, and then passed on to South America, where she was received with positive adoration. Australia in its turn was added to her conquests; but it is unnecessary to pursue her course further.

Only the oldest playgoers in this country can remember her as she was at her best. When she last played in New York, advancing years, though powerless to affect her art, had somewhat dimmed her fire. She suffered, perhaps, through comparison with her earlier self. Undoubtedly she made a mistake in playing Lady Macbeth in English. The strange tongue acted as a check upon her inspiration; and then there was the memory of Charlotte Cushman. Her most popular successes were as Queen Elizabeth—a most notable exhibition of imperious temper and intellectual force, with fine touches of comedy and pathos—and as Mary Stuart, in which only Modjeska has approached her. Her differentiation of these two characters was a most striking proof of her versatility. Another brilliant royal study was her Marie Antoinette. She was so closely identified with tragedy during the greater part of her career that her powers as a comedian were not generally known, yet she used to play the part

of Mirandolina in "Le Locandiera" with a brilliancy which even Duse could not surpass. But it was in the loftiest flights of poetic tragedy, as Medea, Phèdre and Myrrha, that her imagination and power were most manifest, and she was never so great as when playing with some kindred genius like Salvini. It was in her support that the latter first leaped into fame with his Oreste. He said at that time that she reminded him of one of Raphael's Madonnas. Where could such another pair of actors be found to-day?

Ristori was wont to say that it was her ambition to unite the passionate intensity of the Italian stage with the naturalism of the French method. But naturalism, in the strict meaning of the word, plays but a small part in such characters as she chiefly portrayed. She never, indeed, exceeded the modesty of nature, but in nearly all her best work there was the glow and color of romance, and herein lay a large part of the irresistible charm of her acting.

THE ENDOWED NATIONAL THEATRE

By ADELAIDE RISTORI

When I visited Madame Ristori, last June, I was so much impressed by her enthusiastic recollection of America, and by her high esteem for our stage, that the idea occurred to me to suggest that she should write some articles especially for America. I am grateful that the eminent tragedienne gave me the opportunity to translate and publish the following paper, which was finished only a few weeks before her death. The topic with which it deals will interest students of the drama; and her last thoughts will, I think, be of interest to the general reader.—DIRECÉ ST. CYR.

I HAVE read in the theatrical newspapers that there is a project on hand for establishing in New York an endowed national theatre. The same question is simultaneously interesting us in Italy. I am induced to add my voice to the discussion, both by my great love of the dramatic art, and the keen interest I have always taken in everything pertaining to America—that beautiful country where I received so much hospitality and kindness and so much true appreciation of my artistic efforts that the remem-

brance is a joy to me in my old age. I should be very happy if my few suggestions might be of assistance as well to my dear fellow-artists in Italy as to those in America.

It is certain that dramatic art has now become a liberal profession, esteemed and appreciated like its sister arts, music and poetry. In fact, many talented and cultured young people are to-day entering this life, which is full of emotion, of study and trepidation, of triumph and disappointment, enthusiasm and disillusionment.

*Art is the mirror
and the emanation
of life.
Adelaide Ristori
M^{re} Capranica Del Grillo*



PER IL MIO OTTANTESIMO ANNO

23 GENNAIO 1902

PICTURE POSTCARD COMMEMORATING MME. RISTORI'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

The motto and signature were added by the actress to the card owned by Miss St. Cyr.

The stereotyped comedian of the older Italian comedy—gay, thoughtless, jesting, penniless most of the time, but rich in talk and in adventure, able to pass with ease from the glitter of the metropolitan theatre to the modest theatre of the province—is now to be found only in the archives of the stage.

Some, perhaps many, corresponded to the type, but how many were greater than their fame? The low moral level of the majority, it is to be noted, was due to many circumstances. The actors—kept apart, as they were, from the better social classes—were obliged, in order to attract the public, to resort to various means, not always decorous or dignified. Art cannot live and prosper where there is no liberty, and our poor artists were driven to a continuous fight with the censorship, which was different in every state, but everywhere was exacting and ignorant. An interesting page in the history of our revolution might be written by one who could remember all the little tricks employed by the dramatic artists, to escape the claws of the censorship. When liberty was at

last obtained, and when the taste of the public had grown more refined, with increasing culture, a more favorable environment was secured for a rational development of our theatre and for the betterment of the moral conditions of our actors.

But in spite of this, the life of the stage has continued to be a hard and a poor one. This is partly due to the great cost of constant travelling and of the elaborate wardrobe necessary for a varied *répertoire*. Moreover, the short stay at each place prevents the perfect preparation of new plays. When, therefore, the first night comes, the performance shows poor stage-management. This, of course, is merely a general statement; there are, as we all well know, many stars who are most careful and conscientious with their *mise-en-scène*. Considering all these hardships can we expect our players to live the truly artistic life? Have we any right to expect an actor-manager to go into bankruptcy to keep up to his ideals, beautiful and noble though these may be?

Still another fault, and that a great one, has developed in late years. As soon as an artist receives from a



MME. RISTORI AS MARIE ANTOINETTE



MME. RISTORI IN "LEAH THE FORSAKEN"

dramatic critic a few words of encouragement, more or less sincere and disinterested, or when public interest in him increases, even a little, then he feels himself complete. No more study, no more perfecting himself. To be leading man or leading woman in a first-class company is nothing. One must be a star! Then begin responsibilities, troubles, sorrows from which one cannot escape without hurting one's dignity. In this way dramatic companies multiply to excess and with the worst possible results. The really good actors are scattered, and each in his own little company is so surrounded by incompetent actors, that their talents are dulled in the atmosphere of general mediocrity. The evil has become so pronounced that critics, actors, and the public have begun to study out a way of repairing the mischief.

I have spoken of this to lead to the question of the advantage of having an endowed theatre, based on the return to the old idea of stock companies. Rome was the first of our

Italian cities boldly to face the problem. Thanks to the generosity of the royal family, the nobility, and lovers of art in general, she created an endowed national theatre based on the plan of the Comédie Française. Following the lead of Rome, Milan also has formed, at the instance of the Society of Dramatic Authors, a resident company, which is successful both financially and artistically. Many other important cities are planning to follow in the steps of these leaders.

The plan is to produce many different plays, to which a great deal of study will be devoted. Later in the season the companies will go on the road, presenting the same productions. There is no doubt that such changes of environment will be necessary for the improvement of the artistic talent of the actors, since each different public, with its different sympathies and its several criticisms, will stimulate the actor to perfect his art. A stock company, in the strictest sense of the word, is possible on



MISS BIANCA RISTORI

the Continent only in Paris, for there alone is to be found the continually shifting public which I consider necessary for the education of the actor.

Should the example of Rome and Milan be generally followed, the art of acting will steadily advance; we shall have fewer stars, but more really good companies. This is the solution of the difficulty that we have reached in Italy, and I shall be deeply interested in seeing how the same problem is solved in America—a country glorious not only for its economical development, but also for the vigorous way in which every problem, social, moral, or artistic, is met by a body of serious men who invariably arrive at practical solutions. It is with the deepest concern that I follow the new movement on both sides of the water. I hope it will benefit and bring prosperity to the theatre which I love with an affection that does not grow

less strong with years. Do I not owe to the theatre the very best moments of my life? the deepest joys I have ever tasted? the sweetest moments of my old age? Is it not from the stage that I have seen the public cry and quiver and smile with me? Have I not felt a clear sympathetic union between the public and myself, one life pulsating between us? One who has experienced those instants of sincere and great emotion will always love, as I do, the theatre and the artists of the drama. With such emotions and memories clustering about the stage of the past, I watch eagerly for the results of this revolution of the theatre.

To meet the demands of a public taste every year becoming more difficult and refined, a more exact production of dramatic works may be looked for. An audience in our day can no longer be expected to endure the bareness of the Shake-

spearian theatre. In those days a simple sign announcing a "Court" was sufficient to induce the public, rich in imagination, to believe that it was admiring the most gorgeous halls of royal palaces. One likes to know, nowadays, that such a piece of furniture has been copied from the original, preserved in such and such a museum; that the arms have been furnished by a celebrated collector, that the costumes have been produced from etchings, miniatures, documents of the period. Exaggerating the importance of such things more and more, we have finished by considering these details as the principal thing. We now entertain the public with the marvels of the *mise-en-scène*, transforming thus the performance of a masterpiece, which should be an enjoyment for the soul, into a fairy-like "féérique" performance which is an enjoyment for the eye.

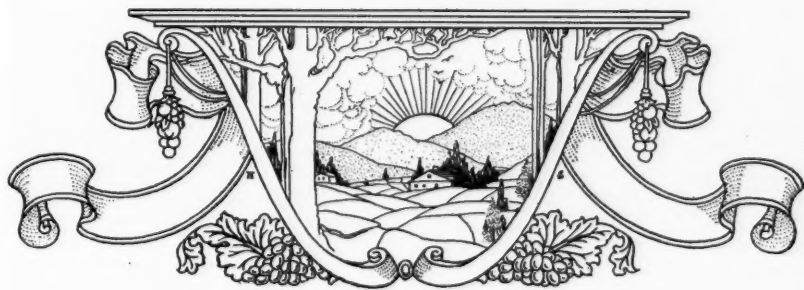
Again, an endowed theatre, such as we have been considering, will give the actors themselves the benefit of an assurance for their future, thus making them subject to less preoccupation. They will have more time for study and preparation, and they

will have an environment better adapted to such study. One of the greatest of all the benefits arising from an endowed theatre is that a resident stock company, not depending entirely upon speculation, will be able to give a trial to new dramas; it will encourage the author in those experiments which to-day, according to the prevailing system, are impossible. The author will be no longer the slave of public taste, but its educator.

In these several ways, by its effect on the production of plays, on actors, and on authors, I believe that the new system of an endowed theatre, with a permanent company of well-trained talented actors, will end the complaints of the critics and of the public, and will be effectual in restraining the many slovenly and vulgar manifestations of the contemporary stage.

I trust that the new theatre to be opened in New York will correspond to the ideals which inspired its foundation and to the hopes which it has raised.

With this hope I send my best wishes to the old and the young companions of Art in far-away America.





The Lounger



THIS snapshot of Mr. Hopkinson Smith sketching in his gondola in Venice was made by Mr. Robert Bridges, the American, not the English poet. The picture was taken in Venice during the past summer. The gondolier silhouetted in the background has been Mr. Smith's gondolier for seventeen years.

brated their seventieth birthday on the eleventh of November last—Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Henry M. Alden. Mr. Aldrich's birthday was celebrated quietly; while that of Mr. Alden was celebrated by many people and with much festivity at the Harper homestead in Franklin Square, for Mr. Alden is more or less of a public man,



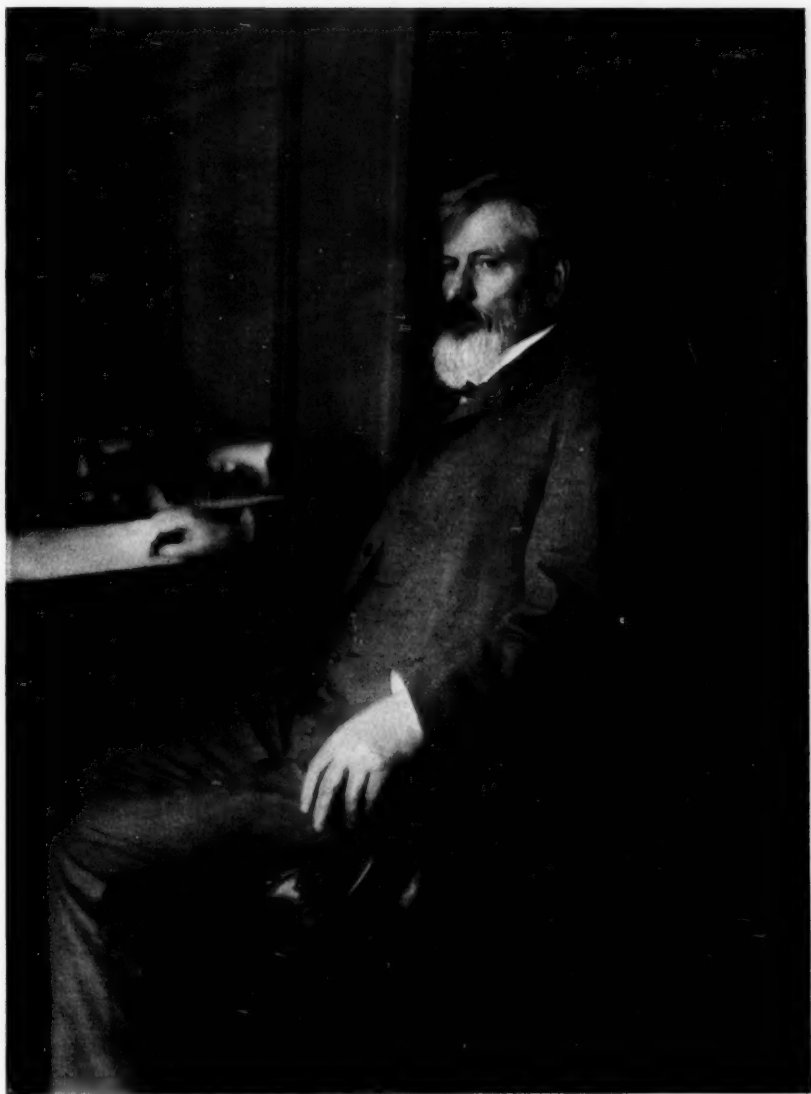
A SNAPSHOT OF MR. F. HOPKINSON SMITH IN VENICE

My predictions in regard to Mme. Nasimoff, who is hereafter to be known as Mme. Nazimova, have been fulfilled. The appearance of this Russian actress in an English-speaking play has put her in the front rank, and very near the head of the line of English-speaking actresses. Her managers are to be congratulated upon their foresight. Up to the present time Mme. Nazimova has appeared only in "Hedda Gabler"—one of the most unpleasant of Ibsen's many unpleasant plays; nevertheless she has won a genuine triumph in an odious part.



One of our best-known poets and one of our best-known editors cele-

having edited *Harper's Magazine* for some forty years. It is almost forty years since I first met Mr. Alden in the little room up many flights of winding stairs where he sat in a big chair in front of a big desk, reading manuscripts and wielding the blue pencil. It was a dingy little office with one big window looking out upon the noisy street. But Mr. Alden did not seem to mind the dinginess or the noise. With a cigar in his mouth he slouched down among the leathery billows of his chair and discovered authors. From that coign of vantage he has seen the first glow of many a rising genius and fanned it into flame. On his birthday night some of these flames shed their light about him. Miss Edith M.



Photographed for PUTNAM'S MONTHLY by Van der Weyde

HENRY M. ALDEN

The Veteran Editor of *Harper's Monthly*, whose Seventieth Birthday was Celebrated on Nov. 11th

Thomas and Mr. W. D. Howells celebrated their friend in serious verse, while Miss Carolyn Wells paid her tribute in humorous lines:

A health to H. M. Alden,
Of Editors the Dean;
What does the H. M. stand for?
Why, *Harper's Magazine*!

A health to H. M. Alden,
The God of the Machine;
He is a Living Issue
Of *Harper's Magazine*!

And who are all these people
Who grace this festive scene?
Oh, we're the Living Index
Of *Harper's Magazine*!



That "Sidney McCall" is Mrs. Ernest Fenollosa has long been an open secret. I do not think that the statement of her identity made some time ago in *The Critic* was ever positively denied, but it is only now publicly admitted. Publishers still believe in the advertising value of anonymity or of pen-names, though I doubt the efficacy of either, except in unusual cases. "The Bread-winners" and "The Anglomaniacs" are conspicuous cases of success in anonymity, but would not the names of John Hay or of Mrs. Burton Harrison have had as great a commercial value, even on a first novel?



Miss Hester Ritchie, the daughter of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie and the granddaughter of Thackeray, will make her debut as a writer in the February number of this magazine. Miss Ritchie's friends have long told her that she ought to put her talent for writing to account, but she has been rather shy about it. The article she has written deals with Americans in London. It is altogether charming and quite what one might expect from the daughter of her mother and the granddaughter of her grandfather. Miss Ritchie knows her subject, for her home is the Mecca of some of our most interesting fellow-countrymen. The Ritchies used to



MRS. ERNEST FENOLLOSA

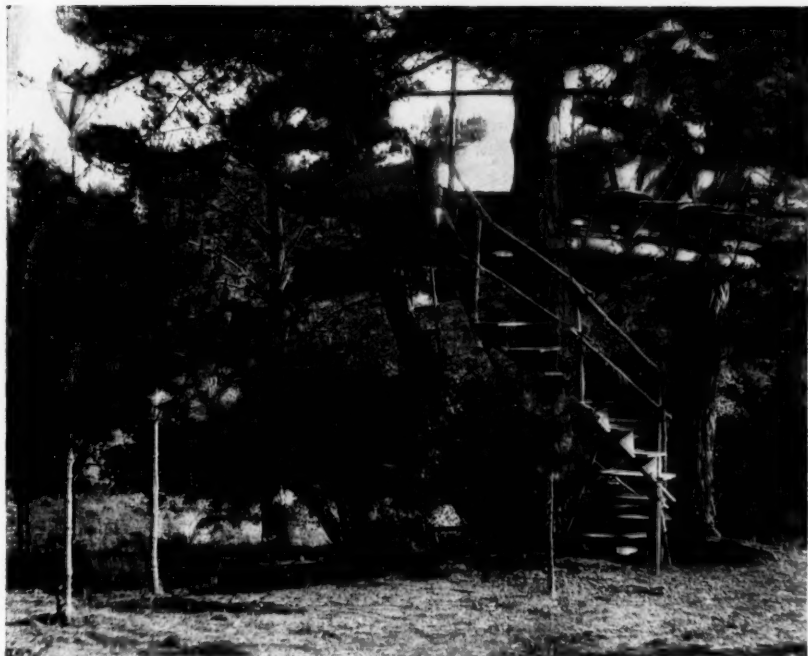
live just outside of London, at Wimbledon, but for the past few years they have been at home in a big old-fashioned house in St. George's Square, S. W.



Already trouble is brewing in Mr. Upton Sinclair's *Jungle*—I beg its pardon,—colony! Undesirable elements have knocked at the doors of Helicon Hall, and the papers have been filled with unfortunate discussion. A Hebrew applied for admission, and although the colony insists that it dearly loves a Jew, they cast him out—not because he was a Jew, of course, but because his personality was not agreeable to the majority of the Helicon Hallers! They did these things better at Brook Farm. If the members of that famous community had dirty linen to wash, they washed it in their own laundry, and hung it out of sight to dry.



I give herewith a picture of the little hut or shanty up a tree where Mrs.



"WICKIUP" WHERE MRS. AUSTIN WRITES

Mary Austin works. "Wickiup" is the name—Indian, or punning—she gives this little retiring-place. The only other writer within my recollection who had a writing room in a tree was Joaquin Miller, who when he was a resident of Washington, D. C., had a room built among the branches of a great tree, which was the Mecca of all the lion-hunters who visited the nation's capital.



The portrait of Charlotte Brontë, published in the December number of this magazine, was reproduced as a matter of curiosity and not in the belief that it was a genuine portrait. The *Cornhill Magazine* believed it to be all that was claimed for it, but Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who knows a good deal about the Brontës, denied its authenticity immediately, and Mr. Clement Shorter, another Brontë expert, jumped into the breach and expressed his opinion

against the genuineness of the portrait in language more emphatic than diplomatic. Politicians in an exciting campaign seldom get more excited over the issues for which they stand, than do literary experts. Mr. Shorter conceived the clever idea of writing to M. Héger, whose father was supposed to be the artist who made the portrait, and if there had been any doubt as to the authenticity of the picture the present M. Héger's letter would have dispelled it. If the Rev. Mr. Nicholls, the husband of Charlotte Brontë, is still living (and I do not remember having heard of his death) he could at least say whether it is a likeness of Charlotte Brontë. Even this quality Mr. Shorter denies it. It certainly does not look like any known pictures of her, nor do I imagine that they are very striking as likenesses. Some of them look just about as all the writing women of that day looked.



MISS EDITH RICKERT IN PROVENCE

I am permitted to quote an extract from a letter written by Miss Edith Rickert to a friend in New York, in regard to the photograph here reproduced:

What can I tell you about that photograph? It was taken in a sort of courtyard belonging to the hotel at Saint Remy. It was taken by the landlord's cousin, I think, and his wife lent the garments. The *fichu* is of exquisite lavender silk. I was afraid to wear it, because it looked as if nobody had ever had it on before; but I learned afterwards that it was fifty years old and had belonged to the landlord's grandmother. When the *bonne* had done my hair—and a complicated process it was, of twisting and winding and knotting—she stood back and exclaimed, "But you have the face of here!" We tested the matter further. Somebody said that if I walked along the street in that dress, nobody would ever take me for a stranger unless I spoke: and when I found courage to try it, I found it was so. In my own dress I was a curiosity; in the Arles dress, I was accepted at once as a countrywoman. The fact is very curious in connection with the ease with

which I learned to read Provençal. French I have always stumbled over; but the Provençal seems to penetrate my brain in a curious way, so that I get the sense of a passage, the author's attitude of mind, even when I cannot translate the individual words. Often when a sentence has been laboriously explained to me, I have known all along that the meaning would be as it was. But there is nothing in my ancestry, as far as I know, to account for this.



From the original, faded and torn, I reproduce the programme of a Franklin birthday celebration given in this city in 1851. There was music and feasting and speaking. Judge Edmunds of the Supreme Court delivered the oration, and an original ode was sung. The original music is not given, but the original words are. Here is the first of the six stanzas, with the chorus:

Come! hail to-night a Conqueror, that
steadily goes on,
From victory to victory, refulgent as the
Sun;

Dispersing—e'en as be the mists that dim
the rising day—

The darkness that imprisons and enslaves
the mental ray.

A Conqueror! a Conqueror!

Without the wail and din of war,

It goeth on, and shall go on,

While still a triumph 's to be won.

The late Bloodgood H. Cutter, Poet Laureate of Long Island, could not have done better than that. Among the vice-presidents on this auspicious occasion were General George P. Morris, Moses S. Beach, George P. Putnam, and Benson J. Lossing. Tickets were to be had at G. P. Putnam's bookstore, 155 Broadway, and at Appleton's, 200 Broadway.



The 200th birthday anniversary of Franklin is celebrated by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. by the publication of a sumptuous and limited edition of the autobiography, one of the greatest human documents ever written. The text is that authenticated by the Hon. John Bigelow, who some thirty years ago discovered Franklin's autograph manuscript, a treasure now in the possession of a well-known collector. This new edition of the autobiography would make a dozen of the original book. Besides being printed in large type on heavy paper, it is profusely illustrated with reproductions of portraits and facsimiles of title-pages and documents.



We are indebted to Brentano's for a most attractive edition of the late John Addington Symonds's translation of Benvenuto Cellini's audacious and delightful autobiography. Mr. Royal Cortissoz introduces this American edition in appreciative words. Benvenuto himself, could he see it, would be enchanted with the beautiful setting that the Merrymount Press has given his masterpiece—a masterpiece, by the way, that comes second in my affections to Franklin's Autobiography. They were very human, those two great men.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell is dividing her time between the exacting duties of her new editorial position and the exacting pleasures of her farm. Miss Tarbell recently purchased a farm of some forty acres in the town of Redding, Connecticut, and there she has spent every day during the past summer that she could spend away from her New York office. There is a small but pretty house on the farm, with a trout stream running past its door, and wooded hills running up behind it. At the present moment Miss Tarbell is wrestling with the knotty problem of a water supply. Whether to put a ram in the brook, to sink a well, or to lay pipes 2000 feet down the hillside and syphon the water into the house, is the burning question. When Miss Tarbell discusses the advantages and disadvantages of these various methods with her fellow-farmers, she forgets the world, the flesh, and—Rockefeller!



Miss Marjorie Bowen, author of "The Viper of Milan," wrote that much advertised story when she was seventeen years of age. She has now, I believe, arrived at the advanced age of nineteen. Dr. Robertson Nicoll scouts the idea that she was "discovered," by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer. He gives the credit to her English publisher, but so long as she is "discovered," why quarrel as to the Columbus?



This portrait of Miss Ellen Terry in the act of threading her needle shows her as she appears in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," the play with which she will revisit America, this season. In the picture the actress seems to be having some difficulty in finding the eye of her needle, but in the play she has none. There has been a lot of talk about Miss Terry having wanted to play "Alice Sit by the Fire" in America, and having had the play taken from her and given to Miss Barrymore.

PRINTERS' BANQUET.



CELEBRATION OF FRANKLIN'S BIRTH-DAY, AT NIBLO'S, ON FRIDAY EVENING, JAN. 17th, 1851, IN AID OF THE PRINTERS' LIBRARY,

Designed for Printers, Type Founders, Stereotypers, Engravers, Book Binders, and all others connected with the Newspaper and Book Business.



FRANKLIN LIVING IN HIS FIRST PRIZE

THE
145th Anniversary
OF THE BIRTH OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
THE PATRIOT, PHILOSOPHER, AND PRINTER,
NEW-YORK
Typographical Society,
BY APPROPRIATE
LITERARY EXERCISES,
SUPPER.
And other Commemorative Proceedings.

In order to give every possible effect to the Celebration, Mr. Niblo's Banquet Hall, including the Opera House, Assembly Room, Supper Room, Parlor and Ballroom, and all the various accommodations of this magnificent Establishment, have been engaged.

Two Public Literary Exercises will be held in the Opera House. The first will be occupied by the Officers of the Society, Speakers, Reporters, and the invited Clergy, comprising distinguished Authors and Editors, prominent Publishers, and influential Members of the other professions connected with the Typographical Art.

As there are, doubtless, many not connected with the business who would desire to participate in a celebration commemorative of FRANKLIN, Tickets will not be confined exclusively to the Profession.

PUBLIC LITERARY EXERCISES. PROGRAMME.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE NEW-YORK TYPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, A. CUNNINGHAM, WILL PRESIDE

I. OVERTURE.

BY DODWORTH'S BAND

II.

OPENING ODE.

WORDS BY BENJAMIN F. SHELLABAR, of Boston; MUSIC BY GEORGE H. CURTIS

As a matter of fact, Miss Terry never wanted to play "Alice Sit by the Fire." Mr. Barrie wrote it for her, and she played it in London, but under protest. She did not like the part and positively refused to play it in this

Mr. H. B. Irving's latest book is "Occasional Papers, Dramatic and Historical." It is made up of lectures on the English stage in the eighteenth century which were delivered before the Royal Institution.



MISS ELLEN TERRY IN "CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION"

country. So all this talk about her bitter disappointment at not being able to appear over here as the middle-aged Alice is stuff and nonsense.

Mr. Irving is a serious and grave writer. There is no humor in his touch. He takes his profession seriously, and when he writes of it he writes seriously. In this book he



Photographed for PUTNAM'S MONTHLY, by A. E. Sproull

MR. HENRY B. IRVING

argues that the eighteenth century was the century of the actor, the reason being that the plays were so poor that the actor came to the fore. He does not think that we could endure to see acted to-day the tragedies that were the staple of the eighteenth-century theatre. In the nineteenth century the actor disappeared behind the play. To-day the actor disappears behind nothing. He is always in the lime-light. I say this, not Mr. Irving; nor do I mean him. He is as modest as he is gifted, and that is saying a great deal.



BERKELEY THEATRE

44th St., nr. 5th Ave.
Phone
3500 Bryant.

TO-NIGHT

"THE DAY BEFORE" or
"THE THAW-WHITE TRAGEDY"

Evelyn Nesbit Thaw..... Ethel Hunt
Harry Kendal Thaw..... Wm. D. Corbett
Stanford White..... Al. M. De Lisser

—followed by—

MAY YOHE in **MAMZELLE CHAMPAGNE**

The above outrageous advertisement was cut from a New York newspaper only a few weeks after the murder of Mr. Stanford White, while his murderer was still in jail awaiting trial. Even the hardened sinners of this free-and-easy town revolted, and the disgraceful exhibition was closed before the general public had time to realize what an insult had been flung in the face of decency.



Mr. Robert W. Chambers has written an absorbing story in "The Fighting Chance," and I do not wonder that the managers and the dramatizers are after it. I should not be surprised if on the stage Mr. Chambers's characters should seem more "the real thing" than did those of Mrs. Wharton. And yet between covers the men and women of "The House of Mirth" have more the air of the so-called "smart set" than those of Mr. Chambers have, even though he not only gives us their thoughts, but permits us to read from the pages of their account-books. We know now, if we never knew before, the brands of cigars and

cigarettes smoked by the multi-millionaires, the names of their favorite wines and whiskeys, and the varied duties of their servants. All of this is useful in a country where the poorest man hopes to be among the richest in time, notwithstanding his loudly expressed socialistic sentiments.



This is the latest portrait of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward. It was taken in September at her home in Newton Centre, Mass. It is many years since Mrs. Ward has had a picture taken, and I think our readers will be interested to see how one of their favorite authors looks. The collie in the picture is the original of the one in her new novel, "The Man in the Case," and the other dog is "Trixy."



A lady who signs herself "A Georgian" sends me this interesting contribution to the discussion of Mr. Owen Wister's popular novel:

After reading the excellent criticism of "Lady Baltimore" in your magazine for November, by Selene Ayer Armstrong, I feel constrained to tell you the facts about the much-talked-of cake. The cake was first made in Baltimore by Miss Buchanan, a lady famous for many excellent cakes. She gave the recipe to Miss Ravenel of Charleston. When Miss Ravenel first offered the cake to some of her friends, they exclaimed, "How delicious! What do you call it?" Miss Ravenel replied, "I do not know the name of it; the recipe was given to me by a lady in Baltimore." "Why, then, we will call it Lady Baltimore," they all said in a chorus. And this is the true explanation of this name, now so famous.

All Southerners echo every word of praise that has been given to this charming story, so full of sympathy and comprehension of Southern problems. In the whole book there is but one "slip up," and that is when the author speaks of a "black servant." To a Southerner that is tautology. There, one never thinks of a servant as anything *but* black!



MRS. HERBERT D. WARD
(Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward)

Two among the most successful plays on the boards in New York to-day are by American authors, and are their first plays. One, "The Great Divide," is written by a man, Mr. William Vaughn Moody, and the other, "The Three of Us," by Miss Rachel Crothers; and both are mining plays, that is, the scenes are laid in the mining countries of the West, and the principal characters are mining people. When I first heard that Mr. Moody had written a play I naturally supposed, judging by what he had already published, that it would be a poetic drama. Instead of that it is a prose melodrama. When it was finished he sent it to a friend in Chicago, who gave it to Miss Anglin, who was then playing in that city, to read.

Within twenty-four hours Miss Anglin had accepted it; within forty-eight hours she had put it on the stage for a trial performance. It made a sensation, but in its construction was not altogether satisfactory to the author or the actress; so Mr. Moody put it under his arm and went off to Windsor, Vermont, for the summer, and amid the encouraging surroundings of that interesting colony, he not only rewrote but renamed the play. Its first name was "A Sabine Woman" which did not fit it exactly; but "The Great Divide" not only fits it but is a much more attractive name and has done its part to help the play. The Princess Theatre, where Miss Anglin and Mr. Miller are playing in "The Great Divide," is one of the smallest in town, but nevertheless it holds more money each week than almost any other theatre. Mr. Moody used to be a professor in the University of Chicago, but he resigned his professorship a year or two ago, and as far as the earning of money goes I think he is very well satisfied with having left the profession of teaching for the profession of play-writing. It is said, however, that Mr. Moody is not as enthusiastic an admirer of his play as is the general public, and intends to write a poetic drama

before long that will be more pleasing to himself than is his melodrama. Whether it will be more pleasing to the general public is another question.



Miss Crothers, whose play, "The Three of Us," has made such a great success, was a teacher in Mrs. Wheatcroft's dramatic school. She occasionally tried her hand at short plays for the pupils of the school to act in; when, finally, she wrote "The Three of Us," she took the MS. to Miss Marbury, the well-known play-broker, to dispose of for her. Miss Marbury had the play for nearly two years, but she could not convince any of the managers that it was a good one. Some liked it a little and came almost to the point of accepting it; others did not like it at all; and Miss Crothers was on the point of giving up all thoughts of writing plays and going back to teaching. She felt very much discouraged, but Miss Marbury told her there were still other managers and to keep up her spirits. One day, when she was feeling particularly blue, she was walking up Fifth Avenue with Miss Marbury, and talking about her discouragements, when a clean, crisp one-dollar bill came sailing through the air and fell at her feet.

She looked all round: there was no one near who could have dropped it. She looked up at the windows and saw no one. "That is meant for you," said Miss Marbury. "It is a good omen; it means that money will be thrown at your feet. Pick it up, and see if things don't change from now on." Miss Crothers cheered up, put the dollar bill in her pocket, and later in the day called at Miss Marbury's office, where she learned that Mr. Walter N. Lawrence had accepted her play and was going to produce it with Miss Carlotta Nilson in the leading part. "The Three of Us" made an instant success, and Miss Crothers has more engagements to write plays than she can fulfil for many long months.



MR. WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY
Author of "The Great Divide"
(Sketched from life by B. M. Robinson)

With these stories of success, it is no wonder that men and women peg away at play-writing; but the stories of discouragement and failure are so many more that I think the best advice that one could give to the embryo playwright is to go into some other business.



In his new play, "Kate, a Comedy," first published as a book, Mr. Bronson Howard tries a new and suggestive experiment. He has not altered his dialogue, but gives it with the omission of all the usual stage directions, in place of which there is a running comment intended to explain the action to the reader. If plays are again to be considered as literature, something of this sort must be done.



You will often hear it said that no one can make a reputation nowadays by writing essays, and yet the contrary has been proved more than once. We have a number of brilliant essayists—not only brilliant, but popular—and the number is increasing. The most difficult form of writing to make a reputation by is book-reviewing, and yet Miss Mary Moss has made a widespread reputation for herself as a critic of books. Most of Miss Moss's criticisms appear in the *Atlantic Monthly*. They are not cut-and-dried reviews of books, nor are they gentle amblings along the pleasant paths of literature, such as the Rev. Dr. Crothers indulges in. They are rather slashing reviews, for Miss Moss has no fear of speaking her mind about certain novelists before whom the average reader bows down and worships.

Miss Moss lives in a pretty suburb of Philadelphia—which city is the home also of another well-known woman writer of essays, Miss Agnes Repplier. Miss Moss will tell you that the only unusual thing about her is that she still lives in the house she was born in. This, with a natural taste for roving, has probably caused the internal commotion which makes

restless people take to pen and ink. It has also led her, whenever possible, to frequent the society of practical rovers—gypsies and the like. The gypsies in her novel, "The Poet and the Parish," were more or less studied at first hand, not in Borrow, Leland, or Whyte Melville, but on the road. Miss Moss tells me (confidentially) that the object of her secret ambition is to foster an emotional expression in American fiction. Being, however, quite as emotionally hide-bound as the rest of her fellow-countrymen, the chances are all against fulfilment, but she at least hopes to accomplish something by constant iteration of the fact that emotion (not sentimentality) is a thing rather to desire than to subdue.



England has only recently discovered our Dr. Crothers, and it finds him just what we have found him to be—"a causeur, a chatter, a cultivated person who takes you aside and talks as he will, starting from a given topic, but leaving it when he wishes to, talking round and about it, always freshly, usually with some pleasing paradox, sometimes brilliantly." From America, continues the *Academy*, come more books of such essays than from all the English publishers put together. The essay or occasional paper, it adds sorrowfully, "is becoming rarer and rarer in England." Yet England still has her Andrew Lang—and long may he wave!



And does England forget Mr. A. C. Benson, the gifted son of the late Archdeacon of Canterbury? Could our own Dr. Crothers write more delightfully than Mr. Benson has done in "From a College Window," and "The Upton Letters"? The Bensons are all writers, but very unlike; for where could you find two books more unlike than "The Upton Letters" and "Dodo"? and yet they were written by brothers. The clergyman brother writes

also, but neither "Upton Letters" nor "Dodos."

22

Mr. Enoch Knight, born in New England but living in California, writes from his home in Los Angeles:

"The tables given by a contributor concerning the reading habit, appearing in your November number, do not seem to me conclusive, or very convincing, although they flatter my pride as a New Englander. If one community be old and rich, with its households stored with books, and another one be new and poor, and family libraries things of the future, it naturally happens that, if each community has a public library, more books will be taken out in the new than in the old community. Indeed, a careful study of library circulation shows this, I think. To assume, however, that people are great readers simply because they take out many books from the public library, would be much like assuming the unusual cleanliness of a region's inhabitants merely because they go mainly to the town pump for water supply. That New Englanders are great readers is true, tables or no tables, and they are also intellectually active and able; but I have always felt that the climate had very much to do with the reading habit. The long evenings of the long winters make every household a reading club a considerable portion of the year—especially in the country towns. There is nothing like this intense indoors life anywhere else in the country; and to this it only seems fair to attribute, in part at least, the

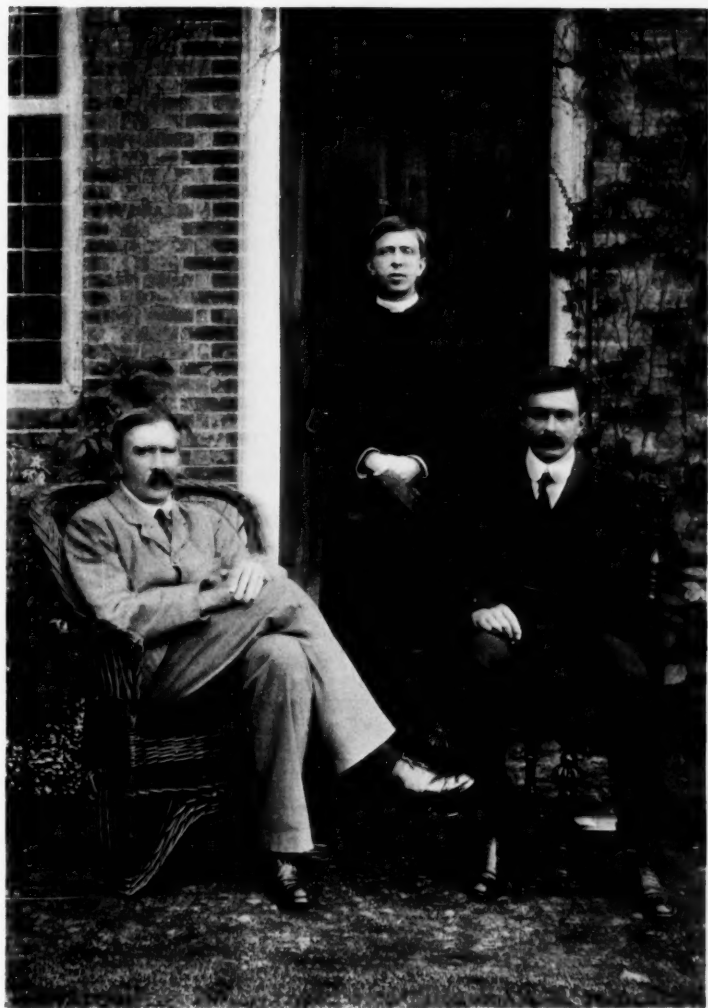


SNAPSHOT OF MISS MARY MOSS

almost universal student habit where cold reigns two thirds of the year, and the hearth becomes the centre if not the shrine where boys and girls gather, hungry for books."

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I hear from London that Mr. John Galsworthy, the author of that clever novel, "The Island Pharisees," and that later, cleverer novel, "The Man of Property," has written a play which was first produced on September 25th, and has since been running as one of the Vedrenne-Barker matinées, at that stronghold of Bernard Shaw, the Court Theatre. It is called "The Silver Box," and it belongs roughly in the category of problem plays, telling the story of a worthless, drunken son of an M. P., and a poor, brutish man out of work, who receive very different treatment for practically identical misdemeanors. The young gentleman, Master Jack Barthwick, lies down to rest in his front hall, after a very late supper with a dubious feminine acquaintance. This pre-



Photograph by H. Abbott, Lindfield

THE BENSONS

Mr. A. C. Benson

The Rev. R. H. Benson

Mr. E. F. Benson

sents a temptation to the hungry husband of the caretaker, who robs him of his silver cigarette-case, and a purse containing seven sovereigns, which as a matter of fact young Jack had himself appropriated in a spirit of frolic from the above-mentioned lady. The police are put on the trail of the silver box and the history of the purse very nearly comes to light. A clever

solicitor, however, saves the honor of the Barthwicks and the charwoman's husband is sent up for a month, thus dragging the hard-working wife and her children, from their already hopeless poverty, down one more stage on the bottomless ladder of misery. Everyone in the play is kindly; no one means any harm; and the scenes move with quiet naturalness. Those

who have read "The Island Pharisees" will know, however, that this play must be a grim and searching indictment of modern society. "The Silver Box" has been well received by critics and playgoers, and Mr. Galsworthy, who has only recently discovered that he could write novels, may yet find himself in the first rank of dramatists.



Mr. E. Hamilton Bell is one of many who took exception to "The Anglo-Saxon Myth," published some months ago in *The Critic*. Mr. Bell has been particularly annoyed by the insinuation of rudeness on the part of the late William Morris, and he ventures to take issue with the writer of the article on the point concerning "one who was both an artist and a gentleman":

I knew Mr. William Morris personally during a good many years, and knew him too well to believe anyone's assertion that he spoke of any master of any craft "with a sneer," still less of one who was a stranger in a strange land at his own—Mr. Morris's—invitation. For all that was bad or mean he had a noble scorn and a magnificent faculty of annihilatory wrath, but he never sneered even at what he despised.



It is claimed that Mr. Alfred Noyes, the young English poet, is one of the few who have found it possible in these days to earn a livelihood by writing poetry. The number of poets, English or American, who make anything, much less a livelihood, out of their poetry, you could count on the fingers of one hand. Of living American verse-writers, Mr. James Whitcomb Riley is invariably quoted as the one who makes a living, and a good one, by writing poetry. The best-known woman poet in America told me not long ago that she never made a dollar from her books. Her verse when published in magazine form of course pays her something; but there has

never been any money for her or her publishers in her books. Mr. Stephen Phillips, in England, is supposed to make money by his poetry; not wholly as poetry, but mainly as drama. If young Mr. Noyes can make money by his verse he is to be congratulated.



English critics are very enthusiastic over his work; more enthusiastic than are the American reviewers. A volume of his verse has just been published over here, and it contains much that is striking. It does not, however, seem to me particularly original verse, though it is pleasing and clever. There is more fire and flame, more of the real thing, in one poem of the late Laurence Hope, than in a whole volume of Mr. Noyes's verse, and there is more of the classic touch in one verse of Mr. William Watson, though I am not among his most ardent admirers, than in a whole bookful of Mr. Noyes's poetry. Mr. Noyes has been compared to this one and that one among the great poets, but I think this is simply because the reviewers have found an echo of the dead and gone great in what he has written. I would not belittle his verse, because I like all that I have read of it; but I am yet of the opinion that the great poet is still to come.



The late Carl Schurz must have "smiled among the shades," on the evening of November 21st, when his memory was celebrated at a great meeting in Carnegie Hall, New York. The occasion was made noteworthy by the distinction of the speakers who bore tribute to the remarkable qualities of one of the foremost public men of his day—easily first among foreign-born American citizens of the nineteenth century. Mr. Choate, who presided, said it was not a memorial service, but a celebration; Mr. Cleveland—introduced as the foremost American citizen of to-day, —President Eliot of Harvard, Mr. Bonaparte, Dr. Washington, and two distinguished German professors vied

with one another in eulogizing a political leader, orator, and author whose achievements in two countries

picture, but in reading her Reminiscences, a delightful book full of gossip of the past. The book is not



Courtesy of Messrs. Longmans

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL

had made him famous in Europe as well as in the land of his adoption. Mr. Schurz, an ardent lover of music, would have appreciated the singing of the Liederkrantz Society and the playing of the Symphony Society orchestra. Mr. Gilder's poem, read on this occasion, will be found on another page.



I have recently spent a few pleasant hours with Lady Dorothy Nevill. Not in the presence of the original of this

all gossip however. It contains some moralizing on changes in manners and in customs which is particularly interesting. "What was luxury fifty years ago," she says, "is now the merest comfort, whilst what was then considered comfort is now called squalor." Lady Dorothy knew Gladstone and "Dizzy" quite intimately and she tells us all the pleasant things she knew of them. There is no bitterness in her book: it is perfectly amiable and not without its touches of humor.

A FRENCH VIEW OF OUR "SMART SET"

We are somewhat prone to consider that Americans hold a monopoly of puritan virtues, and that other nations, more especially the French, have absorbed all the cardinal vices. But Th. Bentzon (Mme. Blanc) does not share our opinions, for she says in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* that Mrs. Wharton deserves double praise, "first because she has written perhaps the best novel that has appeared this year in English, and then because she has furnished an excellent reply to the accusations of immorality that continue to shower on our French novels, 'the wicked French novels.'"

If painting very bad morals with the detachment and accent of personal indifference that characterize the school of Flaubert constitutes what is called immorality, "The House of Mirth" is as immoral as the boldest Parisian novel. A self-styled *grand monde* . . . adds the worst coarseness to the other vices generally attributed to the group which, in all the capitals of the world, lives only for pleasure. It appears that in New York, as well as elsewhere, men are capable of coveting other men's wives, but for that, they must be under the excitement of cocktails or whiskey; the women will be coquettish and easy on occasion, but when they compromise themselves, it is only in order to pay the bills of their dress-makers, if the natural banker, the husband, proves insufficient for the occasion.

This is good hitting; but there is still another evil that we complain of in Europeans, but which, nevertheless, we have adopted ourselves, and with national energy and enthusiasm have carried to a point that has caused Europe to turn upon us as the authors of the offence.

The tip [continues Mme. Blanc] holds a large place in social intercourse. There are special agents, who have no other resources, but who thus succeed in leading easy lives, while no serious reprobation is

attached to their manoeuvres. This species of intrigue is, however, of a nature to outrage decent people much more than the hackneyed treachery of the old adultery, against which Anglo-Saxon prudery has battled, and which may, at least, have the excuse of passion. . . . In "The House of Mirth," the men drink too much, and the women show too plainly that money and the clothes it permits come before everything.

In Selden, she sees a resemblance to Mrs. Wharton herself, in that they both live in the "smart set" without being of it. The others, she says, are like flies who have got into a bottle, but for whom getting out is another affair. "The characteristic trait of Selden, and apparently of Mrs. Wharton, is that they have never lost sight of the outlet." The vulgarity of wealth in America has also made an impression on our French critic; nor is she the first who has been so impressed. There are vulgar *nouveaux riches* everywhere, but most of the characters in "The House of Mirth" would scorn being considered "nouveaux," as they would despise not being rich; but outsiders cannot see much difference between them.

Rosedale gravitated towards the beautiful Lily, but instinctive repugnance . . . made her repulse this Jew as "impossible." Later on, when we come to know some of the men who compose the *beau monde* of New York, we ask ourselves why. . . . Elsewhere than in the land of the dollar the distinctions of caste may sometimes seem impertinent, but they are founded on plausible reasons, while here the line is drawn in so singularly arbitrary a manner that one cannot help laughing at the prejudices of a false aristocracy. They are thus particularly explained by a young girl:—"I have within me aspirations inherited from my ancestors; the puritanism of New Amsterdam is a burden to me I feel boiling within me an atavism that goes back to the Court of Charles II." An ingenious way of saying that she feels

herself made for a life of gallantry! . . . All these American husbands seem to be drawn from the same model, Gus Trenor with his heavy shoulders and carnivorous jaw, George Dorset, dyspeptic and jealous; . . . and all this gay world is swollen with pride—not the pride that might naturally be inspired in its possessor by so much money, but by a really amusing aristocratic pride, a pride that makes those rich by birth pitilessly repulse the newly rich, whose turn will soon come, doubtless, to be insolent for the same reason.

But the most offensive things, in Mme. Blanc's sight, are the women's selling themselves for love of dress; and the men's love of drink. "Doubtless there are some women in Paris who get their dressmakers' bills paid by their male friends, but the thing must still be rarer than is adultery in the American *grand monde*, so abominably corrupt otherwise. . . . Lily received . . . just enough to return Gus Trenor the money that he boasted of having given her, for the discretion of this *gentleman* was not proof against a cocktail." The writer of these caustic remarks on *le monde où l'on s'amuse* in America does not judge us solely by "The House of Mirth." She has spent many months among us intimately.

Happily we really knew many Americans before meeting the icy Selden and Gus Trenor, the scarcely responsible brute, . . . and the crazy Dorset, too cowardly to disown his wife when she behaves infamously, . . . and Jack Stepney, the *viveur*, who accepts money for introducing people to society, . . . and Ned Silverton . . . During long periods passed in the United States we have never had the opportunity of meeting the guests of this house, either men or women; it is true that we have seen a certain number of them in Paris, but they have given us the impression of being voluntary exiles, who, incapable of living a serious life in their own country, came to spoil our morals by their miserable examples. And must

we not here insist on the debt of gratitude that the parents of French daughters, a little too Americanized, owe to Mrs. Wharton? Far from forbidding these girls to read the scandalous history of Lily Bart, they should hold it up to them as a warning; they would see what they would lose in imitating the dazzling American and her like . . . Only the necessity of working can legitimately emancipate our young girls, because work itself is the best of protections; the others will not only lose happiness, like Lily Bart, but also a grace that nothing can replace. This is the moral that we in France draw from Mrs. Wharton's book; and England, also, poisoned by bridge, will find good advice addressed to her dowagers and young people. As for America herself, she is justly proud of being able to add to the list of her novelists the name of an exquisite writer, above all a woman; she rejoices also that the vices of the few are exposed once with such cruel frankness. All that she might have wished is that in the background of "The House of Mirth," in which only an infinite fraction of society appears—what she voluntarily calls bad company—the mass of respectable people might have been seen.

It is thus that our "smart set" strikes the people to whom we are so virtuously superior. It is refreshing to see ourselves held up as warnings to French demoiselles, and patterns of the evils of unlimited, undigested wealth. But it is not likely to reach the ears of the dwellers in "The House of Mirth," for apparently not one of them ever reads a book; nor would they have intelligence enough to recognize their own portraits if they did. And there is hope for us, for we are still a very new people, and in time rich Americans will become accustomed to their money, and learn the vulgarity of flinging it away on senseless amusements. Meanwhile, we cannot wonder if Europe occasionally gives us a few digs, nor, with "The House of Mirth" before us, can we indignantly repel her accusations.

SIR RICHARD BURTON *

By MARY CADWALADER JONES

THE latest Life of this great traveller and student is that conscientious but provoking thing, an impartial biography. It may be doubted whether an excellent memoir can be written except with enthusiasm or at least sympathy — Boswell's "Johnson" and Carlyle's "Cromwell" are instances that come at once to mind. Soon after his death Lady Burton wrote a Life of her husband which, although inaccurate and adoring, makes us at least see him as he was. Mr. Wright has given his subject patient research, and has treated it so exhaustively that his work is valuable; but no man ever needed more than Burton to be dealt with by one who loved and understood him, and while a carving-knife is an extremely useful implement, its judgment as to a Damascus blade could hardly be final.

If ever there was an extraordinary man, it was Richard Francis Burton — a being entirely out of place in Middle-Victorian England. Mr. Wright calls him "the last of the demi-gods," but is sadly troubled because he would not conform to mortal rules. In short, his mental attitude reminds one of Thackeray's remark, that when a woman begins, "I love Jane as a sister," one may always expect blame to follow. Burton was rather the last of the heroic wanderers and chroniclers, among whom are Herodotus and Marco Polo, with this difference, that his tales, except when he chose to exaggerate against himself, may be trusted. Certainly no boy could have had a more unfortunate bringing up, and as to this all accounts agree with his own. His father, who had served under the much-buried Sir John Moore in Sicily, and afterwards left the army because of illness, cannot have been altogether

commonplace, as we are told that, having fought and wounded a brother officer in a duel, he nursed him tenderly till he was well, and then called him out again, wounding him the second time so seriously that although the nursing was repeated, the officer remained a cripple for life. Burton inherited his nomadic instinct from this persistent parent, who dragged his family about Europe in search of a climate that suited him, always pulling them up as soon as they had struck root anywhere.

Richard, the eldest of three children who were, as he says, "devilets," was born in 1821, and at nineteen was a good rider, an accomplished swordsman, at ease in a lady's drawing-room, and able to chaff the street boys of France and Italy in their local dialects, besides knowing Spanish, Béarnais, Provençal and modern Greek. His father had the delightfully humorous idea that these acquirements would fit him for the life of an English clergyman, but when he went up to be examined at Oxford he was found to be lamentably deficient as to classics, he barely knew the Lord's Prayer, broke down in the Apostles' Creed, and had never even heard of the Thirty-nine Articles.

Skilful coaching and his own gifts for study and of memory got him into what he called "dog-holes of rooms" at Trinity College, and there he spent his first months in tolerable content — rowing, fencing, shooting the college rooks with an air-cane, and walking with a beloved bull-terrier to visit a pretty gypsy girl who held court in Bagley Wood. Presently it occurred to him to study Arabic and Hindustani, in case he should ever be able to realize his dream of entering the Indian army; but when he applied to the Regius professor of Oriental Languages, he was told that a

* Sir Richard Burton. By Thomas Wright, 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6.50 net.

Professor could only teach a class, not a single pupil, and as his fellow undergraduates were not troubled by the same desire, he went to work alone. It may be interesting to know his method of study, but one needs also to catch the hare of his talent.

I got a simple grammar and vocabulary, marked out the forms and words which I knew were absolutely necessary, and learnt them by heart. I never worked more than a quarter of an hour at a time, for after that the brain lost its freshness. After learning some three hundred words, easily done in a week, I stumbled through some easy book-work, and underlined every word that I wished to recollect. Having finished my volume, I carefully worked up the grammar minutiae, and then chose some other work whose subject most interested me. The neck of the language was now broken, and progress was rapid. If I came across a new sound, like the Arabic *Ghayn*, I trained my tongue to it by repeating it so many thousand times a day. When I read, I invariably read out loud, so that the ear might aid memory.

A long vacation on the Continent made him very unwilling to go back to Oxford, with the prospect of holy orders in the distance, and after a few more months there he deliberately got himself expelled by going to some races which were forbidden, and having accomplished his purpose, drove a tandem triumphantly out of Oxford—that also being forbidden—in April, 1842. After this he was allowed to choose the sword instead of the surplice, and he presently found himself, to his delight, an ensign in a regiment of Bombay Native Infantry.

In June Burton and his bull-terrier sailed for India; and there he came at once into his own, studying Eastern languages twelve hours a day, and studying also native life in all its phases, so that it became possible for him to disguise himself as a half-bred Arab peddler, and even to enter private houses with his pack. Sir Charles Napier wanted to find out the truth about some native practices, and as Burton was the

only officer who could speak Sindi, he was sent to investigate. He reported minutely; but, unfortunately, this official document found its way into hands for which it was not intended, and was afterwards used against Burton, on the sagacious principle that, as he described vice, he must be vicious himself. This was the beginning of the deep distrust of him, from a conventional point of view, which followed him all his life, and stopped his advancement at every step. He had the idea; many years before M. Garnier, that monkeys might have speech, so he collected about forty of them, talked to them constantly, and compiled a Simian dictionary, which was afterwards burned, with many of his early collections, in a storage warehouse. When an insurrection threatened he applied for the post of interpreter, but although he had passed brilliant examinations in six native languages, his unlucky report was used against him, and a man appointed who could only speak one.

Overwork and rage made Burton so ill that he was shipped off to England to die, but men like him are hard to kill until their time comes, and when he landed he was almost well. While on a long visit to his family on the Continent, he went with his brother to Boulogne, and one day he saw some English girls walking on the ramparts, one of whom was a beauty, tall, with dark blue eyes, and "yards of golden hair." He chalked on a wall "May I speak to you?" and she wrote "No, mother will be angry"; but she said to her sister, "That man will marry me." And so he did, but not until ten years later. Lady Burton says, "He was five feet eleven inches in height, very broad, thin and muscular; he had very dark hair, black, clearly defined, sagacious eyebrows, a brown weather-beaten complexion, straight Arab features, a determined-looking mouth and chin, nearly covered by an enormous black moustache. But the most remarkable part of his appearance were two large black flashing eyes with long

lashes, that pierced you through and through." He was said to have "the brow of a god, the jaw of a devil," and he had also a wonderful speaking voice, deep and very musical.

Although Burton admired his future wife, the lightning of love had not struck him so convincingly, and as soon as he could get his leave prolonged he started off to carry out a plan made before he left Sind, of crossing Arabia from Mecca to the Persian Gulf. He decided to visit Medina and Mecca in the disguise of a pilgrim, made every possible preparation, even learning how to make horseshoes and shoe a horse, and then left England without any formal farewells, which he always hated. How Mirza Abdullah of Bushire, carrying his life in his hand, saw the Holy Places of Islam, he told in the "Pilgrimage to Al-Medinah and Meccah," which made him known all over the world. It is characteristic that he did not go to England when it came out, to be made much of, but remained in the East. The Power of the Desert was upon him, and for nearly four years he explored, wrote, and fought, when fighting was necessary, like a demon, although, like most very strong men, he was never the aggressor. Then he came back to London, and met Isabel Arundell, the handsome girl of the ramparts, the first time by accident, and after that every day for a fortnight, not accidentally. Mr. Wright says rather sneeringly: "According to Lady Burton, it was Burton who made the actual proposal, and it is just possible." She says that he asked her if she could bear to leave civilization, and go with him, bidding her take time to think it over; but she said "I don't want time to think it over—I've been thinking it over all these years, and my answer is yes, yes, yes!"

Mr. Wright insists that Burton was of a cold temperament and looked at women from an Oriental point of view, requiring only beauty and affection. Both of these his wife brought him; she was so radiantly handsome that when she

was in a room, "one could not see any one else." She loved Burton from the day she first saw him until that of her death, and the great word "devotion," so often used trivially, is the only one fit for her magnificent self-surrender. Mr. Wright scarcely does her justice. After speaking of her beauty and charm, and saying that she had an excellent heart, he comments frequently on her failings, and even turns her to ridicule. She and her husband were photographed by a friend in their garden, toward the end of his life, and Mr. Wright says: "Lady Burton is seen nestling at his side and leaning her head against his shoulder. She had grown uncomfortably stout, and her tight-fitting dress was hard put to it to bear the strain. Her glorious hair was now grown gray and thin, and it was generally hidden by a not very becoming yellowish wig with curls, which made her look like a magnified Marie Antoinette." This reminds one of the cold-blooded comment of Froude on Mary Stuart's false braids, when the executioner was holding up her head.

It is not to be wondered at that the Arundells, who were poor, and devout Catholics, did not approve of the engagement; and as the Geographical Society had induced Lord Clarendon to grant Government funds for Central African exploration, at Burton's instance, he went off suddenly, again without any leave-taking, and having picked up Captain Speke, whom he had chosen for his second in command, they landed at Zanzibar in 1856. They reached Lake Tanganyika in 1858, and Burton believed they had found the source of the Nile; but here his bad genius played him another trick. Speke, while exploring without him, found the larger lake which Baker afterwards called Victoria Nyanza, and insisted that the head waters of the Nile were there, and that he was their discoverer. Quarrel and estrangement followed, and when they got back to Zanzibar the next year, Speke, who was worldly wise, sailed straight for

England, claimed all the credit of the expedition, and had himself appointed to lead another, so that, when Burton arrived, he found the ground cut from under him. This was hard—but he may have found some compensation, although Mr. Wright does not acknowledge it, when Isabel Arundell “rushed into his arms” when they met, notwithstanding that he was but the shadow of himself, and twenty-one attacks of fever had made him look “more like a mummy than a man.” As Mrs. Arundell still held out, Burton went off to Salt Lake City for some months, to study Western polygamy; on his return, he and Miss Arundell were married quietly, in January, 1861. Although Mr. Wright makes her out a fool, she had sense enough to adapt herself to the idiosyncrasies of a man who would have driven most women mad within a year, and there is not the least proof that Burton ever regretted his marriage. He made no objection to her following her religion fervently and it seems scarcely necessary for his biographer to say, in mentioning that Burton once gave her five pounds to have masses said for the soul of her dead brother, that it was “in a moment of weakness, as one might give a child a penny to buy a top.” Burton always refused to formulate his own faith, but he believed in God, and tried to do what was fair and honorable, not for the sake of reward, but because it was right. Even after his marriage, mysterious rumors about his researches into the hidden life of the East dogged him like malignant afreets, and all he could get was a consulship at Fernando Po, where the climate was so bad that it had earned the place the cheerful title of “the white man’s grave,” and as he dared not take his wife, they were parted little more than six months after their wedding.

The captains of ships calling at Santa Isabel, the capital of the island, were in the habit of discharging their cargoes and leaving again without giving the merchants

time to answer letters, although the ships’ papers required that they should stop for eighteen hours of daylight. The merchants appealed to Burton, and when the next captain came into his office, saying hurriedly, “Now, Consul, be quick with my papers; I want to be off,” Burton, who was writing, looked up and said, “I have n’t finished my letters.” “Oh,” said the captain with an oath, “I can’t wait for them.” Burton mentioned the provision in the papers, but the captain said that rule had never been enforced, and added with another oath that he did not mean to stay. “Very well,” said Burton, “I am going straight to the Governor’s, and if you go one minute before the prescribed time expires, I shall fire two guns, one across your bows, and the second slap into you.” The merchants had no further trouble, and Burton’s photograph, taken that year, explains why the captains waited while he was consul.

After various expeditions in Africa, including an official mission to the king of Dahomey, he was transferred to Santos in Brazil, where his wife could go with him, and in 1869, largely owing to her ceaseless efforts, for he would never do anything towards his own advancement, he was sent to Damascus, where they spent two ideally happy years, making many friends, including the exiled Abd el Kader. But peace was not yet for the fighting man. By taking the part of a small native sect which he thought oppressed, he imbroiled himself not only with the authorities, but with the Jews, the Greeks, the Druses, and, worst of all the missionaries; and between them, after months of strife, his opponents managed to oust him. It was then that he sent his wife the well-known message, “I am superseded: pay, pack, and follow,” and rode away to Beirut. While in Damascus he was once offered ten thousand pounds to give an opinion which would have influenced a public transaction. His wife says: “My

husband let the man finish, and then said: 'If you were an Englishman and a gentleman, I would pitch you out of the window, but as you are not, you may pick up your money and walk down the stair.'

For some time after their recall to England, the Burtons had to endure official neglect, and as money had always run through their hands like water, they were very hard up, being once reduced to their last fifteen pounds. On their way to make a visit in the country, while alone in a railway carriage, one of the precious sovereigns dropped from Lady Burton's purse and lost itself, whereupon she sat down on the floor and cried, and the man who had cowed the captains sat down beside her and tried to comfort her. As a Mr. Lock wanted a report on some sulphur mines in Iceland for which he had a concession, Burton took a run over there to make it for him, and while he was away he was offered the post of consul at Trieste, just left vacant by the death of Charles Lever. The salary was seven hundred pounds a year, and it was a fall after Damascus, but still it was something; so there they went, in 1872. Here his biographer writes with real feeling:

His fate, indeed, was a hard one. The first linguist of his day, for he spoke twenty-eight languages and dialects, he found himself relegated to a third-class port, where his attainments were absolutely valueless to anybody. The greatest of travellers, the most indefatigable of anthropologists, the man who understood the East as no Englishman has ever understood it, was set to do work that in those days could have been accomplished with ease by any raw and untravelled government official possessed of a smattering of German and Italian. But the truth is, Burton's brilliant acquirements were really a hindrance to him. The morbid fear of genius which has ever been incidental to ordinary Government officialdom, was at that time particularly prevalent. The only fault to be found with Burton's conduct at Damascus was that, instead of serving his own interests, he had at-

tempted to serve the interests of his country and humanity. By trimming, temporizing, shutting his eyes to enormities, and touching bribes, he might have retained his post, or been passed on to Constantinople.

When, time after time, he saw incompetent men advanced to positions of importance, his anger was unrestrainable. "Why," he asked bitterly, "are the Egyptian donkey-boys so favourable to the English?" Answer, "Because we hire more asses than any other nation."

In 1877 his friend, General Gordon, who had been made by the Khedive Governor of the Soudan, offered him the place of Governor of Darfur, with a much higher salary than he was getting, but as it was not a permanent position, he wisely declined. His post had at least the advantage of being almost a sinecure, so that he could leave it often, and for almost any length of time. When in London his favourite place was the Athenæum Club, where he worked at the round table in the library for hours, writing in his delicate hand. (A small handwriting, he said, always bespoke the man of audacity and determination.) The librarian of the Athenæum describes him as a man of great and subtle talent, and very urbane, a mixture in his appearance of the man-of-letters and the soldier, and sums him up as "a compound of a Benedictine monk, a crusader, and a buccaner."

Mr. Wright says that during one of Burton's later visits to England, he committed the frightful sin of contradicting Mr. Gladstone; who, while dining at some great house, undertook to lay down the law on Oriental matters. After he had finished, Burton, who alone had disturbed the respectful silence by fidgetting considerably, turned to him and said, "I can assure you, Mr. Gladstone, that everything you have said is absolutely and entirely opposite to fact." As soon as the rest of the company could recover from the shock, one of them was

seen scribbling like mad on a *menu* card. Presently Burton felt it tucked into his hand under the table. It read; "Please do not contradict Mr. Gladstone. Nobody ever does." Mr. Wright thinks this *lèse-majesté* occurred in 1885, and as Gladstone was Premier then, it may possibly have been the reason why Burton could not get the consulship at Morocco though his application was signed by fifty eminent names. He received the tardy recognition of knighthood in 1886, and died at Trieste in October, 1890, "the greatest Oriental scholar that England ever neglected."

His last few years were made comfortable by the large sum which his translation of the "Arabian Nights" brought him. Mr. Wright proves that much of this closely followed that of his friend Mr. Payne, published shortly before, but the voluminous notes were all Burton's own, and no one else could have written them. His peculiar sympathy with the East made him treat everything connected with human life, normal or abnormal, as simply and freely as an Oriental would have done, and he wrote for students of anthropology as physicians write for students of medicine. Neither work is meant for the general public, and a Latin nation would have understood him, but he raised a storm of horrified protest in a country which had labelled the Song of Songs as the desire of the Church for her Lord.

After her husband's death Lady Burton was much blamed for destroying the manuscript translation of another Eastern book "The Scented Garden," which he had just

finished. He had never allowed his wife to read his "Arabian Nights," saying it was not meant for any woman, nor for most men, and when she went over his papers, as he had asked her to do, she was much shocked at this last work. She hesitated to make away with it, but declared that he appeared to her three times, ordering her to do so, and only then she threw it into the fire. Students may blame her, but one should remember that, although she needed money badly, this foolish woman deliberately gave up six thousand pounds—already subscribed for the book,—in order to save her husband's memory from further blame. It is harder, however, for those who might have enjoyed them to forgive her for destroying also his many diaries.

What Burton considered the great work of his life must always remain shut away from general readers, but his books of travel are interesting and accurate, and his own self most interesting of all. In disposition he was moral and even fastidious, and although his fiery temper and his passion for making himself out worse than he was made him many enemies among his equals, servants, children, and animals loved and trusted him. On the last day of his life, as he walked feebly in his garden, the man on whose body a hundred scars were found stopped to save the life of a robin which had fallen into a fountain. The wife who lived with him for thirty years said there never was a better husband nor a better friend, and the motto which he chose in his youth—"Honor, not honors,"—he lived up to until the end.



THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK

A NOVEL

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON

VI

SLOWLY, very slowly, Mark came half awake. Thought or feeling he had none; he was no more than a broken bit of drift upon the bosom of the dark waters of mystery flowing at the outmost edge of life. Will was gone from him; he neither knew nor cared where he was or what had happened; he only waited in a spiritless lethargy while he was borne little by little toward a living consciousness. Feebly his eyes opened, and for a long time he lay staring blankly upward at the sky, pale with the first light of dawn. While he looked, uncomprehending, the faint gray was streaked with opalescence, then flushed with crimson and gold. Birds chirped near by; and still nearer was the soft lapping of water. Many minutes passed, and the light strengthened, yet that deadly lassitude held him, body and mind. Once he stirred slightly, but his every muscle protested in agony; and after that he lay quite still.

A new sound came to him, seeming strangely familiar, yet unreal—the sound of voices calling. Then he saw vague forms bending above him—faces strangely familiar too; yet, though he made an effort, his thoughts would not take hold of them, and they were gone again. After a long time—time for which he had no measure—they reappeared, and he felt himself lifted and carried, and dimly he made out that he lay upon a rude raft of poles and was floating across a width of water, with those haunting faces moving along on either side. Again he was lifted and borne, and

when the supporting hands were withdrawn he sank gently, quietly down, down, and darkness closed over him.

Slowly, very slowly, he rose from the depths; and there again were the hovering faces. One he made out, stooping close above him, its eyes looking into his—eyes shining with tears and lips quivering with the sound of a joyful laugh. Surely he knew that face! Moment by moment his mind cleared, and he strove to make his eyes ask the question his lips could not form. The laughing voice spoke in answer:

"Mark! Thank God! Don't you know me, Mark—Jack? Never mind; it's all right. Oh, thank God!"

All right! His groping mind seized upon the words and held to them. All right! His glance wandered, and there was another face, framed in a lustrous mass of fair hair. He struggled to comprehend, and tried to smile a greeting. The face came closer, closer, and he felt the touch of a light, cool hand upon his cheek and forehead. It was very comforting.

He slept and waked, slept and waked again and again, as upon the soft, even ebb and flow of a mighty tide; and with every awakening his sense of reality grew stronger. By and by he discovered that he was lying upon a bed beneath a canvas wagon-cover; and after another interval his ears began to catch sounds that were known—the whinny of a horse, the stroke of an ax, the stir of wind in the leaves of trees. He would have liked to ask questions; but when he tried, quieting fingers were laid upon his lips and a quiet

voice forbade him—a voice which he felt must be obeyed. So he lay still, contenting himself with trying to piece together the broken odds and ends of recollection. But nothing was plain to him until at last Mrs. Cannon and Forrester came to him with water and bandages, bared his breast, and set about dressing his wound. Then in a flash he remembered.

"Good!" Forrester cried happily, when the dressing was done. He took Mark's hand in his and held it fast, with a fond pressure, his fine face quick with feeling. "It's all right, Mark," he said softly. "We've got you back, and we're going to keep you; but, God! I was n't worth it. Even if I'd needed you, I was n't worth it." He laughed with a brave assumption of gayety; but the laugh carried a note of bitterness. "And I was safe enough all the time—hiding out yonder. I got back when the fighting was all done. My luck!"

"How long is it?" Mark asked faintly.

"This is the eighth day," Forrester said. "Eight days we've been in camp here, and they've let us alone. There's another train camped with us now, waiting till we go on. The Sioux won't come again."

Questions crowded to Mark's lips, but Forrester cut them off. "Be quiet, now. If you talk, they'll make me go away. It's all right—everything's all right."

After another day or two, as his weakness grew less and something of his old self was aroused in him, other faces looked in upon him where he lay; Frick, Cannon, the healthy sun-browned freighters and the friendly emigrants, welcoming him back to life. Then, after a long, strengthening night's sleep, Forrester came again and sat by his side.

"Now, tell me," Mark said. "What about our boys?"

Forrester's face was sobered. "We buried five, Mark," he answered simply. "Do you remember that fellow that play the fiddle for us to

dance by, back there at the Elkhorn? They got him, and three of our own men; and they killed one of the little children. My soul!" he cried, his voice harsh with feeling. "We wanted a fight, for the fun of it; and now we've had it. God forgive us! That fiddler had a wife and children, too, and nothing besides. They'll have to shift for themselves, somehow. Oh, it's tough!" But he put these graver things aside with a forced laugh. "It can't be helped now. What we've got to do is to get you well again, so we can go ahead. You're delaying the game. You think about that and rest."

One face he had missed, in these later days, save only now and then in a fleeting glimpse. While his weakness had held him, forbidding speech, forbidding everything but passive quiet, Dorothy had been his faithful minister, hovering about him with a watchful constancy, seeming loath to give the least part of her ministry into other hands. It was she who had fed him, upon the first return of appetite, with dainty foods mysteriously wrought from the coarse fare of the camp; and the sight of her had fed his hungry eyes. When in his utter weakness even the desire of life had ebbed to the very dregs, it was her presence, so instinct with life—the living warmth of her hand, the living light in her eyes,—that had subtly drawn him, as by gossamer threads too fine to be discovered, back to the warmth and light of life itself. With heart and soul he clung to her.

But as strength grew upon him, and he came out of the shadows, her care was surrendered and she came to him less and less, and then only upon the briefest errands. He knew that she avoided him, for fear of what she saw trembling upon his lips. He could not bear to have it so.

One quiet evening she brought his supper from the campfire, placing it before him, and standing for a moment, her fair head and slender shoulders framed in the opening of the canvas.

"Is there anything else you would like?" she asked gently.

"Yes," he said with simple earnestness. "I want you to stay where you are, just a minute. Don't run away." He did not glance at his supper; his eyes were fixed upon hers, gravely, holding them until her lids drooped and a faint blush overspread her cheeks. He could control his voice, but he could not keep revelation out of his glance.

"Wait!" he said again. "I've got to talk to you a little. But you need n't be afraid. I only want to say 'Thank you.'"

She smiled upon him timidly, with a look that he took as gratitude for his forbearance, and tried to speak gayly.

"Thank you!" she echoed. "What funny little words! I don't believe I know what they mean."

"They don't mean half what I want them to," he returned. "Not a hundredth part. There are n't any words for that, I reckon. You'll have to try to understand the best you can. I know what would have become of me, if it had n't been for you—you and Mrs. Cannon. And I wanted to live, too. I don't know what I'm going to do with my life: but whatever it is, I'm not going to forget that I owe it to you. And I'd rather owe it to you than to anybody else in the world."

Again her color mounted, and she turned away in real distress. "Hush!" she cried softly. "Oh, you must n't say that."

"I've said it already," he retorted. "Once is all I need to say it. That part's done now, and neither one of us is going to forget. But there's something else." He hesitated, dwelling upon her loveliness, struggling to put down the rising rebellion of his longing. "You must listen to me a little while. I'll try to say nothing to hurt you. I've told you I love you, Dorothy. I told you because I thought I had a right. I thought my love was enough to give me the right. But it made you afraid of me, and you have n't quit

being afraid. I did n't know why, at first, but I think I'm beginning to understand. I don't want it to be that way, Dorothy. It was n't meant to be that way, and we must n't let it." With a curious shyness he put out his hand to where hers lay, resting upon the edge of the wagon-box, and let his strong fingers pass lightly, caressingly, over the velvet-soft flesh. "I need you," he breathed. "We need each other. We'll always need each other, whatever happens. I wish you would n't fight against it, nor be afraid of it. We must keep friends. Oh!" he cried, with sharp impatience. "I'm not saying it right. I don't want you to think I've quit caring, or care in any different way. I'm not one that changes. But—I'm not going to worry you with it any more. There!" His hand gripped hers firmly, and a firmer note came into his voice. "I'm not going to worry you with it any more," he repeated. "But we must keep one another, as we used to be—good friends, always. Please, Dorothy!"

She gave a quick, soft laugh, full of a confusion of emotion—relief, happiness, tenderness. "You are good to me!" she cried, and caught his hand between her own, pressing it for a swift instant against her breast. "You sha'n't think that of me any more," she whispered. She left him then; but in the cool, mellow dusk, an hour later, she came again, standing in her old place at the back of the wagon, her chin resting upon her crossed arms, smiling down upon him where he lay. It was he that spoke first, trying to fix the tone which he resolutely meant their new relation should carry.

"Oh, I'm a lot stronger, this last day or two. I wish they'd get ready and go ahead now; there's no use waiting any longer." The jocund sounds of the evening occupations about the camp were borne to his ears, and he stirred impatiently. "I want to look out," he said. "Please help me to raise up, for just a minute."

She tried to dissuade him; but he would have it so, and she aided him to lift his shoulders, propping him with blankets, then kneeling at his side while he lay gazing upon the bustling life about the fires near by. "That's good!" he sighed contentedly. "Lord, but I'll be glad when I'm out there with them again." But after a few moments his glance strayed to the wide, dusky stretch of plain beyond, that was invested with the gathering mystery of night and to the fading glow of purple twilight that clung to the low horizon. It seemed so short a time since his every look toward that line of the West had filled him with eagerness, inviting him, enticing him; for out there, somewhere, somehow, he had meant that love should come to fulfilment—love, and the other strong purposes of his youth. But now, as he gazed, he felt desire wavering, fading like the day-glow. What was to come he felt to be wholly out of his keeping. Silence had fallen between them. His hand sought hers in the darkness, as though for a hold upon the realities that were eluding him. But the girl withdrew her fingers gently.

"You must n't overtax yourself," she said. "You must lie down again now."

Leave of the fateful camp was not long delayed. Once the healing of his wound had well begun, the rebound of his superb young body was quick and sure. With every hour, while he lay breathing the rare, clear air of the Plains, he felt strength flowing back to him. He was glad when the train got in motion again.

He wondered that he was not impatient to be upon his feet and in his place beside his oxen; but he found himself quite content to lie where he was, rocked by the slow, swaying movement of the wagon, dropping asleep when he would and waking again to lie through the long, warm, tranquil hours, soothed by their every influence, wholly care free. Mrs. Cannon and Dorothy rode as

before upon the forward seat, talking sometimes, sometimes falling silent, always instantly ready to wait upon his least need or desire. Now and then Dorothy would come of her own accord to sit by his side for a golden hour. A half-dozen books were amongst her possessions, and from one or another of these she read aloud to him. He was not upon intimate terms with books; life, with its living interests, had always held the greater charm for him. What she read did not often abide with him; but always, when the reading was done, there lingered in his memory the soft, full music of her voice, intoning itself over and over again. What he had offered she seemed to have accepted frankly; their relation bore no color of embarrassment or constraint. By common consent, the future was in abeyance.

Day by day health and vigor rose in him in a warm, rich flood, as his buoyant will took a new grip upon life. To sit propped up in his bed and watch his strong and healthful mates at their work was tonic, and his bodily indolence became a hardship. It was like a new birth when, a week after the train resumed its march, he was able one evening to take his first weak, halting steps about the camp, supported by Forrester's friendly arm. But his robust spirit was revolted when he found how feeble his big legs and body had become.

"I could n't crack my bull-whip to save my soul," he complained. "Look how my hand shakes! And my legs feel like a new-dropped colt's. Let's find some place to sit down. I feel too far off the ground."

They rested upon the warm sand on the river bank, at the side of the camp, where they could watch its bold movement in preparation for night. What they talked of in the first minutes amounted to nothing—it was only a light, aimless drift of speech in one of life's back-waters, where the current was turned aside. Forrester's confirmed, whimsical indifference seemed to possess him; and

for Mark it sufficed to rest languidly at ease, with the throb of his returning vitality pulsing through his body.

"A man needs to be knocked out once in a while, to know how to set the right store by his strength," he said once. "I'd never lost even a day before."

The careless suggestion had more effect than he meant. A silence fell upon Forrester, persisting against Mark's further offerings of speech. Mark's glance turned to the boy's face presently; it was overcast by a moody sadness, his shoulders drooped wearily, and the lines about his lips were drawn tense. A little qualm of misgiving stirred in Mark's mind. Forrester met his look with a deep-drawn sigh.

"A man needs to be knocked out once in a while, to know how to measure his own weakness," he said dully. He sat for a moment with bent head, dipping up handfuls of the dry sand and letting it slip idly through his relaxed fingers, staring gloomily at the inconstant heaps of sliding grains. By and by he abandoned this little effort, facing Mark courageously.

"I told you what I meant to do, that day. But it was no use."

"Jack!" The word was a cry, vibrant with startled feeling; his heart bounded. Quick upon the sharp shock of surprise, exultation seized him, and he had to shut his lips hard to stifle a laugh of sheer joy. But that feeling did not hold. For a time they sat looking into one another's eyes, while neither spoke.

"I don't—understand," Mark said faintly, by and by. "*No use!* Did she tell you that?"

Forrester's lips parted with a harsh, inarticulate sound, that was like a laugh dying in birth. "I didn't go so far as that. I saved that pain for both of us. I went far enough to be perfectly sure that I need n't say what I wanted."

Mark waited a moment for full comprehension. He seized Forrester's arm and shook it roughly.

"Jack!" he cried. "You quitter!

You scared boy! Is that the sort of stuff you're made of?"

Forrester was very white and very grave. "Quitter!" he echoed bitterly. "Yes, I guess you've got a right to call me that. I've been a quitter, all my life. It's in my blood. There's nothing I've ever really wanted that I had the courage to claim." He began again his aimless play with the sand-grains, the muscles of his fine face working convulsively. "I wish I could see life as you do," he said presently. "I wish to God I could believe that the good things belong to me, sometimes. But I can't. What have I done—what have I been? It's grotesque!"

It was Mark's primal faith that answered. "You coward! You poor fool! I thought you loved her."

Forrester's breath was sharply indrawn. "Love her?" he sighed. "Why, Mark, it was because I loved her that I had the strength to hold my tongue—the best strength I ever had. It showed me to myself for just what I am—only the poor half of a man. Oh!" he flung out his arms with a gesture of helplessness. "You can't understand!" he cried.

Mark set his teeth and gripped his hands hard in a grim effort at restraint. "And you're going to let it go with that?" he demanded bluntly. "Jack, if you do, you're less a man than I thought you."

"Ah!" Forrester returned, almost listlessly. "Mark, see here: Do you never question yourself about your deserts? You take what you can get, don't you? You think everything belongs to you that you can wrest out of life by pure strength?"

"Yes," Mark retorted rudely. "A man deserves what his strength can win for him. That's all I know about deserts: that's all there is to know. What is it you're afraid of? What have you seen that frightens you so?"

Forrester straightened his drooping posture slowly, as though the effort gave him physical pain; his eyes met Mark's fearlessly.

"I've seen what you've missed

seeing," he said with quiet courage. "You are the man."

"Jack! What are you saying!" The calm words were like a knife-thrust, as full of surprise. Before the man's eyes the dim-lit earth and sky appeared as through a sudden haze. Forrester's quiet voice came as from a far distance.

"You are the man. I know it. If I've ever been sure of a thing in my life, it's that. Oh, I'm all you've called me—fool, and all the rest of it. But there are two of us, and you're the lucky one."

"You don't know what you're saying!" Mark said, with a stifled groan. "It can't be true. Jack, I know it is n't true."

"It's the truest thing in your life." Forrester's voice had the firmness of certainty. "If I've ever been sure of anything in the world, it's that. She loves you."

Again Mark walked beside his team; for only a little time each day, at first, while weakness held him, and then for longer hours, with renewed vigor. The return to labor was a godsend. Again and again in his life he had found bodily activity a sure resource; and now it did not fail him.

He was in a maze, wandering, groping, feeling it enclose him. Not of his will had it come upon him; yet with the instinct of his kind he felt that by sheer force of will he must fight his way out to a clear understanding. He was a stranger to every mood but that of the fighter.

Was it true, this that Forrester had said? Hope and fear, desire and doubt, struggled together mightily within him. And while the struggle went on, he kept to himself, with the instinct of the half-savage, avoiding his mates, avoiding the girl, morose, implacable. What had come to pass in him in these days surprised him as he began to realize it, in the hours alone with himself. He was no longer a boy, with the boy's ecstatic, fervid view of love and life. He knew himself now for a man, with

the man's sterner outlook. It was not love alone that possessed him, but the riot of a man's passions. One thought only gripped him, and would not be beaten down—weaving itself in with the sturdy fibre of his will, becoming a part of him: Love should have its way.

He was not impatient. He did not try to discover why, but he knew that impatience was wholly swallowed up in the greater emotion that mastered him. "She loves you," Forrester had said. Was it true? "I love her!" his soul answered. Hour by hour, day by day, as he walked upon the sand of the trail or as he lay at night in his blankets, staring at the stars, the words repeated themselves, over and over, until they became as the rhythm to which the strong stride of his feet and the strong beating of his heart kept time. "I love her! She shall love me!"—over and over again, over and over again, until it mounted to absolute conviction. The rest could wait. He was not impatient. There was time enough to go to her, by and by. He would first make conquest of himself, compel order out of the chaos that was in him. Stubbornly he shut his lips, letting no word pass them.

Desolation had come upon the land, stealthily but surely, as the trail had led ever and ever to higher levels. Valley and plain alike were bare and unlovely. The wild grasses were sparse and yellow; the great expanse of sagebrush was thick with impalpable dust; scattered in ugly disorder were ragged, matted patches of cactus and soapweed, shrunken and deadened by the dry heat. Day after day this unvarying prospect opened ahead, far as the weary eye could see, and night after night it closed behind, as the shadows settled over it, in sickening monotony. Game had become scarce, as the wild herds had passed to the lower lands in search of fresher pasturage. The very river had shared in the seasonal blight, until it was hardly more than a broken chain of pools, shallow and tepid. The days were still summery, but

the night winds were cold, ominous of the winter that drew near. Ease and plenty lay behind; ahead, in the hundreds of wide, vacant miles, lay Heaven knew what of hardship and privation, with terror in their train.

Some amongst those of the train were growing anxious, apprehensive; even Frick, through his impassive mask, showed signs of the wear of an increasing responsibility. The rest of the way lay through regions peopled only by hostile tribes. There had been but the one actual encounter; after that the savages had kept their distance—watchful, but inspired by a wholesome fear of the train's increased size and strength. That was the least of the menaces. Many of the emigrant parties had dropped out on the lower prairies, to begin home making; of those that remained, many were but poorly equipped for bearing the brunt of a wilderness winter, with food becoming more and more scarce, and with grim Want lurking ahead. It was enough to daunt the stoutest.

But to Mark, in his intense self-absorption, all this wore the look of a shadowy unreality; nothing was real but what was going on, strong, inevitable, within himself. Mere force of habit, more than contriving, carried him through the days' routine; instinct, not conscious need, dictated his eating and sleeping; in the councils of the train over the difficulties to be overcome he was all but dumb—brooding heavily through the sunlit days, and in the night hours rehearsing in his dreams the drama of his passion.

Not by his planning, but quite by chance, came his next meeting with Dorothy. It was in the early evening, after camp was made, that he happened upon her, face to face, as she walked down to one of the river pools to bring water for preparing supper. Even then, had there been a way, he would have avoided her; but he could not. If she had seen anything of his distraught mood in these later days, if she had seen that he was deliberately keeping

away from her, and if now she read anything to give her uneasiness in the hard-set lines of his face or in the smothered glow of his eyes, she ignored it, smiling up at him with frank unreserve.

"How strong and well you look! If I did n't know, I could n't believe what you've been through. How do you do it?"

He did not answer. He took the pail from her hand and filled it at the pool; then set it down upon the sand and stood before her, square, erect, his eyes fixed upon her face. There was that in the look which made her shrink from him timidly.

"I must hurry back," she said. "Mrs. Cannon is waiting to get supper. Will you carry the water for me?"

Again he passed her question by. "Dorothy!" he cried. The note in his deep voice was not to be misinterpreted.

"Oh, please!" she breathed, and put out her hand with a gesture of pleading. But he caught the small hand in his and held it fast, as though he did not mean to let it go. Though she tried to escape, her strength was as nothing against his.

"You hurt me!" she said. "Don't! You must let me go."

"I will not!" he declared. "I've waited for you too long already. I'm going to keep you now until you've answered me. I love you! Dorothy, do you love me?"

She had ceased struggling, standing helpless before him, her head bent, her cheeks ashen-pale, her slight body trembling from head to foot. Bravely she tried to control herself, but the trial was a pitiful failure.

"You are cruel!" she said.

"I can't help it," he returned. "Do you love me?"

"You promised, and I've been trusting you not to speak of this to me again."

"I've broken my word," he said, "because I could n't help that either. Do you love me?"

"You are making me hate you!" she sobbed.

He laughed at that; a triumphant

laugh. "I believe you do love me!" he cried. He drew her to him, unresisting, his arms about her. "Dorothy, why can't you tell me so?"

"No, no!" With all her slight strength she sought to free herself; but he would not yield; his big arms held her as in a vise, close against his breast. Even the sight of her tears did not move him to the least relenting.

"Be quiet, Dorothy, and listen," he commanded. "I'm going to say what I want, before I let you go. There's no other way. I've done my best, but there's no other way now. You mustn't blame me. Would you blame a starving man for telling you he was hungry? I'm starving for you. I want you. I've got to have you. By God, you belong to me!"

She was sobbing bitterly. When she did not speak, he held her from him at arm's length, his hands gripping her shoulders. As he looked upon her thus, slowly the fire of possession died low in his eyes, and a softer light took its place.

"Dear girl!" he murmured. "What is it? I love you. Can't you believe that? I know you do believe it. What is it that hurts you so?" He laid his hands upon her head and compelled her to face him, looking long into her troubled eyes. "Dorothy, what is it?" he asked, with a new gentleness.

Still she would not answer him. "I think I know," he said. "Is it your brother? Is it because——"

"Stop!" She freed herself, standing away from him, a sudden wave of vivid color sweeping her face. "You must stop. You have no right to say that."

But he went on stubbornly. "I've made you angry, but I've guessed right. You're letting him come between us—him, and that damned money of mine. You're going to let love go, just for that. He's played the scoundrel, with you and me too, and he'll do it again. You're letting him spoil both our lives, and it won't do any good. If you find

him, he'll still be nothing but a scoundrel, and he'll keep on being one. You can't help it. You——"

"Stop!" she cried again, imperiously. "Oh, how brutal you are! Is that what love means to you? Is that all the strength you get from it—the strength to say such things?"

"It gives me strength to say what's true," he retorted. "You know it's true—all that I've said."

She was death-white again, her clear eyes dark with pain. But a supreme courage was upon her.

"You are not to speak of this to me again," she said. "Do you understand? Never again. My life is my brother's. Will it comfort you if I say I think you have told the truth about him—the plain, dreadful truth? He has shown himself a weak, wicked man. I know it as well as you do. What he has done has given you the right to say what you have about him to me. But I hoped—" She hesitated, striving for composure; then went on resolutely. "I hoped you were going to help me, because I needed a friend; and now you've made it impossible—impossible."

"Dorothy!" he cried, abjectly. "Don't, girl! Do you think I was trying to hurt you?"

She stopped him with a gesture. "That does n't matter. We have got past all that. All I ask of you is that you will not speak another word to me about him, nor about—that other thing. You must do what I ask."

"You're laying up a hard reckoning between him and me, if we ever get together," he said, wretchedly.

"That must be between you and him," she answered. "I wanted it different, but I can't help it now. Now you must let me pass."

She stooped and lifted the full pail, and he stood aside, looking after her, motionless, silent, as she moved away from him across the cactus-strewn sand. A dull rage burned within him—rage at himself, at her, and at the hopeless wrong of it all. The load she carried was too heavy and she stopped, passing it from

one hand to the other. With a smothered oath he sprang after her.

"Give me that pail," he commanded, and took it from her grasp with rude strength. "Now you listen to what I've got to say. I've been dead wrong. All I've said has been dead wrong, except just one thing. I love you. You can't make me quit that, nor I'm not going to quit it; do you hear? I'm going to keep on loving you. You were made for me to love, and nothing you can say or do will change it. I'm telling you this once more, so you won't forget. Dorothy, do you hear?"

She gave no sign, but kept steadfastly on, with set lips, looking straight before her. At the camp he set the pail down and turned away, choking with passionate anger and passionate despair.

Slowly, sluggishly, the train fared onward across the wide waste, and at the week's end it crept, weary and dust-laden, up to the grim walls of old Fort Laramie.

Old Fort Laramie! Never was such another paradox. Outpost of law, and refuge for every shade of outlawry since Eden; stronghold of hope for wayfarers hard beset in the vast wilderness, and haunt of all the nameless evils of a new, raw land; a tower of strength, and a ribald affront flaunted in the face of Heaven. Here, since the days of the fur traders, had been a tiny oasis in the wilds; hither, year by year, had come trappers, argonauts, adventurers of every sort from everywhere, bent upon every manner of border pilgrimage; and hereabouts, in course of time, had gathered and clung the scum of this human drift. Federal

soldiers were there—a mere handful of weather-beaten men, worn and dispirited by the hopeless task of policing a thousand miles of lawless frontier; but far the greater number were only wanderers—Indians of many tribes and hunters and trappers come in to trade, or emigrants and freighters halting here by the way to relax from their labors, unbending body and soul under the spell of rare companionship. They were vagrant humors that ruled the place—humors without rule or precept save such as lightest whim might set. There was a plentiful store of whiskey leveling all ranks; all ranks held mad carnival of debauchery.

It was noon when the train went into camp on the river below the fort. Through the afternoon Mark held away from his mates, who had thrown themselves at once, with lusty abandon, into the revelry. He wanted none of it; he wanted nothing but to be alone. But at evening, as he sat almost solitary over his supper at the freighters' mess, Cannon came to him.

"Hello, Bailey!" the giant hailed him. "I've been lookin' for you. Come along with me. There's goin' to be the very devil to pay, before we get out o' this. The boys have started on the drink, bad. Jack's with 'em too—wild, with his pockets all turned inside out. You know what that means. And, say, *he's* here, too—that big Braidlaw. I seen him, a little bit ago, with a whole barrel o' whiskey in him, an' raisin' h—l. That ain't the worst of it: Dorothy's lookin' for him. I did n't tell her; but she knows, somehow. Come on: we got to kind o' keep around, you an' me."

(To be continued)

A KEY TO IBSEN

By JENNETTE LEE

VII

RELATION OF SYMBOLISM TO THE MEANING OF THE PLAY

Of the leading motives of Wagner's dramatic music, it has been said: "So close is the union of the poem and the music that in case of doubt as to the purport of the poem, the leading motives will throw light on it." Of the symbolism of Ibsen it may be said—so close is the union between symbol and meaning that in case of doubt the symbol will throw light on the meaning.

The test is easily made. If one takes an unfamiliar play of Ibsen's and reads it for the meaning, he will perhaps find himself puzzled, baffled, defeated. He may be unable to set forth the meaning in definite terms—and not only after one reading, but after two, or three, or four. If, however, he turns to the climax of the play and notes the symbol, the meaning of the play lies in his hand. He has only to apply the symbol in detail. As he applies it, the meaning constantly opens out, widens before him. New phases of it haunt the imagination. He is able to see much and far, not because he sees vaguely, but because he sees truly. Of the play of the "Master Builder," Mr. Payne says, "When we come to ask what is the problem, what the type that the author has sought to portray, we are somewhat puzzled about our answer. It is, as far as the leading character is concerned, a study in morbid psychology. But the type is highly complex, and does not readily lend itself to definition. . . . The 'Master Builder' is no doubt one of the

most puzzling plays that Ibsen has written."

M. Faguet, in an article written to disprove Georg Brandes's statement that there "is not a symbol in the whole of Ibsen," exclaims, "I should like to know the meaning of the house of a hundred stories built by Solness, the builder, from which he falls and breaks his neck. Is it not an image representative of his excessive ambition, of his aspirations toward an ideal that cannot be realized? Otherwise, wherefore the house?" As a matter of fact, the house that Solness built was not a hundred stories high. It was only the dwelling built for himself and his wife, from the tower of which he falls and is taken up dead. But if the house is regarded as a symbol, the meaning of the play as a whole is no clearer than before. Say that it represents Solness's excessive ambitions—is the *evil* of excessive ambition, then, the theme of Ibsen's play? And what part does "Little Hilda" play, who incites him to the last ambition of all? She is, surely, a lovable vision. Does Ibsen mean to present her as an evil influence? And Aline, the pale, shadowy wife, caring only for the things that were burned in the old house, the old portraits and the "silk dresses that had belonged to the family for generations and generations" and the lace and the jewels, "And then all the dolls. . . . I had nine lovely dolls,"—is she, the wife, who tries to hold Solness back from his rash act, the real heroine of the piece—with laces and jewels and dolls?

Mr. Payne is puzzled as to the problem of the "Master Builder," because it has not occurred to him to read it through a symbol; and M. Faguet, in-

sisting that there are hints of symbolic intent in the play, hits upon the house of a "hundred stories" to prove his point. But both leave the meaning as puzzling, as confused as before.

If one seeks, however, the moment of decision, the climax of the play, he finds it when Solness takes the wreath in his hand to mount the tower. The younger generation whisper that he will not dare. His wife has begged him not to do it. His physician has warned him. Only Hilda, "Little Hilda," has said to him passionately, "I will have you do it! I will have it! (imploringly). Just once more, Master Builder! Do the *impossible* once again!" The moment of decision when he obeys her is the climax of the play. The climbing of the tower is the symbol. In this play, as in one or two others, the symbol is not an object but an act.

Throwing the light of the symbol upon the play, every detail of the meaning is etched. Solness is of the old order. He no longer advances. He has no longer the spirit of daring. He fears "the new generation" that is crowding upon him. He keeps them back. Ragnar, at his uncongenial office work, is the new order who will some day supplant him. Meantime he, the Master Builder, lives with fear in his heart. Then Hilda, the Spirit of Daring, of creative, vital courage, comes to him out of the past.

She recalls to him that he had sworn to build for her a kingdom. She demands it of him, "on the table," with a pretty imperious rap of her knuckles. She inspires him. He forgets fear, the timorousness that belongs to the old, he forgets that he has not dared for years. He will climb to the top as he climbed that other morning to the top of the church spire where he stood face to face with God and defied him—"Hear me now, thou mighty one! From this day forward I will be a free builder—I too, in my sphere—just as thou in thine. I will never build any more churches for thee—only homes for

human beings." Once more he will stand beside his maker—"Hear me, Mighty Lord—Thou may'st judge me as seems best to thee. But hereafter I will build nothing but the loveliest thing in the world."

"Put not old wine into new bottles lest they burst and the wine be spilled." The old order cannot advance. It will not allow the new to supplant it. It "*cannot*." It "*dare not*." It can only hold its place, persistently, stubbornly, till, inspired by the memory of former deeds, it dares once more. The feeble flame flickers, flares high in the empty socket, and goes out forever.

One may press the symbol close: back into the farthest recesses of the play, it fits at every point. Without courage, without the creative spirit, children may not be born. The empty nurseries are swept and clean. The men of the new order who are to support him will never be those of his own kin. That joy belongs only to men of vital force. But the women all serve him—the Past—each in her own way. Aline, the conservative wife, in the path of what she calls duty, holds him back at every point—a true woman, with her dolls and laces and hats. Kaia and Hilda, although of the "new generation," serve him, Kaia in practical things and Hilda with courage and sympathy. The men of the Future must look to the Future for help. Their womenkind will cling to the Past and serve it, and inspire it, and urge it to repeat itself; and when it fails and falls, Aline will mourn for it, and Hilda worship.

It is not the tone of a woman-hater. Ibsen neither hates nor loves. He looks with clear eyes and sees. The relation of woman to the social problem is a vital one. More and more this seems to have been borne in upon him. In "Ghosts" and "A Doll's House," she is more or less a passive sufferer. But with "Rebecca West," she takes her place as a positive force in the social order, in the inevitable story—the struggle between old and new. In "Hedda Gabler" she works

upon the destiny of the poet, and in the "Master Builder" on that of the man of affairs.

So far is the play from being a tract against excessive ambition, that its clear meaning is: Life must be lived with courage, climbing, risks, else there is no happiness, no home, no true success, no future. Solness's success is built upon the past and upon the ruins of the past. It came, almost by lucky accident, in the destruction of the old house; and as it came, so it may go; there is no life in it, no vital force that can withstand the blow.

The symbol of the climbing of Solness is not a mere empty act, performed through vainglory for the admiring crowd. It is a symbol of the sublime act by which the builder at last, the plan conceived and carried out to its last detail, stands at the summit of success, face to face with his maker and demands of him a token. He has made himself equal with God. Hereafter he will build only homes for human beings. But, as he confides to Hilda, "building homes for human beings is not worth six-pence, Hilda." It is "God's turn now." The spirit of daring pleads with him, "Do the *impossible* once again."

The soul of the builder confronts his maker. He has built churches in which men might worship God, and he has seen that they are as naught. He has built homes, happy homes for human beings; and they are not worth sixpence. Now, at last, he will build for beauty. With this new vision the old generation passes away. When a generation dares, swings out into the unknown, its destruction is written. Already the Future, the spirit of the Future, has overtaken it. The King is dead. Long live the King. Generations come and go, but the spirit is eternal. The new generation stands by, ready to take up the work. It is but slenderly equipped; Ragnar has only his handful of drawings, Hilda "the clothes she stands in"; but within them is a mighty force.

It is the fashion to speak of Ibsen as a pessimist. There is an air of almost patronizing aloofness that sets his plays one side. "They are dangerous. They are depressing. They are morbid. There is no hope in them." If the interest centres in the chief character of the play, if it demands that a story "turn out well," some such criticism is inevitable. Solness falls from his tower. Nora leaves her home. "(From below is heard the reverberation of a heavy door closing)." It shuts out hope, Oswald mumbles, "a helpless idiot. in his chair." Hedwig sacrifices her maimed life. One can go through the list. It is all gloom—if, one demand that the play shall turn out well.

But in each of the plays a note of hope rings—faint and clear, like a silver bell. And the note of hope, like the note of tragedy, has its symbol. This symbol, like the main symbol of the play, is closely wrought with character and plot. It is introduced early in the play, usually after the main symbol, and it runs through to the end—past the main symbol, that is. Sometimes it is definitely presented in the last words of the play, as in "A Doll's House"—"the miracle of miracles"; in Oswald's toneless murmur—"The sun—the sun"; in Little Eyolf's "Upward—toward the peaks—toward the stars, toward the great silence"; and in Hilda's "My, my Master Builder"—at last he is hers. He was hers in the beginning of his career. He has missed her and yearned for her as she has missed and longed for him—though she *could not* come to him till he called her in his heart. But, through all his building, she has been waiting for him and now at last she has claimed him. The note is that of optimism. Throughout "The Doll's House," Nora refers, now and again, to a miracle that threatens. Torwald will take upon himself her suffering. "The miracle shall not be," she declares. The moment for the miracle strikes. The drapery falls from the god. He stands revealed—a

sanctimonious prig. He has no power to save or to heal. But the note is not one of despair, only again the little ringing challenge to the future—"Oh, Torwald, then the miracle of miracles would have to happen." The play does not end with the closing of the door behind her. There is a peephole into the future—"the miracle of miracles." Did any reader ever lay down the book with the sense that the play is finished? The imagination follows Nora out into the world, it returns to Torwald, seated with stiff, paralyzed legs among the ruins of his doll's house. The play will never be finished so long as there are readers. Each day some new soul opens the book and lays it away—unfinished. "Forever wilt thou love and she be fair . . . happy melodist, unwearied, forever piping songs forever new."

The main symbol in an Ibsen play is retrospective. It throws light back upon the play and upon what has taken place before the play opens. The double symbol that accompanies it may be called the prospective symbol. Throughout the play it looks forward to what is to come and, at the end, its light still shines upon the path ahead. The play of "Ghosts" has the two symbols cunningly interwoven. The hospital, which is to cure disease, to stand, a whitewashed monument, to wrongdoing, which is to prove to the world forever that out of evil good may come, is consumed with fire. Over against it, from end to end of the play, stands another symbol—the sun, source of light and life, wholesome, health-giving. When the play opens one catches, "through a glass-wall a glimpse of a gloomy fiord-landscape, veiled by steady rain." It is a gray world the Alvings live in. Oswald's plaint is, again and again, of the grayness of life. He longs for the clear sunlight. It is his last faint call out of the recesses of idiocy—"Give me the sun, mother, the sun." The far-ringing little bell is struck. It will not down. What the future holds, what hope there is, Ibsen

may not be able to say—he may not choose to say. But the future is there. Over it shines the health-giving sun and out of it may come the miracle of miracles.

In "Little Eyolf" it is out of the great silence that Allmers comes. It was there that he had gone, after his sin, to escape the sight of the great eyes and the sound of the crutch. Rita: "Then that was why you went away this summer?" Allmers (with shining eyes): "Yes! I went up into the infinite solitudes. I saw the sunrise gleaming on the mountain peaks. I felt myself nearer the stars—I seemed to be almost in sympathy and communion with them. And then I found the strength for it." Out of the solitude, among the mountain peaks, he has learned the secret of living. He will no longer evade responsibility—the eyes shall be always with him, and the crutch. "I want henceforth to be father to Eyolf. . . . I will try to perfect all the rich possibilities that are dawning in his childish soul. I will foster all the noble germs in his nature—make them blossom and bear fruit." He will devote his life to making good the "injury that is incurable." When at last the boy is taken from him, lured out to sea by the Rat-Wife, he looks out over the fiord, demanding of Asta, "Where is my little Eyolf now? (Smiling sadly to her.) Can you tell me that—my big, wise Eyolf? No one in all the world can tell me that. I know only this one terrible thing—that he is gone from me." This maimed soul, that he had vowed his life to, has been taken from him, out into the great sea, and he sits lonely by the fiord. "I like best to be alone."

The play is full of haunting symbolism that follows one—as the rats followed the rat-wife. Allmers has left the woman who could have been his soul's mate, not recognizing her. She is his innocence, the higher nature with whom he might have lived forever, had he not been blind. He is won away from her by Rita,

with her gold and her green forests, filling the senses to the brim. Out of this marriage is born little Eyolf, a new soul, the compensation granted by the law of change. But this Eyolf, too, is unrecognized. There is no intentional wrong-doing—merely neglect, a turning away, a giving oneself up to the delights of the body, to the enjoyment of his gold and green forests, and forgetting the responsibility for the soul—the soul entrusted to them together—to the body and the spirit; and while they take their delight together the soul is crippled forever. Then remorse follows them, gnawing always—little Eyolf with his tapping crutch and haunting eyes. He joins them to the host of those who “cannot keep soul and body together on account of the rats and all the little rat-children, you understand, young master.” Rita cannot bear to look at “his evil eyes.” They follow her, as they follow Allmers. He is driven into the wilderness by them. She is driven to hatred of the child. But when Allmers returns from his journey, light has come to him. He has grown weary of the life of the senses—Rita’s allurements have no power over him. He will devote his whole life to the child. He will make good, so far as he may, his terrible mistake. Little Eyolf longs always for the unattainable—to run and play like other boys, to swim and jump, to be a soldier, some day. Allmers will teach him to be content with what life still holds for him. He will nourish the crippled child and make of him a happy human being.

Then comes the Rat-Wife, the beneficent law of change, who takes away all the gnawing things, who with the help of “Mopseman” keeps sweet the earth,—for all things follow her, out to the depths of the sea. Asta has seen her on the road, where the road-maker is at work—the road-maker who is to carry her away over the great sea; Allmers, in the mountains, has seen the face of the Rat-Wife; and now little Eyolf, too,

sees her and slips away to follow her. He, the little gnawing thing, the remorse of Allmers’s life, is drowned in the depths of the fiord. Then only, when remorse has been taken from him, does the man recognize what it has meant. He and Rita face each other with bitter accusation. Better, far better, the haunting eyes than this lonely separation of soul and body. But the law of change has taken the child, leaving empty loneliness. Allmers says farewell to them both—to Asta, his soul’s mate, the ideal that haunted his way and that he forsook for the joys of life, and to little Eyolf, the sweet child of remorse—when Asta brings to him the lilies, that “spring up from the depths of the fiord”—where it sweeps out to the sea.

Once more soul and body confront each other—earth-bound, alone. The soul longs to rush away into the solitude, to seek there “the peace and luxury of death.” But the body holds it. Here it must work out salvation—here where it has sinned, with its gold and its green forests. The body, too, has yielded at last to the law of change. Together they will live the life that is appointed. Here “they will make peace with the great open eyes”—not by writing some learned book on “Human Responsibility,” but by taking up the responsibilities that touch them and crowd upon them—the neglected children, the Eyolfs of the street who have cried up to them, “The crutch is floating—the crutch is floating.” “Then perhaps they will be around us—those whom we have lost—our little Eyolf and your big Eyolf, too. . . . Now and then perhaps we may still—on the way through life—have, as it were, a glimpse of them.”

One cannot put the allegory into words. As well take a flower from the wayside—pistil and stamen and petal—and tear it apart, saying here is the heart of the blossom, this is what it meant when it sprang from the ground and hung swaying in the wind, a tremulous thing. The meaning hangs imprisoned in the symbol,

swaying to the lightest breath, shaking out its perfume.

VIII

IBSEN'S MESSAGE: COMPLETION OF THE RESURRECTION GROUP

After "Brand" and "Peer Gynt," Ibsen had abandoned the field of romance. For reasons that will be touched upon later, he could not remain an idealist. He had tried his hand at prose, in "The Young Men's League," and failed signally—not only did it displease his countrymen; it failed to satisfy his own artistic sense. After ten years of waiting, during which he completed and revised "Emperor and Gallilean"—which is neither of the old order nor the new,—he published "Pillars of Society"; and after this, every other year for twenty years, he produced a prose drama of similar order. These ten plays have a special import, both in Ibsen's artistic career and in his spiritual development. Up to this time he had devoted himself to romance—the Truth as it is visioned in the Ideal. Now he turned himself rigorously to the Real. Henceforth he would worship only Truth. He had bitter things to say.

In "Pillars of Society" he shows society as it exists, hampered by convention and deceit. "The Indian Girl," unseaworthy and dangerous, is Bernick—the symbol of all society, seeking to cover up its defects and present a fair showing to the world under the plausible excuse that it is for the good of the whole. Bernick, in the end, comes to see his danger and confesses himself. "Gather close around me, ye true and faithful women," he says at the last; "I have learned this in these days, it is you women who are the Pillars of Society." "Then you have learned poor wisdom, brother-in-law," responds Lona. "No, no, the spirits of Truth and Freedom—these are the 'Pillars of Society.'"

The last words of the play—Truth and Freedom, and the part the

woman is to play, in connection with them, in the emancipation of society—these are the first words of the new message.

Nora Helmer, in "A Doll's House," and Oswald in "Ghosts," are only fresh illustrations of the theme of "Pillars of Society." A rotten society that seeks to cover up rather than to tear away and expose to the light of the sun will produce women like Nora with her hidden wound and melancholy dance, and sons like Oswald, sin-consumed and desperate. And they, in turn, are society itself. Society is a restless, flitting thing. It hides its wound, as best it can, and dances with smiling face. It is consumed with the sins of the past. It has no strength left for the sins that it would sin itself.

Norwegian society did not like the countenance revealed in the mirror held up to Nature. It turned upon Ibsen with fury. He retorted in an "Enemy of the People." He showed them as choosing rather to drink the polluted waters of the Baths of Convention than to cleanse them at the cost of money and convenience involved. They would stone the man who pointed out to them their faults and their danger. They would not correct the faults. The "Wild Duck" is Hedvig, the Eckdel family, Society under the bonds of convention and deceit. Relling, who tries to make her contented with her lot, surrounding her in her attic with fusty Christmas trees and "life-lies," is her worst enemy. Gregers, the faithful dog plunging to rescue her from the depths of the ocean and only wounding her the more, is her natural foe. But better, far better, Gregers tearing away shams and conventions, exposing, even injuring, the naked flesh beneath, than Relling, the false idealist, the pretender, who would justify the life of deceit, glorify it, till it appears, to sun-darkened eyes, the very semblance of Nature's self—till the stir of prisoned wings beating the air of the dusty attic shall seem the wind of Heaven.

"The Wild Duck" has a special interest, aside from the part it plays in the general development of Ibsen's thought, in that it is the play in which he has drawn himself in the character in which he is, for himself, permanently to remain. Gregers, the idealist turned practical, is Ibsen, the poet—turned prose writer and reformer—who "sits and dips his fingers in the purling stream—to wash them clean—gnawed and tortured by the thought that never, never will he succeed. Never in all eternity will he attain to freedom and the new life. He will remain forever prisoned in hell." Gregers knows his destiny—"to be always the thirteenth at table." He will never succeed. He has left the wild, free country where he has lived, isolated from real men and women, interested only in his dreams and in "the claims of the ideal." He has brought these claims into the life of the real world and forced them upon men and women. They are hopelessly muddled by his efforts to save them. They cannot understand what he is talking about. But they can no longer be contented as they were. He cannot explain to them, if they cannot understand; and he cannot return to his solitude and his dreams. He can never be a poet again; and as a prose preacher he only makes himself and every one else uncomfortable. He is destined to be forever thirteenth at table—an unwelcome guest, himself wretched.

With "The Wild Duck" Ibsen has said his last word upon the society of his own time—its weakness, its pollution, its cowardice, and its blindness. The plays that follow may apply to his own time and country, but they apply equally to society in all times and in every place. The scene is still laid in Norway, but the problems are those of all human nature. The chief of these problems is not a new one in Ibsen's thought. He has treated it at length in "Emperor and Gallilean"; namely, the intimate relation of Past and Present—the inexorable hand of the Past ever pressing upon the Present, the fierce

iconoclasm of the Present toward all that has preceded it. In "Rosmersholm" the theme is opened up. The White Horses of superstition haunt the life of Rosmersholm. Rebecca and Rosmer would live in the light of freedom and truth, but the hand of the dead woman passes between them. The Present, however pure its motive and aim, cannot shake off the Past. The conventions of the past hold us. We must make our peace with them. Freedom and truth will prevail at last, but not till many brave and daring souls have surrendered themselves voluntarily to the gods of the past. The conscience that we carry is not our own. It comes to us out of another life—often sick and feeble—but we must obey its voice for a while; for we ourselves are not our own. We, too, have come out of the past, bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh. We may not tear ourselves too hastily asunder lest life itself be endangered.

Ibsen recurs to this theme again in the "Master Builder" and yet again in "John Gabriel Borkman." It seems to have fascinated him—Past and Present can never live at peace, nor yet can they live apart—the struggle and the onward push of life over dead bodies—"the mixture of the two is a marvel and a curse," but for the most part a marvel. Throughout the plays one who reads beneath the surface finds tonic words. Life presses on, seemingly heartless and cruel, but the struggle is beautiful, could one but see it, and it makes ever toward free, full life. One must dare struggle, must dare even to join hands and be swept over the mill-dam, out to the flowing sea, if the struggle demands it.

"The Lady from the Sea" stands in significant relation to Ibsen's work as a whole. It is the last play of the great "group." In it he gives the final word of his message as a whole. The plays that follow—"Hedda Gabler," "The Master Builder," "Little Eyolf," and "John Gabriel Borkman"—are isolated plays, each treating of some phase of life that he has treated before. Up to "The

Lady from the Sea," that is, Ibsen's work is progressive. Each new play, whether in poetry or prose, has, up to this time, sounded a new note in the message. From this time on, the plays only repeat and elaborate what has already been said. So far as the message is concerned, Ibsen's work stands complete with "The Lady from the Sea." The plays that follow he himself has named "portrait plays." They are rich in meaning, but the structure of his life work is complete without them. As a poet he had revealed Love—the beauty and ideality of life—the spiritual truth that only love and idealism can inspire. With his poetry this note ceases and he sets forth in his prose plays the evils of actual life, the sickness and foulness and desperate case of society and the hopelessness of health coming to it from without. Society will not listen, and even would it listen, the result would be only bewilderment and confusion. The remedy, if it is to come, must come from within. Human nature is rotting under convention and sham, but only from within can come the healing life that is to slough off the old and create for it a new body. Nor is the Past all evil. Present and Past must join hands in guarding the precious Life that is to come—that is to go on forever. Each must voluntarily sacrifice something of itself—for the Future.

"The Lady from the Sea" is the final word, most hopeful of all, and beautiful, as the play itself is beautiful. The Lady is the human soul, belonging by nature to the wide, free life of the Sea, belonging to elemental, primal things, who has "wandered in from the Sea and cannot find her way out again. And so she lies dying in the brackish waters"—of social convention. She longs always to return to free, open life. The Sea calls her as the solitude calls Allmers—but she is not a mermaid—a Thing. She is a free human being, with the power of choice. Only through free choice does the Soul find itself. The Sea calls, but the human soul is stronger

than the Sea. The old, primal, isolated joys of being are sweet, but there is a greater joy for the Soul—a life in which by deliberate choice it shall "find itself," among other souls—one in the great sea of Humanity. It is only for a time that society shall be an evil, soiled thing. For the Spirit that works through all things—through sea and earth and the human soul—shall work out at last the salvation of that soul and of society itself. But first there must come Two—making ready the way—Truth and Freedom.

IX

PORTRAIT PLAYS

The four plays that follow the great group are "portrait plays" in many senses. They are, on the surface, portraits of Norwegian society. It is in this sense that Ibsen refers to them under the cover of "portrait busts." But underneath them is "something equivocal, something cryptic." They are portraits of the human soul in its degradation and its possibilities. In "Hedda Gabler" it is the Poet-nature of the soul that is studied. Lövborg, the poet—the spiritual side of human nature,—can only come to fullest realization of himself through love. The intellect tempts him away. She fascinates him. She stimulates him to wild frenzy, but she cannot inspire him. The body tempts him to passion and debauchery, and he yields to her, too. Between the Intellect and the Body—Hedda and Diana—he is destroyed body and soul. Only the torn fragments of his early vision are left. And out of these Thea sits trying to piece together something that may yet stand for the Poet's soul. The message of the play came out of Ibsen's own life. It is the first sound of a cry that is repeated, bitterly, in "When We Dead Awaken."

The symbol of the play has many phases. The manuscript is Lövborg's soul. And he, in turn, may be the poet-side of humanity, muti-

lated and destroyed by the fierce touch of Intellect and degraded by Passion. Or the play may be a picture of Society bent, as it were, upon destroying that which is most precious in it, with only Love, meek-voiced and fluttering, holding it to its own true self. It may be a vivid presentation of Woman and the part she must bear in the regeneration of society. Man's destiny—the destiny of society—depends upon her. He will do whatever she decides. She may incite him, like Hedda, to wild daring, or degrade him, with Diana, or inspire him by love, to give the best of himself to the world. What she chooses for him to do, will be done. For man is like a child in her hands.

Whichever meaning one selects and follows out through the details of the symbol, he will find that the other meanings do not conflict with it. They only form a medium about it—an atmosphere. They lend it color and tone. Through all the meanings one central norm remains—the soul of the poet, a sensitive responsive thing, in contact with circumstance, hard and unyielding and destructive.

The "Master Builder" and "Little Evolf" have been discussed in Chapter VII, in connection with the relation of the symbol to the meaning of the play. In both plays, there is portrayed the falling away of a soul from its first quick aspiration, an acceptance of low ideals in place of high, and an awakening, at last, to a sense of failure. Solness, who once built with daring in his heart, has become a comfortable prosperous coward; but, at the last, he dares once more. Allmers, who planned, with Asta's help, a wonderful life-work, falls away, neglecting the joys of the spirit for those of the body; but, at the last, he, too, faces the future, willing in his heart to go on. Both plays render an account of a soul worsted in the encounter with life and both end with a return to the ideal of an earlier time. The lesson speaks out of Ibsen's own life. He reads it to us from the pages that

his fingers have turned, even now. We can trust him to the end to tell us clearly the lesson he finds, whether delight in the soul's new life, or un-availing regret for a soul lost.

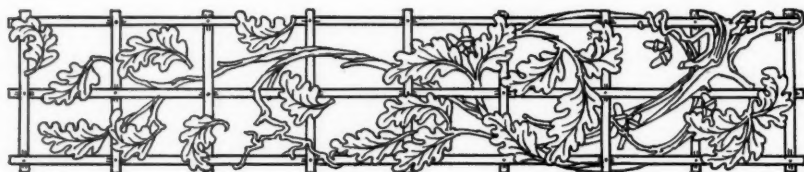
Twin sisters, Ella Rentheim and Gunhild, fought for the possession of John Gabriel Borkman in his youth; and Gunhild, the one of hard, worldly wisdom, conquered—because he must have money, and money would come to him through her. Money came, and success, but his ambition outran every achievement and led him at last to bankruptcy and theft and prison, where he remained five years. When the play opens, he has returned to his home; he passes his days in an upper gallery, pacing back and forth like a sick wolf. His wife, who has had no communication with him since his disgrace, sits in the room below, brooding on her injuries and planning how they may be avenged in the life of her son. The boy had been sent away from home at the time of his father's imprisonment, to his aunt, Ella Rentheim, who thus had the care of him up to his fifteenth year. Since that time, for eight years, he has lived at home—though he spends much of his time at his rooms in town. The gloom and restraints of his home irritate him. Everything there looks toward the Past and its failures. He belongs to the Present and to the Future. He is secretly planning to go away—escape from it all. His elopement, towards which the action of the play moves, is its symbol.

Again the struggle between Past and Present—but this time with something of the pathos of the struggle. The Present will escape. Even now it is planning a way. The sledge with the silver bells is ready. The charming comrade waits for him, and little Frida. The future stretches before them, a shining track. The reader is glad that he is to go—wishes him God speed on the journey. He belongs to his own. Let him go with them. But the heart stays with those that are left behind—shadows, all of them—Borkman and Ella Ren-

them, facing each other through dim candlelight in the upper gallery, reproaching each other, out of the shadows; standing together, at last, out on the open terrace, looking back over the dreamland of life—the land that lies buried in snow behind them. There are the steamships and factories—humming below, “working night and day.” He can hear the sound of wheels—all the

wealth he has created—the metal down in the mines that he longed to set free and that he still “loves, loves, loves.” The pathos of his cry comes to one. It is a bitter fate to have outlived one’s dream, whether of ambition, or ideals, or of cold, hard success—to be only a shadow groping in the cold that soon will clutch the heart and still it forever.

(To be Continued)



PREHISTORIC MAN IN NEBRASKA: A Postscript *

THE following postscript to Professor Barbour's paper was received too late to be added to the article itself. Room is made for it here, because of the striking theory advanced as to the time and manner in which the older of the remains unearthed by Mr. Gilder were deposited where he found them. It may be mentioned, in this connection, that, immediately on hearing of the discovery of these primitive human remains, Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn of Columbia University, the newly chosen head of the Smithsonian Institution, made a flying trip to Nebraska to examine them, and has since prepared for publication elsewhere a paper embodying his observations and deductions.—THE EDITORS.

After writing earlier in the month of Mr. Gilder's important find, I visited the mound on November 8th with the discoverer himself, and began critical investigation. The trenches were broadened and deepened, important data secured, and a number of widely scattered and unrelated bones and bone fragments of interest and of high instructional value were excavated.

The hill on which the indistinct mound is situated faces the Missouri River, and rises just two hundred feet above water level, as measured on this occasion by a surveying aneroid. The base of the hill is dark carboniferous shale, upon which rests fifteen to twenty feet of glacial

clay containing occasional boulders, mostly of Sioux quartzite, and upon the glacial drift rises just one hundred and fifty feet of homogeneous bright buff loess, such as is conspicuous in and around Omaha and Council Bluffs.

The hill is conical and steep, and is covered with young trees six to eight inches in diameter; and on its very summit the trained eye can see indications of a circular mound about twenty feet in diameter. That there is a deeper and older burial-ground at this spot, overlaid by a shallower and more recent one, is purely accidental. The older one antedates the hill itself, while the later one is subsequent to the hill, and its loca-

* See page 413.

tion was determined by the summit being an attractive site for the burial of the dead.

Our method of excavating was as follows: Three spots were chosen, one to the north, one to the south, and one to the east, each about seven feet from the centre of the mound. All surface material was carefully removed, and three wide shafts were sunk to a depth of eight feet. This made a clean section through soil and subsoil. Each shovelful of earth was scrutinized, and each and every bone fragment carefully preserved, and with them large samples of the loess matrix. Wherever possible a block of the matrix was preserved with the bone fragment still in its natural position. In each shaft, as well as in the deep trenches between, interesting bone fragments were found from the three-foot level down to eight feet, all of them being human, and in undisturbed loess. Along with the fragmentary and water-worn bits of ribs, limb bones, jaw bones, foot bones, skulls, and vertebrae, were small loess concretions, several bits of *Anodonta* shell, and well preserved *Polygyra* and *Succinea*, well-known loess fossils.

Just as surely as there are loess fossils, so surely do these fragments seem to be human fossils.

The upper two and a half feet of the mound is just such a mixture of black soil and buff subsoil as would

naturally result from digging and burying. It is loess which has been disturbed. In this superficial layer were the three skulls of a later type, previously referred to, and adjoining them were numerous bones. Below this layer comes clearly defined bright buff undisturbed original loess, with its characteristic lithological structure, its lime nodules and shells: and through it, to a carefully measured depth of seven and one-half feet, are scattered bits of human bone, as already mentioned. Here were found the five primitive skulls, each one being more or less fragmentary.

From the geologist's standpoint, there is scarcely a possibility that these bone fragments were ever buried by human hands. Instead, the bones were doubtless deposited with the loess, the age of which may be safely reckoned at ten thousand to twenty thousand years or more, and are as ancient as that formation. The arguments substantiating this view, which have been offered here in a general way, will be presented in detail at the proper time and in the proper place.

As a fitting appellation, the name "Nebraska Loess Man" is proposed for this ancient type. Severely critical and impartial examinations, made again on November 16th, were completely confirmatory of the above, and there need be no hesitancy in pronouncing this Glacial or Loess Man.



BIOGRAPHY, REMINISCENCE, AND LETTERS

Reviewed by JEANNETTE L. GILDER

I

A DISAPPOINTED DIPLOMAT

THERE could hardly be a greater contrast between two books built on somewhat the same lines than is to be found in the "Reminiscences of Lady Dorothy Nevill"* and the "Personal and Literary Letters of Robert, First Earl of Lytton,"* edited by his daughter, Lady Betty Balfour. Lord Lytton was a victim of ungratified hopes. He wanted to be a poet and because of circumstances he was forced to be a diplomat. Poetry did not pay and diplomacy did; not at first, perhaps, but ultimately. It was at least a career, and the writing of verse was not. Lord Lytton's poetry was popular—where could one find a novel more popular than his "Lucille"? and his shorter verse was very much liked, too; but he could not lay aside the despatch box long enough to write. The disappointment of this you see in most of his letters. Those given in these volumes are selected from the great mass of his private correspondence, with the object, first, of "setting forth as truthfully and vividly as possible the human personality of the writer, his thoughts, feelings, opinions, and outlook on the world; and, secondly, of illustrating his poetical and literary work." The more intimate of the letters are written to authors, John Forster and the Brownings, and in them it is easy to see that literature interested him much more than affairs of state.

During the four years of his Indian viceroyalty, his daughter tells us, the interest and overwhelming amount

of his official work wholly absorbed him, and for the time literature was put aside. But, with this exception, there was no other period when he would have regarded his public work as the most engrossing or the most serious occupation of his life. He pursued his profession from a sense of duty and as a means of livelihood, but the work which called forth his best energies, his deepest enthusiasm, and his finest intellectual capacities, was, from boyhood upwards, that of poetical composition.

It is curious that a man whose tastes were all for literature should not have cared for university education. "He had no ambition for academic distinction, no inclination for a university course." So, when his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer, who in 1850-52 represented his country at Washington, asked the young man to join him as an unpaid *attaché*, he accepted. His father's consent was somewhat reluctantly given, and in October, 1850, before he had quite reached his nineteenth birthday, he sailed for the new world. He was destined never again to live in his own country, except for a few holiday months, until he reached the age of fifty. In his early youth he signed himself Edward Bulwer Lytton, but his father, finding it inconvenient that his own and his son's signature should be the same, desired that "Teddy" should be called by his second name, "Robert."

Did I tell you I am to be called Robert? [he wrote to Dr. Perry.] Vile name. The only people I recollect of the name of Robert are Robert Peel (traitor!), Robert Walpole (horrid old fox!), Robert the Devil (I dare say the greatest gentleman of the three).

* Longmans.

At the time he came to Washington young Robert was something of a dandy, dressed rather eccentrically, with abundant velvet cuffs and collars and shiny boots; but even at that early age he was witty and original, and a most amusing and charming companion. While in America young Robert fell in love with a girl who did not return his affection. His uncle's method of consolation was to assure him that he had known many a man regret having married his first love, but had never known one regret that he had not done so.

All this time in America young Lytton had no salary, but his father allowed him £80 a year, which he supplemented by gifts from time to time, but even this did not cover his expenses, and he had to run up bills for gloves and boots and other necessities of apparel. For a youngster Robert Lytton was a clever observer. He writes to John Forster:

What a nice fellow Longfellow seems. People here talk more of his wife than they do of him. The women are the oligarchy of this country, they carry everything their own way; the cleverest fellow is only the husband of the charming Mrs. So-and-so.

From America young Lytton went to Italy, and there he fell in with the Brownings. When he arrived at Florence he presented himself at the Casa Guido with an introduction from John Forster. Browning was kind to the young poet, and wrote him letters of criticism and encouragement.

After the publication of "Lucille"—which poem, by the way, Lord Lytton lived to regret, though it really was the one which made his fame—Browning wrote to him:

The end is—if you don't make a poet, you will have murdered a real specimen of that same. I wish also your men were stronger; is it in nature to truly say every now and then to a woman, "Had you held out a hand to me then, I should have been saved, whereas, etc., etc.?" Did ever man or woman really save so strong a man? It

seems to me like the point in cockney horsemanship of pulling your horse up by the curb when he stumbles—it being still doubtful to me whether your curb does it or the brute's resolution and resource.

Then Mrs. Browning wrote to him about the poem, which one in reading between the lines can see that she did not altogether admire. She tells him frankly that she does not like the form:

It seems to me a mistake altogether, nor do I think you have altogether made the best of it. When one winds such silk one should be careful not to tangle it, because that adds a sort of irritation to the sense of monotony. See how impertinent I have courage to be. But your poem can bear it.

Lytton was glad to find that Browning shared his feelings for the Northern side during the Civil War. In a letter to John Forster he says:

I cordially wish well to the North in the first effort it has yet made to shake off the slough of moral dirt in which it has been so long wallowing, and think of something nobler than the almighty dollar. The Yankees are now paying, I think, a heavy but not an unjust price for a bad past.

While an *attaché* in Paris young Lytton paid his respects to Lamartine:

He and his fine busts received me with great dignity and grace; there was nobody else present but Mme. Lamartine, the cat, and a niece of the poet. Of the females the cat was the most attractive—a remarkably fine Angora. Lamartine himself is charming. There is great dignity and great sweetness, and no affectation in his manner. He reminded me both in appearance, and what Dickens calls deportment, of old Clay, the American statesman.

Lamartine tells me that he gets up at 4 o'clock in the morning and goes to bed at 10 in the evening. "Many authors," said he, "require the excitement of the day—dinner—and conversation, etc., before writing. Byron did; but I, unfortunately for myself, have so much excitement in myself that what I require

is only to calm and moderate it. Sleep is the best calmant. This is why I write in the morning." He appears to have vanity, but no affectation. He exacts homage, but receives it like a great gentleman.

A very interesting book this, and a very interesting man Lord Lytton, and one who notwithstanding his distinction as a diplomat earns our sympathy because of his ungratified ambition in other directions.

II

A SPRIGHTLY OLD LADY

Lady Dorothy Nevill, who was a contemporary of Lord Lytton's, and who is still living,* had no bitterness in her soul, for she found life just what she wanted it to be—a most interesting and entertaining condition. Her ambitions were modest and therefore easily gratified. She had hosts of friends in the past and present generations.

Lady Dorothy was born at No. 11 Berkeley Square, London, the house in which Horace Walpole lived and died. This started her out into life with a certain taste for literature which she cultivated by her friendships with eminent writers. Of course she knew Thackeray and Dickens. One day at a dinner where the former was a guest she was placed next to a Mr. Venables whom she met for the first time that evening.

He seemed a pleasant man and we were soon engaged in an agreeable conversation, which eventually turned upon the great satirist sitting some little distance away, with whom I observed my neighbor appeared to be well acquainted. Thinking that this was a good opportunity of clearing up a point about which at that time I was completely ignorant, I asked him: "Perhaps you can tell me whether the malformation of Mr. Thackeray's nose is natural or the result of an accident?" To my great surprise, Mr. Venables seemed much upset by my question, stammering out:

"It was injured in an accident at school." I could not understand his confusion, but, asking someone its reason after dinner, fully realized what an unfortunate question I had asked, when I learnt that it was Mr. Venables who, as a boy at school, had broken Thackeray's nose in a fight.

In society Thackeray was not nearly such a brilliant talker as Charles Lever, who was the life and soul of any party—joyous, good humored, and unrestrained. Thackeray, on the other hand, was inclined to be satiric and severe. On one occasion I recollect his administering a terrible verbal castigation to an unfortunate individual who had incurred his displeasure, and ever after I was afraid of him.

Dickens she knew more intimately than she did Thackeray. He dined with her only a short time before his death, and he "simply bubbled over with fun and conversation." She adds:

He laughed and chaffed, telling me, I remember, that he had a great scheme for writing a cookery book, and I believe the poor man really meant it; but, alas, his death, which occurred shortly after, prevented the realization of the idea.

Samuel Rogers, the banker poet, Lady Dorothy remembers as "sitting crumpled up, as it were, in his chair, a little wizened figure, dressed in a blue coat and nankeen waistcoat." She remembers, too, Lady Blessington driving about London in a barouche:

She used to wear a sort of turban-like head-dress, with her face more or less enveloped in a scarf; to me it gave the impression of one suffering from toothache. She was then, as far as I recollect, far from retaining many traces of that beauty which she had formerly possessed. I also recollect Count D'Orsay, whom I used to meet later on than this at "Dizzy's." He was, indeed, a splendid figure, every part of his equipment carefully thought out. Clever, handsome—possessed, indeed, of every social charm—in him culminated and ended the race of beaux, which to-day is totally extinct.

And so she chats pleasantly through the pages of this book—always in

* For portrait, see page 475.

good humor and always bright and entertaining.

III

A MODEST BROTHER

All his life William Michael Rossetti has modestly placed himself behind his more distinguished brother and sister—Dante Gabriel and Christina. Whatever he has written has been about them—seldom about himself. Now, however, he comes forward with two stout volumes of "Reminiscences" * in which he is ostensibly the central figure, but even here it is his brother, his sister, and his friends whom he thrusts forward. "No two brothers," he tells us, "could be more constantly together, or more uniformly interested in one another's doings than Gabriel and I." Until the former quitted school the brothers were hardly apart at all, for they not only occupied the same room, but slept in the same bed. "We rose, talked, walked, studied, ate, amused ourselves, and slumbered together." They read the same books, colored the same prints, collected woodcuts for the same scrapbook. Poetry was their chief reading, though they did read such novels as those of Scott, Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, etc. Mr. Rossetti, however, regards the reading and rereading of Shelley, which began in the summer of 1844, as an epoch in his life.

The same group of painters and writers are discussed in this book as in the others written by Mr. Rossetti, but more, perhaps, in their relation to him than to the family. When he first met Ruskin, about 1854, the latter had just separated from his wife. According to the description of him at that time he was no beauty:

Ruskin was then nearly thirty-six years of age, of fair stature, exceedingly thin (I have sometimes laid a light grasp on his coat sleeve, and there seemed to be next

* Scribner.

to nothing inside it), narrow-shouldered, with a clear bright complexion, thick yellow hair, beetling eyebrows (which he inherited from his father), and side whiskers. His nose was acute and prominent, his eyes blue and limpid, the general expression of his face singularly keen, with an ample allowance of self-confidence but without that hard and unindulgent air which sometimes accompanies keenness. His mouth was unshapely, having (as I was afterwards informed) been damaged by the bite of a dog in early childhood. He had a sunny smile, however, which went far toward atoning for any defect in the mouth. The cheek bones were prominent, the facial angle receding below the tip of the nose.

Of Ruskin's enemy, Whistler, Mr. Rossetti tells many amusing anecdotes. Here is one of them:

He asked to a *déjeuner* at his residence a number of people, including my wife and myself. Various liveried attendants were visible at the table; they were in more than sufficient proportion to the not innumerable guests, and they handed round with great assiduity choice dishes and palatable wines. As we were rising from the repast a lady observed to our genial host: "Your servants seem to be extremely attentive, Mr. Whistler, and anxious to please you." "O, yes," replied he, "I assure you they would n't leave me." They were "men in possession," the myrmidons of a vigilant landlord!

Another eccentric of whom he writes was Trelawny, who was so intolerant of what he called "small sentimentalisms" that he resented so mild a greeting as "good-morning" or "good-evening." Trelawny lived to a ripe old age, attributing his fine health to simple diet and fresh air. Rossetti knew the Brownings quite well but Tennyson only slightly. He was entertained on two or three occasions at Farringford, and judged by what he saw that though the Laureate could be gentle, even tender and affectionate, to his intimates, he could be very curt and bluff where he did not care to be conciliatory.

IV

FRIEND AND BIOGRAPHER

Mr. Bram Stoker was almost too close to Sir Henry Irving to write the definitive biography of this famous actor. His *Life** of Sir Henry has, however, a personal touch that no other hand could give it and subsequent biographers will be obliged to consult its pages freely.

For nearly thirty years Mr. Stoker was intimately associated with Sir Henry as his business manager and as his friend. He saw him in his kingly robes and in his dressing-gown and slippers. There was no side of the man or the actor that was not familiar to him.

* Macmillan.

I knew him [writes Mr. Stoker] as well as it is given to any man to know another. And this knowledge is fully in my mind when I say that, so far as I know, there is not in this book a word of his inner life or his outer circumstances that he would wish unsaid; no omission that he would have liked filled.

Mr. Stoker has not made his book a mere panegyric, but it would be more than strange if, knowing Irving as he did, he had not dwelt more lovingly upon his virtues than critically upon his faults. No concealment is made of the disappointment that clouded Irving's later years. Perhaps if he could have witnessed his funeral honors he would have felt less bitterness—though, again, he might have felt more!



Idle Notes

By An Idle Reader



A HUMAN document of exceptional interest from many points of view is

**The
Critical
Tempera-
ment**

"Reminiscences of My Childhood and Youth," by Georg Brandes, the great Danish critic. It is not a book to be left unread by any one to whom the life of the mind as it developed in Northern Europe during the last generation is of interest. But I confess to having found less solid reasons for liking it. For instance, it affords an unconscious revelation of temperament, of the attitude of the essentially critical mind when turned toward life and itself.

Most people who look back over their own lives at all, endeavoring to realize them as a whole, exercise in so doing the dramatic instinct; they see certain influences as preponderating; certain events as crucial; certain figures loom large; here, or there, was the parting of the ways.

That is the way to see a story,

and most of us wish to see the story in our lives and are not satisfied if we cannot see it take shape before us. Few indeed have in this matter the philosophy of Jane Barlow's old Irish woman, the one who responded when her crony was vainly endeavoring to see the "sinse" of some happening, "Och, dear, perhaps there's no sinse in it at all, at all. It's just the will o' God."

It is not precisely in this religious spirit that Brandes reviews his early life, but he does so with an extraordinary calm and detachment and with no dramatic feeling. People and events pass before us in these pages as in an unflawed mirror. They are remote, unexaggerated—all, apparently, on the same plane. One may not have the warm and confident sense of seeing them precisely as they are, but one is quite certain that they are not distorted or enlarged.

Now, youth naturally distorts and enlarges. The things that are true

to youth are vivid, striking, larger than life. Mr. Chesterton says that in cataloguing the facts of life, the author must not omit that massive fact, illusion; that "real people, romantically felt, are real people as real people feel them."

This romantic element, so frequent in the vision of youth, has little in common, certainly, with the lucid, critical visions. The very failure of Brandes to possess the former points to the calling with which he is so successfully called.

But at times the critical temperament is in abeyance, even in the

The Human critic born. In childhood
Quality it is not developed; in
versus illness it is inoperative.

Lucidity Recalling the "Reminiscences" as a whole, there are two periods which have about them something of glamour. First, the period of childhood and very early boyhood, of which Brandes writes charmingly; second the period of a long and severe illness in Italy, when he was cared for by the simple, kind-hearted people, with whom he lodged and was obliged to occupy his mind and pen with them. The good Maria, Zio Nino, and Filomena are all warmly human and natural, and very much more "like folks" than the studious or famous people with whom the author is chiefly preoccupied when he is at home and in health.

Yet all of the famous Scandinavians were not dry and remote. Among

The the dozens of character
Feminine sketches that find place in
Tempera- the volume is one of Mme.
ment Magdalene Thoresen, the
writer and the mother-in-law of Ibsen. She is described as a woman of tropical nature who felt strongly and thought much. "She had lived a rich and eventful life, but all that had befallen her, she romanticized. . . . she saw strong natures, rich and deep natures, in lives that were meagre or unsuccessful. . . . Vague feelings did not repel her, but

all keen and pointed intelligence did. Gallicism she objected to; the clarity of the French seemed to her superficial; she saw depth in the reserved and taciturn Northern, particularly the Norwegian, nature. She could over-value and under-value people, but was at the same time a keen, in fact a marvellous psychologist, surprising one by her accurate estimate of difficult psychological cases."

This was a temperament the reverse of the critic's own, and he confesses:

"This richly endowed woman made me appear quite new to myself, inasmuch as, in conversations with my almost maternal friend, I began to think I was of a somewhat cold nature—a nature which, in comparison with hers, seemed rather dry, unproductive and unimaginative, a creature with thoughts ground keen."

The reader of the "Reminiscences" finds Brandes not dry, certainly not unproductive, but assuredly "a creature with thoughts ground keen." It is the just phrase for that aspect of the critical temperament presented here.

But the critical temperament, like the creative, has more than one characteristic aspect. I incline

The to believe that the broader
Chesterton vision, the deeper insight,
Tempera- are probably the constant
ment accompaniments of such detachment and intellectual acuteness as Brandes displays; yet critical insight of a high order may manifest itself in a diametrically different type of mind. For instance, nobody could accuse Mr. G. K. Chesterton of calm and detachment; restlessness and partisanship are more in his manner. Until recently, also, no one has taken Mr. Chesterton very seriously as a critic. He has been too audacious, too high-spirited and irreverent—in short, too "flip" to warrant anything but an amused consideration of his ways. Even his Browning book had the air of a clever escapade rather than of a serious study. But his new book, a critical study of Charles Dickens, alters all that. It is still

paradoxical—for the leopard cannot change his spots, and why should we desire it?—but it is full of suggestiveness, insight, and—*me judice*—truth. What more do we want? If the root of the matter is in Mr. Chesterton, if he will give us interpretations that convince, and make us feel that he is not merely talking to hear his own brilliant rattle, he may be as clever, as hilarious, as he pleases. Certainly we have nothing against cleverness and hilarity.

George Gissing, whose book about Dickens was the last important contribution to the subject, justified that writer's gigantic and grotesque humor on the ground that mankind, and especially himself, needed such a humor, such a genius for good-cheer, to keep its spirits up in this deadly world. If it was as depressing a piece of business to write a Gissing novel as it is to read one, we admit the argument.

Mr. Chesterton does not attempt to justify Dickens: he explains him. His preliminary explanation is so good, that it must needs be true. We are likely to forget that the generation immediately following the French Revolution seriously believed in the perfectibility of human nature. It was an optimistic age, an age of reform, "with the wind of hope and humanity blowing through it." "It was, if you will, a coarse humanitarianism. It was a shouting, fighting, drinking philanthropy," but it did produce great men, and the reason was that it believed men *were* great. "Its education, its public habits, its rhetoric, were all addressed towards encouraging the greatness in everybody," and in English literature Dickens was the living expression of this spirit. "He was the voice of this humane intoxication and expansion, this encouraging of anybody to be anything."

It is useless, says Mr. Chesterton, for us to attempt to imagine Dickens and his life, unless we are able to imagine this old atmosphere of

democratic optimism, a confidence in common men, for the thing that Dickens chiefly exaggerates "is exactly this old Revolution sense of infinite opportunity and boisterous brotherhood"—with which, nowadays, we are somewhat out of touch.

Beginning with this view of the Dickens period, the critic proceeds to build up for us a vivid and satisfying picture of the man and his work. It seems to be true; it is assuredly absorbing, and it has the real Dickens merit of leaving the reader exhilarated and on better terms with all the world. Critical literature is not supposed to minister to this particular form of well-being, but if Mr. Chesterton can keep it up, why not? Let us consider him the advance guard of the Gayer Criticism, and be glad in the prospect.

I see that Messrs. Doubleday & Page are prefacing advertisements of the new Kipling book with the statement "The Old Kipling Again!"—and they are both honorable men. But—and this is important—they make no mention of restoring to us our old selves wherewith to read the old Kipling—if, in truth, he has been returned to us. After all, it was the combination that was so marvellous—the union of Kipling's youth and our own. If Doubleday & Page would give me the brain on fire falling like showers of sparks, with which I read "Plain Tales" years ago, perhaps they would illumine "Puck of Pook's Hill" to-day, until it, too, opened the casement that gives on magic seas.

"Plain Tales" was one of half a dozen books taken for train-reading on a July journey across the plains. The others were limping romances that barely beguiled the dusty miles, but when "Plain Tales" was opened, the clanking of the car sounded no more, the alkali desert burst into bloom, and its misty blue horizon led straight into the mind's Wonderland—for here was a Man Who Knew How!—

and they were rare on the earth in those days.

From thenceforward, like the rest I worshipped "the old Kipling."

The Cult of "The Old Kipling" Hanging among my treasures is a gift from a young art-worker dating from that time. It is the Nicholson print of Kipling, close-framed in hammered lead. The conventional trunks of saplings run up two sides of the frame; their roots are twisted across the bottom, and the signs of the Zodiac are entangled in their tops, the significance of this being that here, we thought, was a Man whose feet were on the earth, while his head was among the stars. Dimly visible among twisted roots ran a Kipling quotation which appealed strongly to his admirers in those days of industry, enthusiasm, and spiritual fervor. It reads:

An instant's toil to Thee denied
Stands all Eternity's offence.

Were the art-worker choosing such an inscription now, he would probably take that line from "The Palace,"

After me cometh a Builder. Tell him I too have known.

Or, if in a more sardonic mood,

Yes, we shall be perfectly pleased with our work,
And that is the perfectest Hell of it!

All the above may seem somewhat aside from the point, but as a matter of fact it explains perfectly why "Puck of Pook's Hill," whether by the old Kipling or not, strikes one

merely as a volume of pleasant children's stories, safe and instructive to place in the hands of the young,—embodying, as it does, interesting facts and legends that have to do with England's remotest history. The three stories of Roman Britain, beginning with "A Centurion of the Thirtieth," are something more than this; there is in them so much of vivid life, such a keen realization of remote and alien conditions, that they come near justifying the publishers' claim—near, but not quite, for, after all, Kipling's youth, too, has passed as irrevocably as our own.



The Editor's Clearing-House



UNIVERSITY ENGLISH

THAT the above phrase has a strictly literary meaning, if any at all, to American ears, no one will deny; to Englishmen, on the contrary, it implies a standard for utterance as well as diction, as in English education it is not considered possible to separate the two. With us, the diction which is taught by writing receives attention from the English departments, while the utterance is wholly neglected.

The result of this neglect is the acknowledged inferiority of our speech—an inferiority commented upon, not by the English alone, but by all educated Europeans, and very generally recognized amongst ourselves. While the recent essay of Mr.

Henry James on "The Question of Our Speech" aroused a storm of indignation, its truth hardly admits of denial by the unbiased reader.

The indifference of educators in our country towards this matter makes for a total absence of a standard, and it is this latter fact that makes the Question of American Speech, so perplexing. In all countries there are dialects and the errors of the common people; but ours is the only one that has no class whose usage is acknowledged as authoritative, and which is so good in itself as to be a matter of satisfaction.

Our teachers when approached upon this matter waive it lightly aside, saying it is a matter of home-training entirely—as,

indeed, it is; and part of the home's duty is to call so decidedly upon the school to do *its* share, that the latter cannot ignore the responsibility. This, in truth, is equally divided between school and home: parents should demand that teachers look out for the speech of their children, and teachers have a right to ask reinforcement from parents in their efforts.

This is done in well-bred circles in England (and on the Continent as well), and the result is, that a certain beauty of voice, agreeableness of pitch, neatness of articulation, and correctness of vowels must be attained, else a person is not considered educated.

The great English universities were primarily intended for the education of gentlemen—on the other side of the water a technical term,—but no one from a lower class seeking an education dreams of excluding good speech from his scheme of attainment. In fact, it is hardly possible for a man to come from Oxford or Cambridge with a rude and unpolished accent. The weight of the equipment there, other students included, makes for care of speech as a matter of course, although there may be many shades of difference in the pronunciation of a word, or the quality of inflections.

This is sadly untrue of our own country. If a child goes to the best school in the land saying "wuz" instead of "was," he will come out of it saying "wuz." If he goes to our foremost college calling his native land "Amurica," he takes his degree with honors and salutes "Amurica" in his graduating essay, and very probably talks about spreading the glorious English language to the ends of the earth as well.

The educational course seems to have no effect at all upon the speech. "You don't have to speak well to get into college," said one young girl when approached on the subject. She told the truth, and she might have gone further and said, "You

don't have to speak well to come out of it with flying colors."

The facts are all the more important from the consideration that only our universities are capable of setting a standard in America. Our regard for education amounts to worship, and what they advocate succeeds.

The two other great influences, in the matter of speech, the church and the stage, look to the universities. Did not Herr Conried in his prospectus for the New Theatre say that in a case of disputed pronunciation between actors, the decision should be left to a committee appointed by the four leading universities? The great preacher, too often, is a man who has had no early training in cultivated speech, and whose sole acquaintance with it is in the educational course.

Chairs in our universities are often filled by men who have come up from the ranks, and who by great personal force have obtained their present prominence. Owing everything to the strenuous life, as they do, they are inclined to underrate the graces that come by leisurely cultivation. If such men, on entering the educational course, had been immediately confronted with the necessity for beauty and correctness of speech, they would have added it as a matter of course to their attainments.

If spoken English were placed on a par with written English in our educational courses, many of the problems incidental to the great influx from the dregs of other countries in our democratic scheme of education would be solved. If a thorough study of the phonic laws of the English language were made general, there would be less nervous terror at the scientific efforts being made to simplify the spelling, and a greater, more intelligent discussion of the principles involved, as well as a vast improvement in the speech of our educated classes.

LOUISE KARR.

